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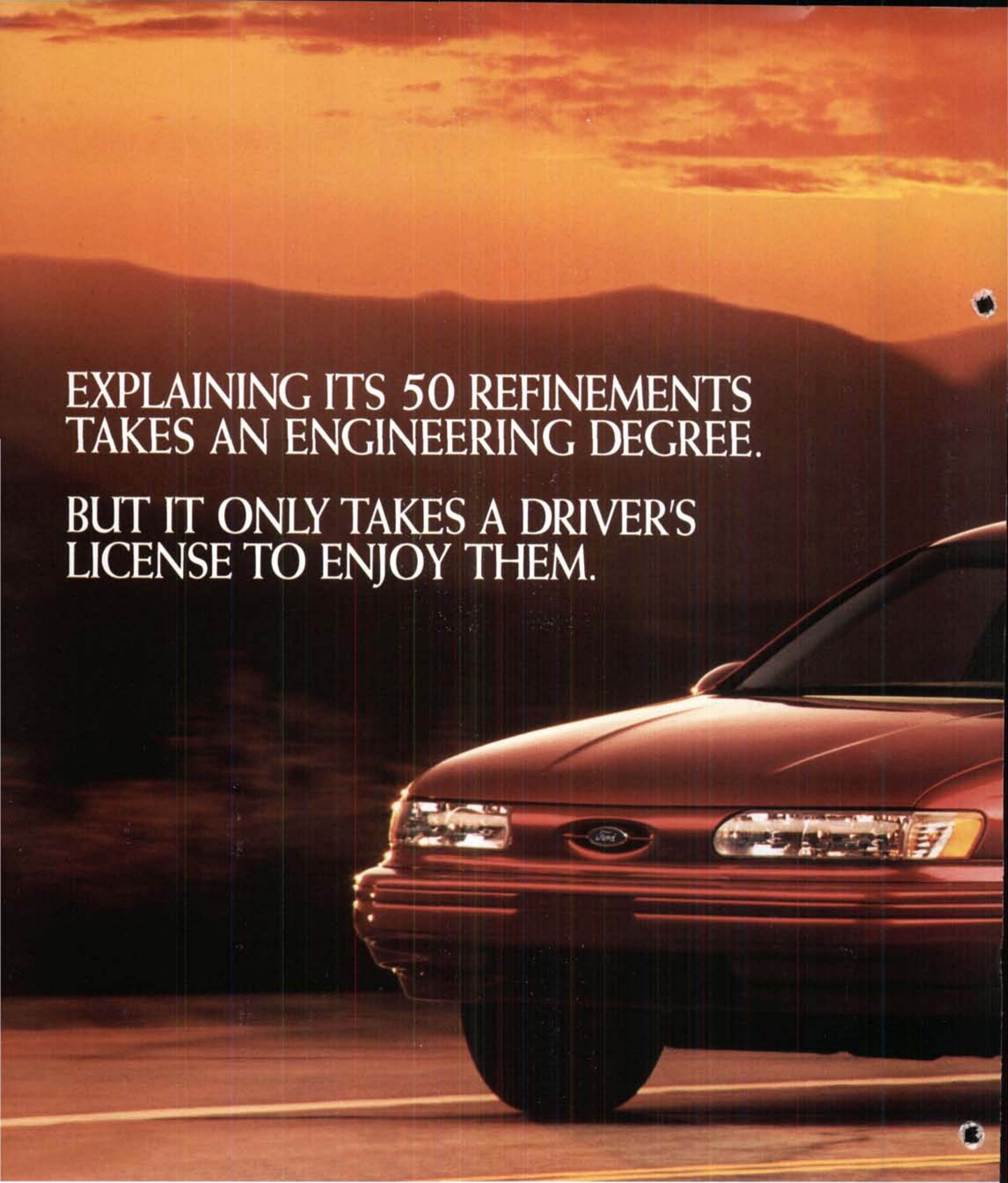
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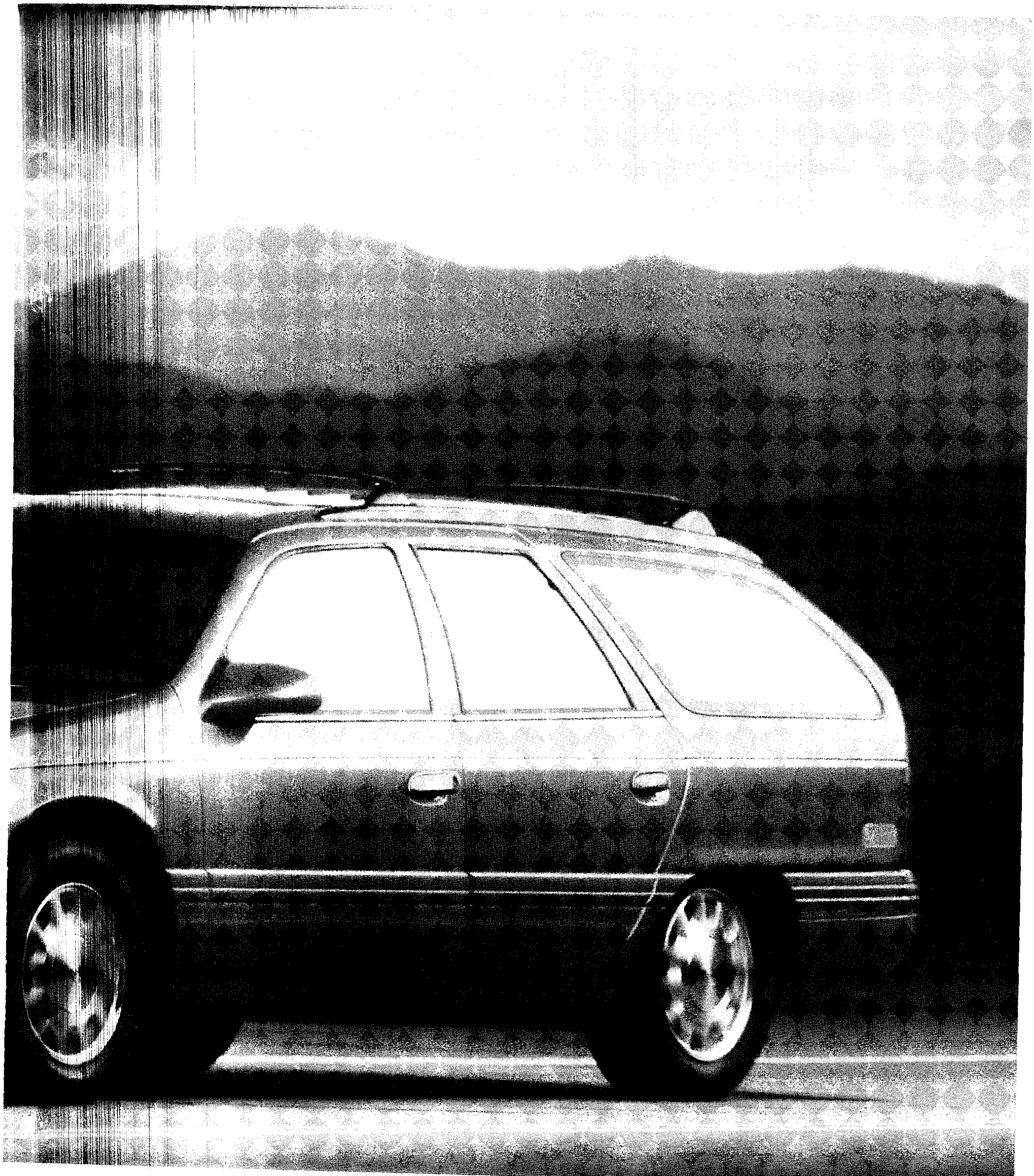

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JUNE 6, 1994

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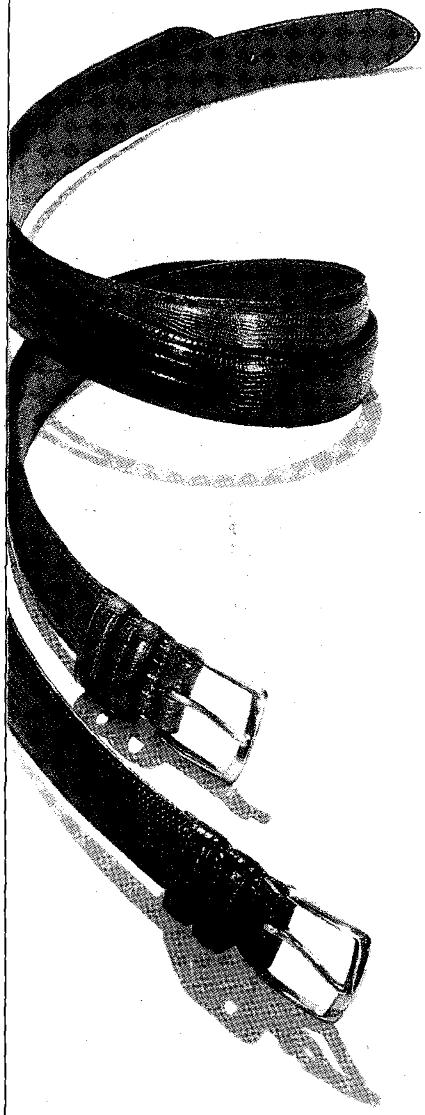

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COMMENT

A LITTLE CLASS

THIS May, Ramon C. Cortines, the chancellor of the city's public-school system, laid down an unusual—and unheralded—directive. During random visits to scores of schools since he took the job, last September, he had noticed a widespread problem. To solve it, in a bold, almost revolutionary stroke, he issued the following executive order to the city's thirty-eight district superintendents: Henceforth, announcements made over the schools' public-address systems must be kept to a minimum.

Far from revealing a penchant for micromanagement, as one school-board member quickly complained, Cortines's edict showed that he is a leader who understands the plight of *les misérables*, the teachers and students actually in the classrooms. In many schools in the city, classes have been subject to half a dozen or more blaringly amplified interruptions a day—settling snafus in the parking lots, summoning people to the principal's office, announcing schedule changes. So closely in touch is Cortines that one school had to change the coded announcement it had routinely used to alert staff to the presence of intruders: "The Chancellor is in the building." This is now an actual possibility.

Cortines also discovered something else on his visits to schools—something particularly prevalent in the schools that have been placed "under review" by the state because their reading and math scores are exceptionally poor. According to the *Times*, he kept noticing teachers who weren't teaching.

With some sixty-six thousand schoolteachers and a million schoolchildren in the city's public schools, the student-to-teacher ratio in New York ought to be something like sixteen to one—the ratio in good private schools. But most classes, even in the elementary grades, have upward of thirty kids, because many teachers hold what are called, in the system's not always accurate but poetically true jargon, "out-of-classroom" positions. Out-of-classroom teachers provide supplementary instruction in reading or math or they're curriculum coördinators, or they're staff developers with vague responsibilities, or they're "cluster teachers"—so called because they teach a number of classes instead of one—roaming from room to room and relieving classroom

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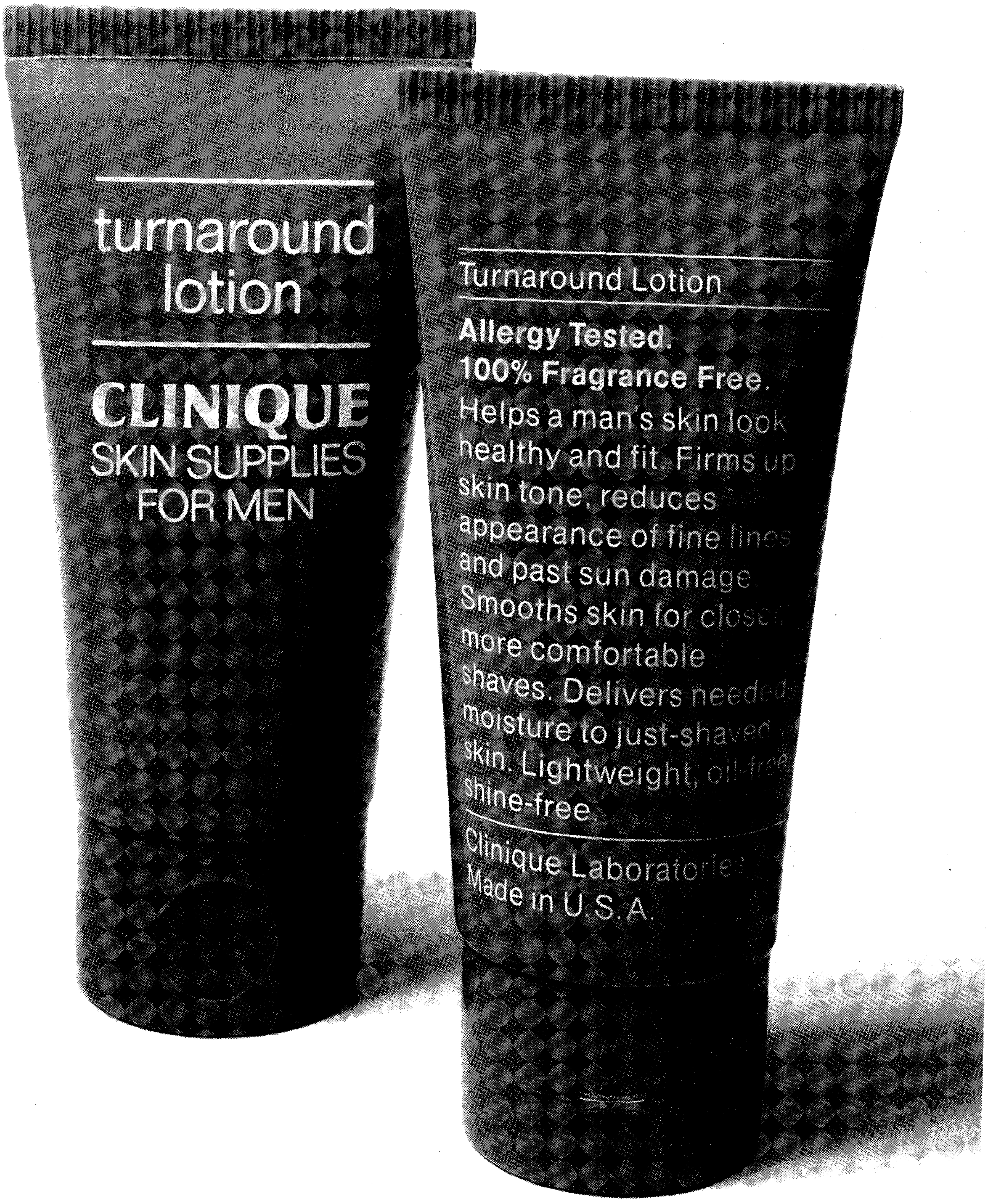
about face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teachers during their daily forty-five-minute "preparation" periods. In poorer districts a third of the teaching staff is typically out-of-classroom.

Most of these teachers are supported by a baroque system of funding—from city, state, and federal coffers—which has combined with union rules to create an encrustation of programs that together don't make any sense. Teachers themselves say that the programs are extravagantly inefficient. "Prep" periods, in particular, may give teachers a nice break, but they tend to be a waste of time for the kids. The lessons that cluster teachers give are often poorly planned, irrelevant, or redundant. Because cluster teachers have a light teaching load and little responsibility, the most senior—and highly paid—teachers sometimes use their status to secure these positions even when they know little about the subject they are to teach (so a cluster teacher who teaches music, say, may not know mi from fa). And such positions can become repositories for incompetents, who are nearly impossible to fire.

Other out-of-classroom teachers are employed by federally funded "pull-out" programs, which, like the overuse of the P.A. systems, are sources of incessant interruptions, and which, like the preps, devour precious hours of instruction time each day. In many elementary schools—especially in poorer neighborhoods, where pull-out programs are most prevalent—a classroom teacher is apt to have her entire class for only half of the five-hour teaching day. Some luckless child, eight or nine years old, who has trouble concentrating and is targeted for help may be hauled out of the classroom as often as three times a day for supposedly remedial instruction by three different teachers with three different teaching styles. Meanwhile, the kid misses what's going on in his regular classroom. And everyone wonders why he's having trouble focussing. Furthermore, out-of-classroom teachers are frequently yanked out of *their* programs to box or unbox books, to attend meetings, to administer practice tests—to do anything, it sometimes seems, but work with the kids. And more than a few are ensconced in the district or central office and never see the inside of a school.

The Clinton Administration is asking Congress to reform the pull-out programs in order to allow more flexibility in the use of the funds, and that would be a good start. But if every teacher in the city's system simply taught a class of his or her own there wouldn't be so much need for out-of-classroom teachers to provide "individual" instruction. Classroom teachers could do it themselves. As it is, many of the city's special-education classes already have sixteen students or more. If every teacher taught, every kid could get a "special" education, with no stigma attached. (And non-teachers could perform the clerical tasks that many top-paid teachers are used for now.) What teacher wouldn't give up his or her prep time to have a class of sixteen? The teachers' union has already come out in support of returning teachers to the classroom. Cortines should take the union at its word.

Of course, in the current political climate one hesitates even to make such a suggestion, sensible though it is, for one can far too easily imagine Mayor Giuliani simply firing half the teachers and leaving the classes just as big, or even bigger. Only last week, he announced that he would not increase the capital budget for school construction, despite the desperate need. Many city school buildings are already, in effect, slums: overcrowded, packed with almost twice the number of kids they were built for, their auditoriums, hallways, stairwells, and even lavatories used for classes. Furthermore, some eighty-five per cent of all the schools in the city are crumbling and in serious need of repair, as last fall's asbestos crisis dramatically demonstrated. And many are on overlapping sessions, which further strain already deteriorated physical plants.

Giuliani's response to this crisis is to cut the budget for school construction and repair, and to rely on leased space. But enrollment is expected to rise by more than a hundred thousand in the next five years. As Cortines has pointed out, Giuliani will need to lease some twelve million square feet—the rough equivalent of the World Trade Center complex. Where is he going to find that much usable space in neighborhoods like Washington Heights?

Cortines is wholly justified in demanding more space for the city's schoolchildren. With more space, he could reduce class sizes by returning more teachers to the classroom—a move that would improve instruction, increase teacher satisfaction, reduce dropout rates, and boost achievement. At present, it's not just dollars that are being wasted. It's teachers' time and children's lives. ♦

"We're a bit polarized here, I'm afraid. Ingrid wants to invade Haiti, and I don't."

"Did you ever notice how good he smells?"

GEORGIA: *I finally went out to dinner with him last night.*

JACKIE: *Just the two of you? Where did you go?*

GEORGIA: *Mario's.*

JACKIE: *Mario's? The food is terrible.*

GEORGIA: *I didn't notice. I don't really even know what I ate.*

JACKIE: *Really?*

GEORGIA: *You should have seen him. He was so sweet. He spilled his wine all over my dress.*

JACKIE: *Adorable.*

GEORGIA: *And then when he reached over to give me his napkin, he knocked over his water glass.*

JACKIE: *Hilarious.*

GEORGIA: *Well, it was. We couldn't stop laughing. We just had to get out of there. We laughed all the way back to my place.*

JACKIE: *Your place?*

GEORGIA: *Well, I was soaked. And besides...*

JACKIE: *Besides.*

GEORGIA: *Did you ever notice how good he smells?*

JACKIE: *Frankly, no.*

GEORGIA: *He wears the most wonderful cologne.*

JACKIE: *Dare I ask what it is?*

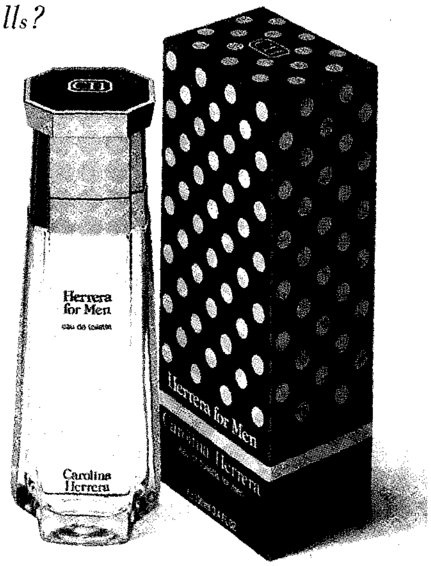
GEORGIA: *Well, it comes in a box with dots.*

JACKIE: *Dots?*

GEORGIA: *Dots.*

JACKIE: *So. Now we're back at your place...*

GEORGIA: *Jackie, how's your mother?*



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RANDOM HOUSE

IN THE MAIL

NEURAL DARWINISM

As a psychology and computer-science student, I was very interested in Steven Levy's "Dr. Edelman's Brain" (Annals of Science, May 2nd). Dr. Edelman stresses the importance of asking the right question. For me, that question is: If we know that we do not experience reality directly, what is the process that results in our perception of reality? I believe that in regard to the mind the Gestalt psychologists have the right idea: consciousness is greater than the sum of its parts, a mass of firing neurons. The philosopher Will Durant, paraphrasing Immanuel Kant, said it well when he wrote, "The mind of man . . . is not passive wax upon which experience and sensation write their absolute and yet whimsical will; nor is it a mere abstract name for the series or group of mental states; it is an active organ which molds and coördinates sensations into ideas, an organ which transforms the chaotic multiplicity of experience into the ordered unity of thought."

CHRISTINA UNGER
Bethlehem, Pa.

I concur with Dr. Edelman regarding the validity of current theories that attempt to explain the mind: he borrows from Wolfgang Pauli in saying that such theories—other than his own, of course—are "not even wrong." I would, however, include Edelman's theory with the rest of them. The mind is not merely a thinking machine. The mind knows that it exists and that it thinks. No one, I believe, would argue that computers are conscious. Computers are, after all, merely a collection of electrical switches, which are not self-aware either by themselves or in connection with each other. No matter how complex their associations, the individual components will remain what they are. Thus the brain and the cells of which it is composed are no more sentient than a computer. Consciousness, on the other hand, and the sense of existence that we perceive are not humanly reproducible (except by procreation) and are utterly beyond rational explanation. The brain is a fascinating biological phenomenon, which may one day be explained by scientific means. But not one of nature's laws has any bearing on the workings of the mind. It is quite simply a supernatural phenomenon.

DONALD S. CAREY
Dade City, Fla.

I strongly disagree with Mr. Levy's statement that "ultimately, of course, none of Edelman's personal traits will matter when it comes to determining whether or not his notion of neuronal-group selection is valid." The history of science shows that the personal traits of a scientist often have a great deal to do with whether his theory is accepted. The theory itself is a product of personal traits: imagination, intelligence, rigor, idiosyncratic neuronal circuitry. And a theory's ultimate acceptance depends to a large extent on how much attention it gets from other scientists, how much funding its proponents are able to acquire, and how long it remains among the interesting possibilities before the work necessary to prove or disprove it can be done. All of these depend on the persistence, the persuasiveness, and even the exhibitionism of the theorist. Theories that do not get noticed, considered, argued with, and worked on do not become valid. Answers are not found to questions that are not persistently asked.

MICHAEL VERCOLEN
Vestal, N.Y.

MOI AND UNCAS

Joe Kane's account of the diplomatic mission of a Huaorani Indian from a part of the Ecuadorian Amazon that is besieged by American petroleum interests ("Moi Goes to Washington," May 2nd) reminded me that the language of "savagery," "barbarism," and "the progress of civilization" which dominated America's Western expansion in the nineteenth century can apply all too easily to today's corporate colonialism in South America. Speaking on the American Indian question in 1818, President James Monroe noted that "experience has clearly demonstrated that independent savage communities can not long exist within the limits of a civilized population," and James Fenimore Cooper's "The Last of the Mohicans" (1826) lent a nostalgic charge to the "vanishing American" mythology. While today's exponential growth of the Native American population puts the lie to the vanishing-Indian myth, there are, to be sure, no more "savages" in the United States. It is easy for us to criticize nineteenth-century orators for their rhetoric of "savagery" and "civilization," but Mr. Kane's article demonstrates that the categories themselves have not ceased to exist. In speaking of people like the Huaorani, we now prefer the terms "remote" and "isolated" to "savage" and "barbarian," but the effect is about the same. Twentieth-century "economic growth" marches to the same tune that nineteenth-century "civilization" did, destroying the life of all "savages" in its way.

Moi fits all too easily into the role of Uncas, the last of the Mohicans. We feel sorry for Moi, but, as President Monroe intimated, there is not much that anyone (even the Sierra Club or the O.A.S.) can do for him. The real difference between American expansion during the century of shame and the activities of American corporations in South America today seems to be that the nostalgia represented by "The Last of the Mohicans" has been replaced by fleeting despair.

BRAD EVANS
Chicago, Ill.

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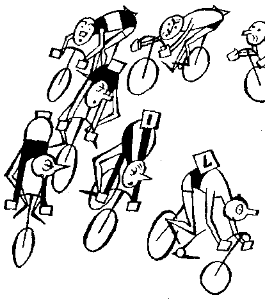
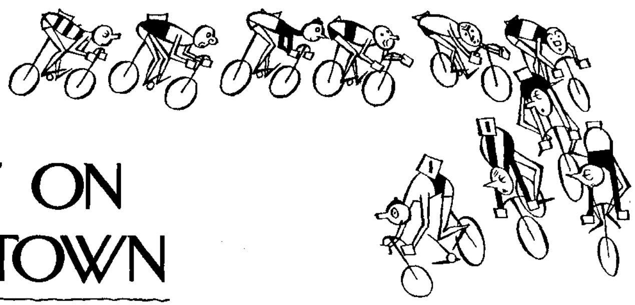


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



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THE THEATRE

Oasis

For the past thirteen months, the marquee outside Broadway's St. James Theatre has blared, "Tommy: A New Musical." Two Sundays ago, however, it should also have said, "Parched theatregoers drink here." For one night, most of the original cast of Stephen Sondheim's "Sunday in the Park with George," the 1984 musical about the painter Georges Seurat, re-created their roles in a concert performance for the benefit of Friends in Deed, a New York support network for people with life-threatening illnesses. The performance was so joyous that for three hours it erased from memory a month's worth of undernourishing new musicals. It was salutary not only to hear the score but to watch long-absent performers like Barbara Bryne, who played Seurat's mother, inhabit a Broadway stage.

But it was the show's stars, Mandy Patinkin and Bernadette Peters, who provided the fireworks. Miss Peters quickly emerged as the audience favorite. Does any Broadway veteran have a more versatile voice, or a creamier complexion? And Mr. Patinkin, who continues to build his concert and recording career (he has just released a new album of standards, called "Experiment"), demonstrated the confidence of an old pro, making even the preposterous dog number, "The Day Off," seem an underappreciated gem. An upcoming Friends in Deed benefit also has a canine connection: it will be the world première of Mike Nichols' new movie, "Wolf," on June 14. Call 1-800 996-5433 for information.

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

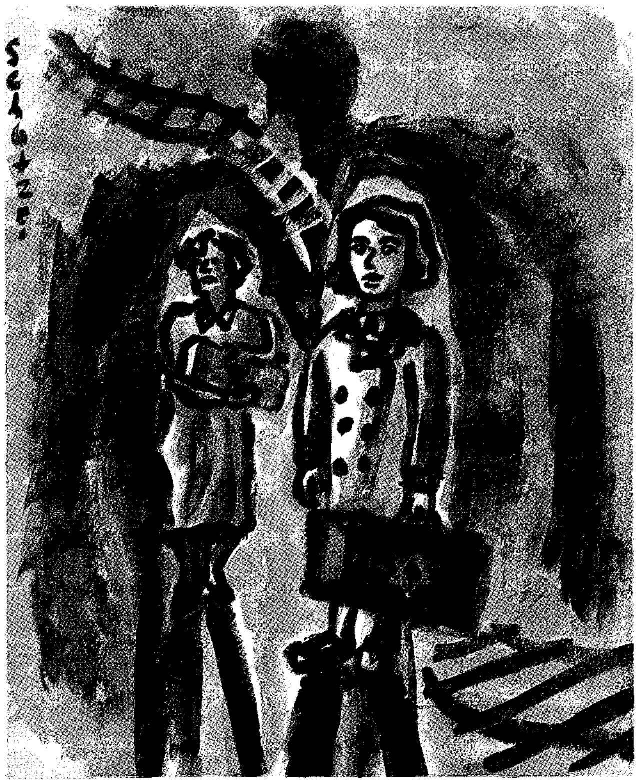
(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for timetables and ticket information.)

Merrily We Roll Along—The York Theatre Company's production of the Stephen Sondheim–George Furth musical has three new Sondheim songs and a revised book. In previews. (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 534-5366.)

The Naked Truth—Paul Rudnick's new comedy. In previews. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523.)

Slavs! (Thinking About the Longstanding Problems of Virtue and Happiness)—A benefit staged reading of a new play by Tony Kushner, with Sandra Bernhard, Kathleen Chalfant, Olympia Dukakis, Sherry Glaser, Madeline Kahn, Ellen McLaughlin, Laurie Metcalf, and Tracey Ullman. (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 239-6200. June 6 at 8.)

Yeats: A Celebration!—The Irish Repertory Theatre, with Claire Bloom, Mia Farrow, Milo O'Shea, Geraldine Fitzgerald, and Pauline Flanagan, in a single evening of the poetry and songs of William Butler Yeats. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. June 6 at 7. For information about tickets, call 255-0270.)



Dana Ivey and Alanna Ubach in "Kindertransport."

DENA SCHUTZER

OPENED RECENTLY

All in the Timing—Six sparkling short plays by David Ives add up to one enchanted evening. Ives and the deft director, Jason McConnell Buzas, are wonderfully served by their actors, especially Robert Stanton and Nancy Opel. Wendy Lawless, Ted Neustadt, and Michael Countryman do their part to keep the proceedings cruising along at top speed. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 239-6200.)

Beauty and the Beast—Disney's Broadway's money-spinner, adapted from the animated-film version, has a few moments of solid-gold theatrical amazement: the showstopping "Be Our Guest" production number and the Beast's transformation into the Prince at the finale. But the director, Robert Jess Roth, rarely rises above the pedestrian. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/2/94.) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 307-4100.)

Big Momma 'n' Em—Phyllis Yvonne Stickney brings her one-woman show to town for a brief engagement. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Closes June 5.)

Blown Sideways Through Life—In her sixty-fifth job, Claudia Shear charmingly and observantly tells us about her previous sixty-four, which have ranged from working in a hardware store to being a "phone girl" at a whorehouse, with a stint as a Bloomingdale's cosmetics salesgirl thrown in. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2285.)

Bring In the Morning—Gary William Friedman and Herb Schapiro's new musical. (Variety Arts, Third Ave. at 14th St. 239-6200.)

Broken Glass—Arthur Miller has found a metaphor for the cycle of blame that seems to have stalemated modern life: the hysterical paralysis of a devoted wife. This short, discursive, but compelling play features strong performances by Amy Irving, Ron Rifkin, David Dukes, and George N. Martin. John Tillinger directed. (5/9/94) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Carousel—Nicholas Hytner's authoritative direction combines with Bob Crowley's inspired sets to transplant the National Theatre's 1993 smash hit onto the Vivian Beaumont stage. Bold, beautiful, and controversial, this multicultural reinterpretation launches Rodgers and Hammerstein toward the twenty-first century. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

Damn Yankees—The big musical hit of 1955 is back, in its first Broadway revival, with Victor Garber as the Devil and Bebe Neuwirth as Lola. George Abbott and Douglass Wallop's book has been jarringly updated by the director, Jack O'Brien (with the help of the hundred-and-six-year-old Mr. Abbott). The result is a vehicle that swerves between fifties stodginess and nineties cynicism. But the cast deliv[illegible] Richard Adler and Jerry Ross's music with sporty energy, and Rob Marshall has created some lively dance numbers. (4/4/94) (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 307-4100.)

Ensemble Studio Theatre—The final series in the 1994 marathon of one-act plays: "WASP," by Steve Martin; "Blood Guilty," by Antoine O'Flatharta; "The Far-Flung," by Julie McKee; and "For Whom the Southern Belle Tolls," by Christopher Durang. (549 W. 52nd St. 247-3405. Closes June 12.)

Family Secrets—Sherry Glaser is the sole, physically adept, very funny performer in this comedy about a Jewish family, which she wrote with Greg Howells. (Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100.)

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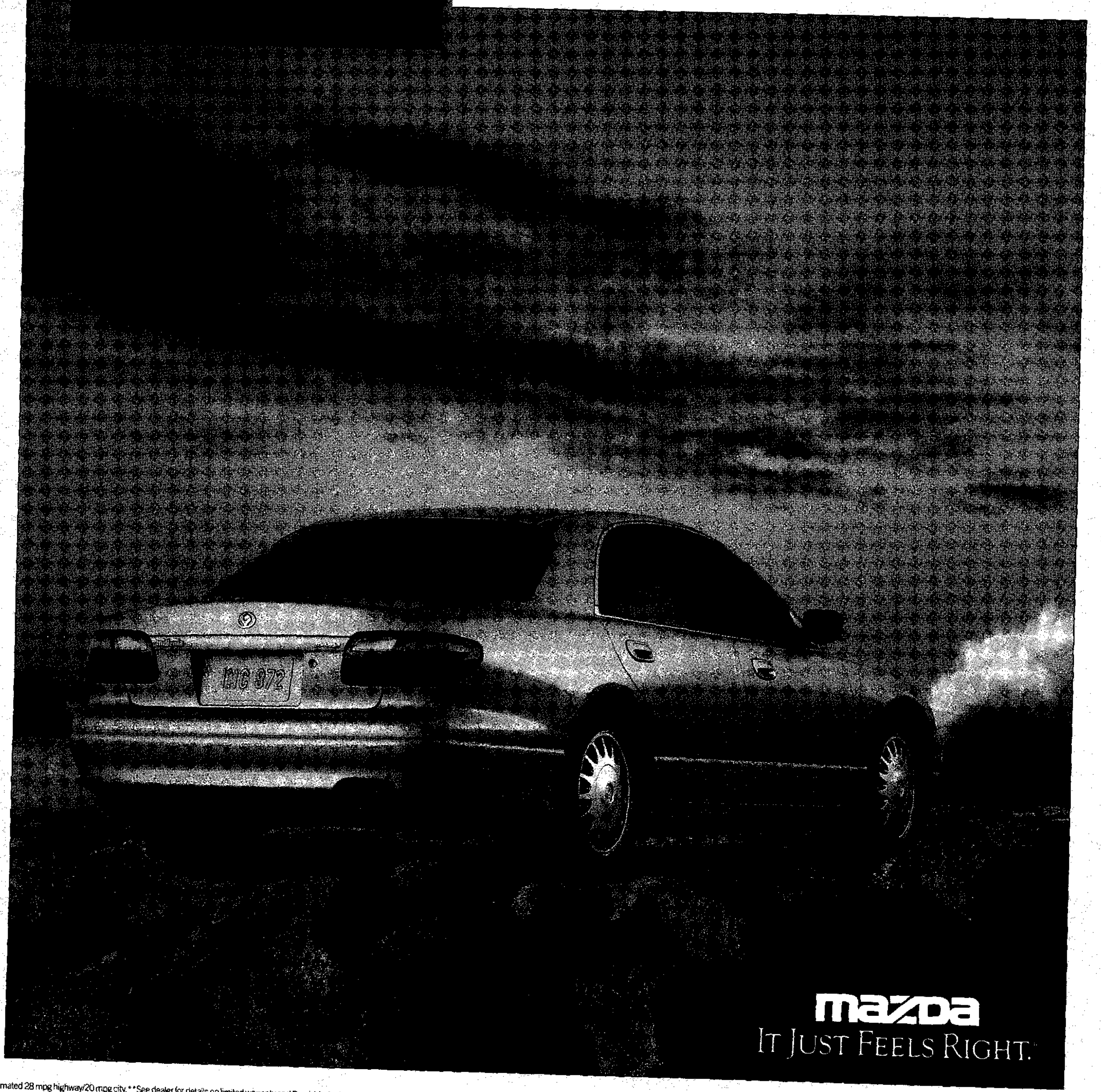

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THE THEATRE–Cont'd

Four Dogs and a Bone—The "bone" of John Patrick Shanley's satiric comedy is a movie, and the "four dogs" are its producer, writer, and two actresses, who together make the funniest foursome in town. (11/15/93) (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782.)

Grease!—The talented cast and the inventive production team show off the gleeful phonyness of Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey's musical with unembarrassed affection, and the result is a fun fake that's not trying to pass as the real thing. Rosie O'Donnell is very likable as the tough-talking Rizzo, and Billy Porter blows the lid off the joint with his Little Richard-like rendition of "Beauty School Dropout." The set, a riot of Day-Glo colors, is by John Arnone, and the lighting and the witty costumes are by Howell Binkley and Willa Kim. Jeff Calhoun directed and choreographed. (5/30/94) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 239-6200.)

Hollywood Hustle—A one-man show by former TV executive Jeremiah Bosgang. (SoHo Rep, 46 Walker St. 334-0962.)

The Hyacinth Macaw—In Mac Wellman's new play, which is set in a metaphysically deranged American town, a mysterious representative from a place called Mimbreland visits a suburban family and announces that, for obscure reasons, the father must depart forever. The discussion that ensues moves deftly from ironic platitudes to nonsense to surreal philosophizing. Directed by Marcus Stern. (Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. 333-7471. Closes June 5.)

Hysterical Blindness and Other Southern Tragedies That Have Plagued My Life Thus Far—A *musical comedy written by, and starring,* Leslie Jordan. (Playhouse on Vandam, 15 Vandam St. 691-1555.)

The Ice-Fishing Play—Kevin Kling's drama recently wound up a run at the Jungle Theatre in Minneapolis. (Samuel Beckett, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2826. Closes June 5.)

An Inspector Calls—J. B. Priestley's 1945 mystery is not really a play—it's a speech, about every man's link to every other man. The fine cast, which includes Kenneth Cranham, Philip Bosco, and Jane Adams, has ideas, not actions, to play. Directed by Stephen Daldry. (5/16/94) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Jackie Mason: Politically Incorrect—A former rabbi from a family of rabbis, Mason uses the stage as his bully pulpit. Behind his shtick, which is sometimes vulgar but always funny, is a fundamentalist disgust at the world's fraud, wickedness, hypocrisy, and inhumanity. (4/25/94) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Kindertransport—Dana Ivey has the leading role in a play by Diane Samuels. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

Laughter on the 23rd Floor—Neil Simon's twenty-seventh Broadway play, about a group of writers for a fictionalized version of "Your Show of Shows," is one of his finest comic efforts. Directed by Jerry Zaks, with Mark Linn-Baker, Lewis J. Stadlen, Nathan Lane, Ron Orbach, John Slattery, and J. K. Simmons. (12/20/93) (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 307-4100.)

Man Is Man—The Independent Theatre Company's first-rate production of Bertolt Brecht's play. Directed by Michelle Gigante. (House of Candles Theatre, 99 Stanton St. 353-3088.)

Medea—Diana Rigg gives a magnetic performance in this production of Euripides' tragedy, an import from London's Almeida Theatre, under the direction of Jonathan Kent. There's a thrilling electrical charge whenever Rigg is onstage, and grief and horror are also conveyed by Peter J. Davison's powerful, dramatic set. With Tim Oliver Woodward as Jason, Janet Henfrey, John Turner, and Donald Douglas. (4/25/94) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

The Medium—Marshall McLuhan's life and writings inspired this multimedia piece, conceived and directed by Anne Bogart. (New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. 302-6989. Closes June 19.)

Milk and Honey—A revised version of Jerry Herman's 1961 musical. (American Jewish Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 644-9797.)

Moe's Lucky Seven—An atmospheric waterfront bar is the setting for Marlane Meyer's muddled, draggy play, in which a dozen characters ruminate on the nature of life and love and labor relations. The cast includes Deirdre O'Connell, Mark Margolis, Rick Dean, Phyllis Somerville, and Barry Sherman, who gives a good performance as an icy stranger. Roberta Levitow directed, and Rosario Provenza designed the set. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Closes June 12.)

Mort Sahl's America—One of the innovative funnymen of the fifties and sixties, Mort Sahl is sharply intelligent but too witty to be vulgar, and this is too bad. His gig is more a series of cocktail-party set pieces than a show, but he performs it with enormous laid-back charm. (4/25/94) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 239-6200.)

Movieland—In Everett Quinton's latest outing, Mr. Q. plays a character called Ruby Stevens (attention, non-campers: that's Barbara Stanwyck's real name), who frenetically acts out parts in half a dozen old movies, including "The Spiral Staircase," "The Ten Commandments," and "Madame X" ("the blondest movie ever made"). (Charles Ludlam Theatre, 1 Sheridan Sq. 691-2271.)

My Life as a Christian—Jaffe Cohen's autobiographical play about a Jewish boy's coming-of-age in the seventies. (Courtyard Theatre, 39 Grove St. 779-8447.)

Passion—Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine's listless epistolary musical, in which the main characters spend much of their time singing love letters to and from each other. Jere Shere and Marin Mazzie are in fine voice as a dashing soldier and his lover, and Donna Murphy gives a stunning performance as Fosca, the predatory heroine. But much is verbalized and little is said—the words have no proper purchase on the audience's imagination—and there is an absence of pulse in Sondheim's workmanlike score. Lapine, who wrote the libretto, directed. (5/23/94) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Sally Marr . . . and her escorts—Joan Rivers stars in a play about the mother of Lenny Bruce. Written by Ms. Rivers, Erin Sanders, and Lonny Price. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 307-4100.)

Sancho & Don—In Sigfrido Aguilar and Jim Calder's play, an American and a Mexican meet on a surreal border. The two, played by Aguilar and Calder, banter, speculate on love and death and the nature of servitude, and engage in inventive physical comedy à la Bill Irwin. The music is by Andy Teirstein, who performs live on violin, accordion, and guitar. In English and Spanish. (INTAR, 420 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Closes June 5.)

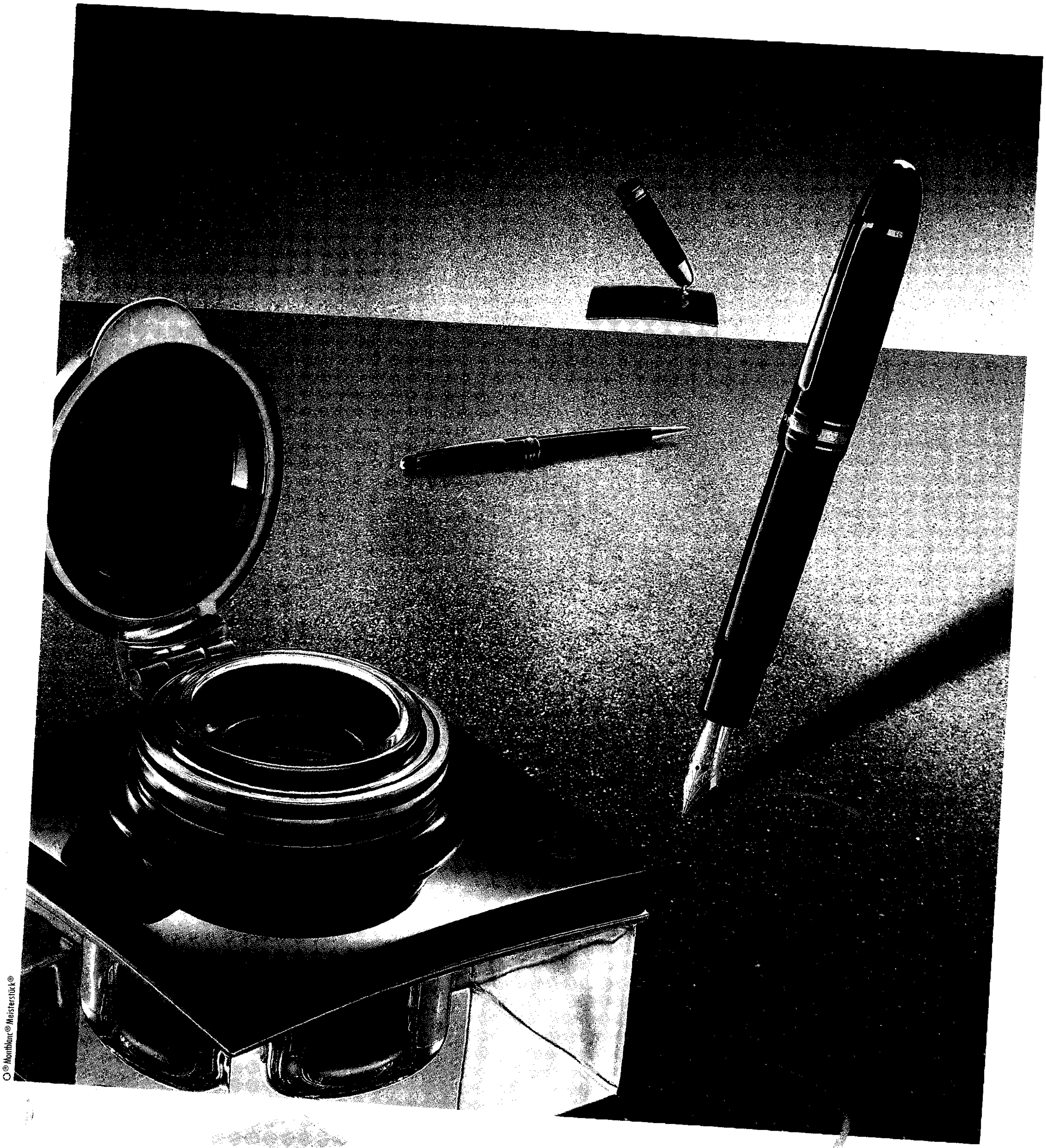
Shaker Heights—A comedy by Quincy Long. (Atlantic, 336 W. 20th St. 645-1242. Closes June 5.)

She Loves Me—The Roundabout's production of the 1963 Bock-Harnick-Masteroff musical. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 307-4100.)

Stomp—A group of eight British rhythm specialists who use unconventional percussion instruments. The noise is terrific. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477.)

subUrbia—A new play by Eric Bogosian, with Tim Guinee, Josh Hamilton, Martha Plimpton, and Steve Zahn. Directed by Robert Falls. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

Three Tall Women—A moving, poetic play by Edward Albee, which is dominated by the huge, heroic performance of Myra Carter. She, Jordan Baker, and the droll and delightful Marian Seldes represent three generations of women trying to sort out their pasts. Directed by Lawrence Sacharow. (5/16/94) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 239-6200.)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ON THE PLAZA IN NEW YORK

THE THEATRE–Cont'd

TWILIGHT: LOS ANGELES, 1992—Anna Deavere Smith's one-woman show, seen recently at the Public Theatre. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

LONG RUNS

ANGELS IN AMERICA: "Millennium Approaches" and "Perestroika." (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 239-6200.) . . . **BLOOD BROTHERS:** Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **BLUE MAN GROUP/TUBES:** Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. . . . **CATS:** Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. . . . **CRAZY FOR YOU:** Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. . . . ***FOREVER PLAID:*** Steve McGraw's, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. (Closes June 12.) . . . **GUYS AND DOLLS:** Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **KISS OF THE SPIDER WOMAN:** Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **MISS SAIGON:** Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. . . . **NUNSENSE:** Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. . . . **PERFECT CRIME:** Duffy, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. 695-3401. . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **THE SISTERS ROSENSWEIG:** Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. . . . **TONY N' TINA'S WEDDING:** St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St. 279-4200. . . . **THE WHO'S TOMMY:** St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

TOYOTA COMEDY FESTIVAL—A few highlights of a ten-day series. June 2 at 12:30: Opening ceremonies, with Alan King, Dave Chappelle, Susie Essman, and Freddie Roman. (Bryant Park, Sixth Ave. at 42nd St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ June 3 at 10: A funny-poetry slam at the Nuyorican Poets Café. (236 E. 3rd St. 505-8183.) . . . ¶ June 5 at 3 and 7: Cabaret, with Nancy Marano & Eddie Monteiro, Jay Leonhart, Bob Dorough, and John Wallowitch. (The Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. 244-3005.) . . . ¶ June 7 at 8: A "power breakfast" with Jim Morris (as Clinton, Reagan, and Bush), moderated by Michael Kinsley. (Regency Hotel ballroom, Park Ave. at 61st St. For tickets, call 307-7171. For a complete rundown of events, which include improvisation, movies, bus tours, and free play readings, call 1-800-COMICAL. Through June 12.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—June 1 at 8, June 4 at 2, and June 5 at 1: "Jewels." . . . ¶ June 2 at 8: "Ballo della Regina," "The Cage," "Other Dances," and "Mozart Piano Concerto." . . . ¶ June 3 at 8: A Diamond Project program, a series presenting neoclassical dance by international choreographers. This one includes "Correlazione," "The New Blondes," and "Danses de Cour" (première), by Robert LaFosse. . . . ¶ June 4 at 8: "Agon," "The Cage," "Other Dances," and "Union Jack." . . . ¶ June 5 at 7: "Interplay," "Sylvia Pas de Deux," "In the Night," and "Union Jack." . . . ¶ June 7 at 8: "Kammermusik No. 2," "Viola Alone," "Moves," and "Fearful Symmetries." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through June 26.)

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—Performances of "Giselle" conclude the season. (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. June 1 and June 4 at 2 at 8, and June 2-3 at 8.)

TAP EXPRESS—A new tap-dance ensemble, in a program featuring "Lost and Bewildered in the City of Dreams." (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. June 1-3 at 8, June 4 at 2 and 8, and June 5 at 3. For reservations, call 924-0077.)

DONALD BYRD/THE GROUP—In the New York première of "Bristle." (Majestic Theatre, 651 Fulton St., Brooklyn. 1-718 636-4100. June 1 and June 3-4 at 8.)

"FULL CIRCLE"—An evening of contemporary dance, including premières of works by Ann Carlson, Susan Marshall, and Gina Gibney. A benefit for Women In Need. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. June 2 at 8. For information about tickets, call 1-800 996-5433.)

DUNCAN DANCE CONTINUUM—Presenting reconstructions of Isadora Duncan's "Symphony in C," "Funerailles," and selections from "Orpheus and Eurydice" and "Iphegenia." With live chamber music. (Church of the Holy Trinity, 316 E. 88th St 876-4961. June 2-4 at 8 and June 5 at 3.)

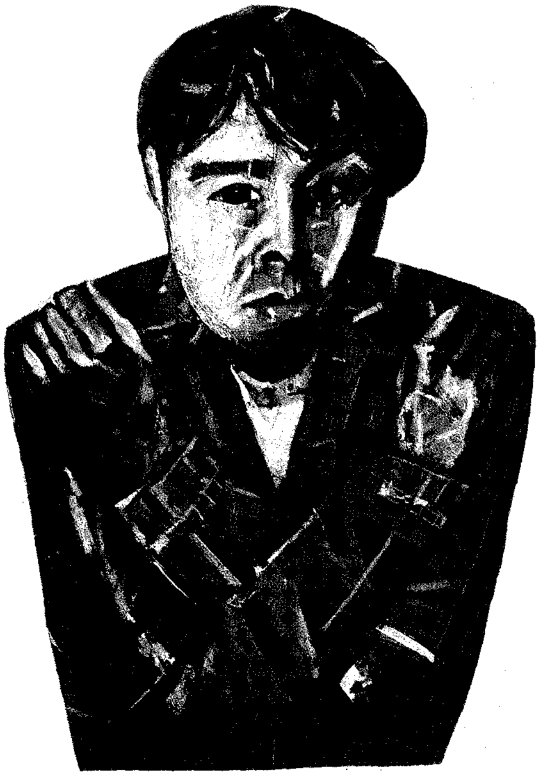
"NOCHE FLAMENCA"—The opening performances of a three-week engagement by a company of dancers and musicians based in Madrid. (Westbeth Theatre Center, 151 Bank St. 741-0391. June 2-5 and June 7 at 8. Through June 19.)

CYNDI LEE DANCE COMPANY—A six-member troupe, in a program titled "Some Dharma Dances." (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. 674-8194. June 2-5 at 8:30.)

ALICE FARLEY DANCE THEATRE—Performing "Daphne of the Dunes" (première), with music by Harry Partch, performed live by Newband. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. June 3-5 at 7:30. Through June 12.)

SAB WORKSHOP—The School of American Ballet's thirtieth annual event will include student performances of "Serenade," "Western Symphony," "2 & 3 Part Inventions," and "Flower Festival in Genzano." (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. 877-0600. June 4 at 2 and 8 and June 6 at 7.)

LINES CONTEMPORARY BALLET—In a one-week engagement, the San Francisco-based company will perform three New York premières: "Ocean," a collaboration with saxophonist Pharaoh Sanders, who will perform live; "Garland"; and excerpts from "Bach Cello Suite." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. June 6 at 8. Through June 11.)



Grant Lee Phillips, of Grant Lee Buffalo, at Wetlands.

ANDREA VENTURA

NIGHT LIFE

The Long Run

THE Modern Jazz Quartet, made up of John Lewis (piano), Milt Jackson (vibraphone), Percy Heath (bass), and Connie Kay (drums), has become, as befits its age, full of arithmetic. The group, which is at the Blue Note through June 2, is celebrating its forty-second anniversary, but has actually worked together thirty-five years. (It took a brief, restorative retirement between 1974 and 1981.) Also, the present quartet has been intact just thirty-two years, Connie Kay having replaced Kenny Clarke, the original drummer, in 1955. All of which means that the M.J.Q. is, one way or another, probably the oldest continuous musical aggregation in Western music. It is a whole whose parts have become organically and inextricably entwined. The ensembles, written and free, have a grace and subtlety that finish what Jelly Roll Morton began with his Red Hot Peppers almost seventy years ago. The chief soloists, of course, are Lewis and Jackson, brilliant opposites. The notes in Lewis's lilting, swinging melodic lines invariably fall just a fraction before or after the place you expect them to fall, thus causing that slight, beautiful rhythmic dislocation that is the heart of jazz. Jackson, on the other hand, is oceanic. His non-stop notes form great swells, ringing and reverberating and brooking no silences.

The M.J.Q. began as the rhythm section of Dizzy Gillespie's second big band, and once in a while the quartet invites guests to join them. Such is the case on three recently released CDs: "M.J.Q. & Friends" (Atlantic Jazz), a new studio recording that features the likes of Wynton Marsalis, Branford Marsalis, Phil Woods, Illinois Jacquet, and Harry Edison (each appears on two tracks); "Ben Webster: Birdland, 1952" (Musidisc), on which the noble Webster sits in with the quartet during what must have been its first Birdland gig; and the elegant, enduring "Paul Desmond & the Modern Jazz Quartet" (Red Baron), recorded at a Town Hall concert in 1971.

CONCERTS

EDWARD WILKERSON, JR., & 8 BOLD SOULS—A saxophonist, composer, and bandleader, Wilkerson continues the Chicago tradition of jazz experimentation. He loves offbeat tonal colors, and will think nothing of blending tuba and cello into the mix. At the Whitney, Wilkerson plans to début several new compositions, in which he has, one hopes, left room for his own audacious playing. (Whitney Museum at Philip Morris, Park Ave. at 42nd St. June 1 at 7:30. No tickets necessary; seating on a first-come, first-served basis.)

THE NEVILLE BROTHERS—The soul princes of New Orleans have been making glorious music—together and separately—for four decades. Anchored by a sublime rhythm section, the band alternates between jazz-influenced R. & B. and pop covers layered with wonderfully hypnotic bayou-party accents. This non-dysfunctional-family act is in that rarefied company of groups that can play a different, topnotch set every night. (Their onstage brilliance is documented on a fine new album, "Live on Planet Earth," which was recorded on last year's world tour.) When their lead singer, Aaron, cuts loose with his angelic yodel, the effect is divine. Providing the yin to the Nevilles' yang is Milo Z, the opening act. This canny New York funk-rock band has just released its début album, "Basic Need to Howl," which presents its smartly updated Sly & the Family Stone groove thing. (Central Park SummerStage, Rumsey Playfield, mid-Park at 72nd St. June 2 at 7. For tickets, call 307-7171.)

Jimmy Buffett—Jones Beach Theatre. 1-516 221-1000. June 1 at 8.

Meat Loaf—With the Screamin' Cheetah Wheelies. (Nassau Coliseum. 1-516 794-9300. June 1 at 8. . . . ¶ Meadowlands Arena. 1-201 935-3900. June 5 at 8.)

Julio Iglesias—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 247-4777. June 1-4 at 8 and June 5 at 3.

Wynton Marsalis Septet—Abyssinian Baptist Church, 132 W. 138th St. 862-7474, ext. 225. June 4 at 7.

"A World of Percussion"—Don Cherry, Jai Uttal & Hamid Drake, and the Ladji Camara ensemble. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. June 4 at 8.)

ZZ Top—With George Thorogood & the Destroyers. (Madison Square Garden. 465-6000. June 6 at 7:30. . . . ¶ Nassau Coliseum. June 8 at 8.)

CLUBS

Blarney Star, 43 Murray St. (732-2873)—June 3: **linda hickman, deirdre gallagher, fiona doherty,** and **greg anderson** present an evening of Irish flute, fiddle, and guitar.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Decent sight lines, great greasy food, prodigiously talented waitresses, and a consistent roster of high-quality acts. Rock goddess **darlene love** continues her Tuesday-night stand. Folk curmudgeon and retro-crooner **leon redbone** arrives on June 3. **buster poindexter & his banshees of blues** swing into the joint on June 4. **urbanator,** featuring Michael Urbaniak, comes in on June 7.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—**bay of pigs** invades on June 3, followed by **the wrens** on June 4. The Wrens are another New York band that seems to have grown like a lab culture scraped from CB's sweaty walls. All the appropriate references are intact. Their new CD, "Silver," brings to mind every ragged guitar band that ever read a book, from Television to Mudhoney.

Fez, 380 Lafayette St. (533-7000)—June 3: Singer **kate jacobs.** June 4 belongs to the spare and sensitive folk duo **professor and maryann.** The **mingus big band** packs them in every Thursday; every Monday, **5 guitars play mingus.** Dining.

Grand, 76 E. 13th St. (777-0600)—A serious room for serious rockers, with a wall-o'-speakers up front and an ear-decompression lounge around the bar in the back. **sass jordan** is here on June 7, with guests Mark Curry and Hell's House Band. Monday nights, the Grand hosts Soul Kitchen, an evening of seventies R. & B. for devotees of Don Cornelius.

Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. (777-6800)—This sprawling two-floor establishment has been all things to all people: meeting hall, rock club, jazz club, Off Broadway theatre. **the bogmen** emerge on June 2. On June 3: **alison moyet & the mothers of good intention.** Moyet brought the techno-shenanigans of the early-eighties synthesizer band Yaz down to earth with her warm, soulful voice. Moyet's solo career has also found her cast as a sultry-voiced Earth Mother, albeit one whose ability to deliver a full album of strong material has often been in question. Fortunately, her most recent effort, "Essex," is by far her strongest to date. . . . ¶ The Swing Dance Society gathers here every Sunday night, at the Continental Club. The dancers all share a passion for the Lindy Hop, a dance that involves a lot of whirling and the occasional display of underwear. Sets from eight until midnight. For information on the society, call 696-9737.

Knitting Factory, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—June 4: Singer-guitarist **arto lindsay,** erstwhile frontman for the band Ambitious Lovers, arrives, with guitar guru **marc ribot.** June 6: Hasidic hardcore with **yossie piamenta.**

Limelight, Sixth Ave. at 20th St. (807-7850)—A church turned eighties hot spot, this unholy venue currently plays host to a variety of techno and alternative acts. **spiritual love affair** plays on June 5, with guests Spore and Theophony. Every Wednesday night is Disco 2000.

Maxwell's, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken. (1-201 798-4064)—June 2 belongs to **edsel** and **the wrens.** The aptly named Edsel makes a big, ugly sound: it's an anything-goes blend of droning, crud-ridden guitars and awkward, forlorn vocals—perfect for a small club with a very loud P.A. system. American Standard is also on the bill. On June 3: the witty and wonderful **ben vaughn combo** rocks and grooves. **king missile** arrives on June 5. Missile blasted onto the alternative-pop scene about four years ago, with the college-radio hits "Jesus Was Way Cool" and "Cheesecake Truck." Since then, the band has maintained its hipness quotient with metallic noise-rock ditties that offer savvy cultural references ("Martin Scorsese") as well as cheeky, occasionally risqué humor ("Detachable Penis"). The group's current album, "Missile," veers between quirky instrumentals, recitations and rants, and frenzied bursts of feedback.

Paddy Reilly's Music Bar, 495 Second Ave., at 28th St. (686-1210)—**black 47** usually plays on Wednesdays and Saturdays, and

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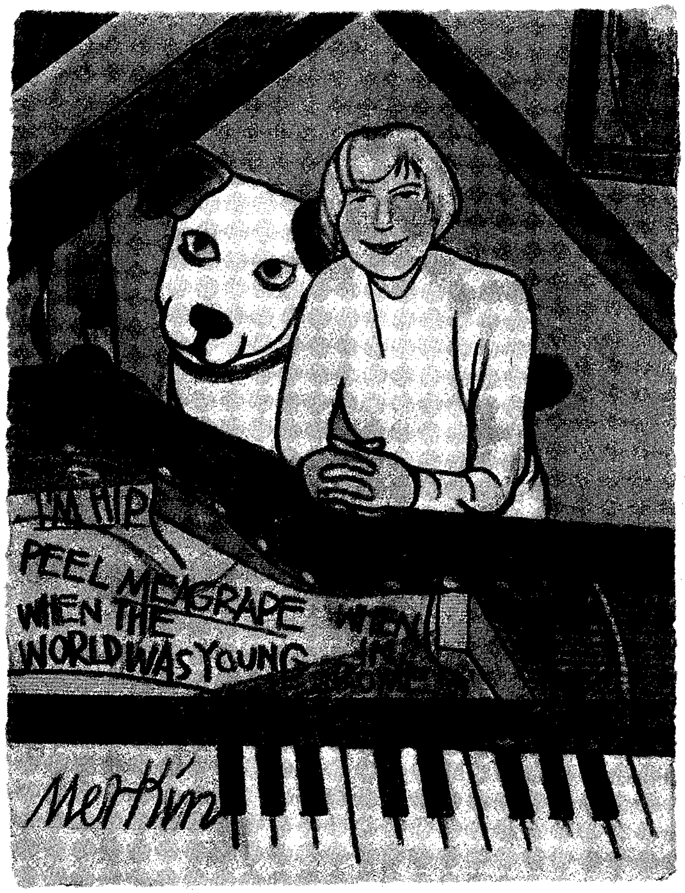

Blossom Dearie at the Ballroom.

RICHARD MERKIN

Speir Mor (Gaelic for Big Sky) performs for a hearty following on Fridays. Séisiún—a traditional Irish jam—is on Thursday nights.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great grass hut with a fruit-and-bamboo motif, dedicated to calypso, reggae, and bossa nova. Sax man **RICHARD ELLIOT** takes over on June 1-2. Singer **RACHELLE FERRELL** is here on June 7-8. Closed Sundays. Dining.

Tramps, 51 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—A broad, spacious, and agreeable club, near what was once called Ladies' Mile but might now be termed the pool-hall district. June 2: **JAMES (BLOOD) ULMER. MARCIA BALL** performs on June 3, with **EARL KING.** King also opens for **BUCKWHEAT ZYDECO** on June 4. In recent years other zydeco artists, like Boozoo Chavis and Queen Ida, have captured the spotlight, but Buckwheat still plays a mean washboard. Prepare to dance.

Wetlands, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—A warehouse complex for neo-hippies and other party animals. **GRANT LEE BUFFALO** is here on June 1. With its 1993 album, "Fuzzy," the Los Angeles-based trio Grant Lee Buffalo offered what was perhaps the most promising rock début of the year. At a local club date last summer, the band also proved to be a powerful and scintillating live act. Since then, they've toured in Europe, opened for Pearl Jam, and generally honed what is already a killer performance. To top it off, lead singer Grant Lee Phillips is a sensational guitarist and a brilliant songwriter. Go for it. **KING MISSILE** arrives on June 3, with the Meices and Babe the Blue Ox.

JAZZ AND STANDARDS

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—In the Oak Room, **ANDREA MARCOVICCI** presents her Irving Berlin tribute, mixing some rarely heard early pieces with classics like "Cheek to Cheek" and "Say It Isn't So." *Dining.*

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—Jazz singer **MORGANA KING** completes a two-week run on June 4. **NANCY MARANO & EDDIE MONTEIRO** start up on June 5. **BLOSSOM DEARIE** presents an early show (6:30) on Friday and Saturday evenings. The early shows on Wednesdays and Thursdays belong to singer **JOHN WALLOWITCH.**

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Jazz, mirrors, and a gift shop. The venerable **MODERN JAZZ QUARTET** continues through June 2. On June 3-5, catch a power trio: **KEITH JARRETT, GARY PEACOCK,** and **JACK DE JOHNETTE.** Jarrett's recent album "At the Deerhead Inn," the most listenable recording the pianist has made in years, augurs well for this trio performance with two brilliant players, Peacock (on bass) and DeJohnette (on drums). The closest Jarrett usually gets to a New York jazz club is Carnegie Hall, so this is a bona-fide event. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The fabulous **BOBBY SHORT** is in once again, through the fourth week in June. Now in his twenty-seventh year at the Carlyle, Short continues to give the royal treatment to gems by Gershwin, Ellington, Arlen, Berlin, and, of course, Cole Porter. A delightful, de-lovely evening, and a quintessentially New York experience. . . . ¶ Across the hall, Bemelmans Bar resembles an Ivy League rathskeller where everyone dresses up to look dressed down. The room takes on an extra measure of urbanity when **BARBARA CARROLL** sits down at the Steinway, as she has for each of the past seventeen years. She plumbs the vast repertoire she's built since her days as a charter bebopper, sprinkling some diseuse-style vocals among the punchy rhythms and precise voicings of her piano playing.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—One of the city's top jazz spots. Through June 5: The **NEW YORK SWING QUARTET,** featuring pianist **JOHN BUNCH,** guitarist **BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** drummer **DENNIS MACKREL,** and bassist **BOB HAGGERT.** Courtly improvisers, Bunch and Pizzarelli know each other like twins, while Mackrel and Haggert collaborate on carefully insistent rhythm. The **FOUR FRESHMEN** begin on June 7. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL** leads a trio. Dining.

Five Spot, 4 W. 31st St. (631-0100)—Set in a mammoth turn-of-the-century ballroom, this jazz club is all marble and gilt, with a few modern touches, such as the zebra-patterned carpeting in the V.I.P. room upstairs. The **BOB MOSES** quintet is in on June 3. Moses returns with his **MOZAMBA BAND** on June 4. Dining.

Iridium, 44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121)—Across the street from Lincoln Center, this restaurant and club features a handsome bar upstairs and a surreal performance space downstairs. June 1-4: The **MARCUS PRINTUP** band.

Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Brass rails, vintage posters, Hirschfeld drawings, and a piano. **MIKE LE DONNE** and **DENNIS IRWIN** join forces through June 4.

Le Madeleine, 403 W. 43rd St. (246-2993)—Every Sunday evening, guitar great **GENE BERTONCINI** lights up this cozy Hell's Kitchen bistro with his simmering melodicism and chordal grace.

Metropolis, 31 Union Square W. (675-2300)—The basement of this swank café is now hosting a series of high-profile gigs. The **JIMMY HEATH** quartet plays on June 3-4. To watch Heath at work on his saxophone is to observe the mind-body split in action. Standing stock still, his face fixed in an inscrutable gaze, Heath extracts gorgeous melodies and heartbreaking tones from his horn, and distills the intensity of hard bop into bouquets of texture and meaning.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—On Mondays, Woody Allen continues his night job as clarinet player in the **NEW ORLEANS FUNERAL AND RAGTIME ORCHESTRA,** a Dixieland-jazz ensemble now in its twentieth year. On other nights, be sure to check out **VERNEL BAGNERIS,** whose tribute to Jelly Roll Morton is a treat. There may be a tad too much talk in Bagneris's act, but he's a captivating performer. An expansion of last year's "Jelly Roll: A Memorial," the show is now a more substantial evening, highlighted by the rapport between Bagneris and pianist **MORTEN GUNNAR LARSEN.** Closed Sundays.

Rainbow & Stars, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—A plush, old-fashioned night club, sixty-five floors above it all, complete with Art Deco fixtures, intimate glitter, and a panoramic view as dizzying as the tab. Apple-cheeked soprano **MAUREEN MC GOVERN** is here through June 18. Her Rainbow program is titled "Sing! Sing! Sing! . . . The Songs of World War II," and in it McGovern—the daughter of an Air Force pilot who flew over Normandy, and a longtime exponent of swing-era music—will put forth such classics as "I'll Be Seeing You," "Take the 'A' Train," and "Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy." Accompanying her will be pianist Lee Musiker, bassist Jay Leonhart, drummer Allan Schwartzberg, and reed instrumentalist Lou Marini.

Russian Tea Room, 150 W. 57th St. (265-0947)—Upstairs, there's a small red, gold, and green cabaret. June 5: Singer **ANNE HAMPTON CALLAWAY** appears. Dining.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—An electrified big band belonging to trumpeter **MILES EVANS** is in action on Mondays. The **JIM HALL** quartet performs through June 5. There are jazz guitarists and then there is Hall, an acute stylist who crosses the street at the first suggestion of cliché. Sparing and thoughtful, Hall always places lyricism before finger-flying extravagance. Dining.

Tavern on the Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (873-3200)—This legendary tourist haven makes serious jazz fans welcome in the Chestnut Room. **ILLINOIS JACQUET & HIS BIG BAND** are here for an extended run, through the beginning of July.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The excellent tenor saxophonist **DAVID SANCHEZ** leads a quartet through June 5. Sanchez is everywhere you turn these days, and for good reason: crossing the rugged mien of mid-career Coltrane with the rhythmic zeal of his own native Panama, Sanchez is one of the most promising new mainstreamers around. The **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA** holds sway on Mondays.

Visiones, 125 Macdougal St., at W. 3rd St. (673-5576)—A tiny, low-key supper club where the jazz, like the Spanish-American cuisine, can take on a spicy, multicultural flavor. June 1-2: The **MARVIN STAMM** quintet entertains.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—The food is Italian, the atmosphere is pastels and soft lights, and the musicians, who set up in a room between the bar and the dining room, are first-rate. Pianist **KIRK LIGHTSEY** and bassist **CECIL MC BEE** team up through June 4. On Sundays, you'll find a trio comprising **BOB KINDRED** (saxophone), **BILL MAYS** (piano), and michael moore (bass).

ART

Man of Property

ARGUABLY the most important innovations in art since the advent of minimalism in the sixties have been concerned with the deflection of the viewer's attention from the art object itself to its situation in the world. For Gordon Matta-Clark, who died of cancer in 1978, the critical exposure of certain situations was the essence of his activity as an artist. Matta-Clark's work encompasses architecture, photography, performance, sculpture, and film. He is perhaps best known for his "building cuts," such as "Splitting" (1974) and "Office Baroque" (1977), in which he strategically sectioned abandoned buildings and documented their otherwise invisible infrastructures.

The Holly Solomon Gallery has mounted an excellent Matta-Clark show (172 Mercer Street; through June 18), "Realty Positions: Fake Estates and Other Architectural Musings," which includes sketches, photographs, relics, and a selection of newly restored films and videos. Matta-Clark's "fake estates" were patches of useless land in Queens and Staten Island that the artist purchased from the city in 1973 and 1974 for prices ranging between twenty-five and forty-five dollars. The land could be a few square feet sandwiched between buildings or a curbside strip a mere foot wide but hundreds of feet long. Documenting his properties in a series of sequential black-and-white photographs that he paired with his deeds to the lands, Matta-Clark provided a trenchant yet absurd commentary on real estate as a cornerstone of the American dream.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"American Impressionism and Realism: The Painting of Modern Life, 1885-1915." John Singer Sargent and Mary Cassatt are included in the first major exhibition to focus on the similarities of these turn-of-the-century schools of painting. . . . ¶ "Petrus Christus: Renaissance Master of Bruges." This exhibit contains twenty-seven works, three-quarters of Petrus's known œuvre. The come-hither "Portrait of a Lady," from Berlin, has the penetrating psychological analysis of a Holbein; the surrealistic fantasy of "Madonna of the Dry Tree," depicting a luminous Virgin and Child in a thorn tree hung with tiny golden "A"'s (symbolizing the Ave Maria), recalls the sophisticated wit of Mantegna. . . . ¶ "The Decorative Arts of Frank Lloyd Wright." Furniture, ceramics, textiles, sculpture, architectural fragments, photographs, stained glass, metalwork, and drawings. (There is a concurrent show of Wright works at the Guggenheim Museum.) (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Projects: Karin Sander." Three large works, including a seventy-by-fifty-foot Astro-Turf sculpture. Through June 6. . . . ¶ "American Surrealist Photography" offers forty-nine photographs from the permanent collection, some of which seem to have been smuggled

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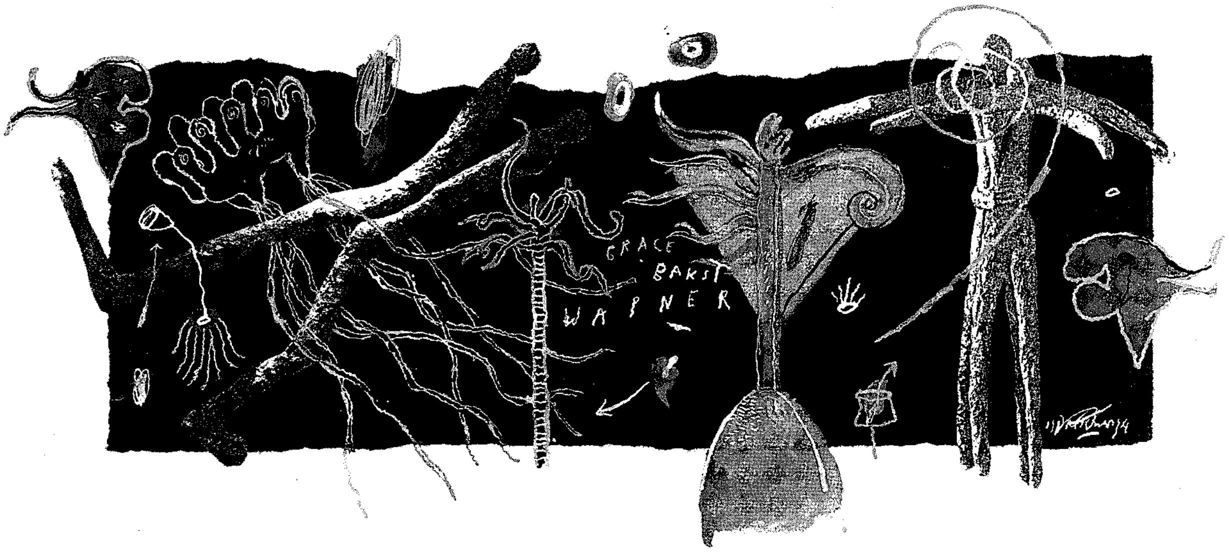
in from outside the supposed theme. The truly surreal images—such as a 1933 photograph by James Thrall Soby depicting a female nude that turns out to be made of stone—really get to the heart of the matter. Through July 5. . . . ¶ The second in a two-part series of drawings by modern (1959-1991) artists, both American and European. Marcel Broodthaers and Jasper Johns are included. Through June 14. (Open Saturdays through Tuesdays, 11 to 6; Thursdays and Fridays, noon to 8:30.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"The Tradition of the New: Postwar Masterpieces from the Guggenheim Collection." . . . ¶ "Frank Lloyd Wright's Designs for the Guggenheim Museum." (There is a concurrent show of Wright works at the Metropolitan Museum.) (Open Sundays through Wednesdays, 10 to 6, and Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 8.)

Guggenheim Museum SoHo, 575 Broadway—"Rolywholyover A Circus." John Cage (1912-92) took his title from Joyce's "Finnegans Wake" and used, among other things, a computerized version of the "I Ching" to create a circus. Cage said, "The basic idea is that the exhibition would change so much that if you came back a second time, you wouldn't recognize it." It includes a rotating exhibit of work by fifty artists, including Rauschenberg and Joseph Cornell; *enso* scrolls; an interactive computer installation; an object each from the permanent collections of several New York museums; and a media room with a program that is always changing. For schedule information, call 423-3836. . . . ¶ Eighty watercolors, made between 1911 and 1944, by the Russian artist Wassily Kandinsky (1866-1944). The earlier works, with their nervous, liquescent, quasi-figurative shapes, represent Kandinsky's art at its strongest. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6, and Saturday evenings until 8.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective of more than two hundred paintings and works on paper by Joseph Stella (1877-1946), the American Futurist. . . . ¶ A lobby exhibit of Isamu Noguchi's early abstract sculptures and drawings. Through June 19. . . . ¶ "Richard Avedon: Evidence 1944-94." A retrospective that includes the photographer's early unpublished work for *Life*, fashion shots for *Harper's Bazaar* and *Vogue*, several signature formal portraits, and a series of pictures done in the East Louisiana State Hospital, in February, 1963. Though the show has a decidedly informal air (there's no glass over the pictures, and several are just tacked to the wall or inside aluminum frames), its momentousness is underscored by the large scale of the photographs. Through June 26. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8.)



Grace Bakst Wapner at Steinbaum Krauss in SoHo.

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The Lila Acheson Wallace Wing of Mammals and Their Extinct Relatives has opened. The museum's extensive collection of mammalian fossils has been organized according to evolutionary history, beginning three hundred million years ago. Seven murals by Charles R. Knight, three of which have been recently restored, flesh out the bones, providing full-color pictures of how some prehistoric creatures might have looked. (Open daily, 10 to 5:45, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"Louise Bourgeois: The Locus of Memory, Works 1982-1993." An expanded version of the sculptor's 1993 Venice Biennale exhibit, with some twenty-five works made from Carrara marble, rubber, wood, bronze, steel, and glass. There are also thirty works on paper. Bourgeois has long been a subterranean force in contemporary art, but in the last decade her haunted and often intensely theatrical sculptural investigations of memory, dread, and desire have become key works in the current artistic climate. . . . ¶ Red Grooms' large-scale sculpture of the Staten Island Ferry arriving in Manhattan graces the museum's lobby. Through June 30. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—Glasswork is featured in a retrospective of work by the Finnish artist and designer Timo Sarpaneva. The show also includes pieces in fibre, wood, metal, and porcelain. Through June 18. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St.—"Asia/America: Identities in Contemporary Asian-American Art." The society's first exhibit of contemporary art includes paintings, sculptures, and photographs by twenty Asian-American artists. Of note is May Sun's "Fugitive Landing," an installation with English-language books about China on one side and, on the other side, a kind of Chinese fish pond cum trellis, with wooden footpaths and video images of Sun Yat-sen. Self-portraits of Tseng Kwong Chi in a Mao Tse-tung jacket, posing in front of such American icons as the Statue of Liberty and Mickey Mouse, are startling and both funny and serious. Through June 26. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8; Sundays, noon to 5.)

China Institute, 125 E. 65th St.—"Capturing a World: China and Its People—Photographs by John Thomson." Black-and-white photographs of temples, street gamblers, missionaries, and the Great Wall, taken some hundred and twenty years ago by the Scottish explorer. Despite their age and the primitive collodion process used to develop them, the photographs capture the landscape and asceticism of post-dynasty China. Thomson's portraits of ornately dressed Manchu brides and prim, world-weary children are particularly striking. Through June 11. (Open Mondays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Dia Center for the Arts, 548 W. 22nd St.—Irish artist James Coleman's new project, which involves slides and audiotapes, is being shown along with the first installment of a three-part retrospective of his work. . . . ¶ Work by Katharina Fritsch and Ann Hamilton (through June 19), and by Dan Graham. (Open Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6. Closes for the summer on June 19.) . . . ¶ At 393 West Broadway—Walter De Maria's "The Broken Kilometer." . . . ¶ At 141 Wooster St.—De Maria's "The New York Earth Room." (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6. Closes for the summer on June 18.)

Ellis Island Immigration Museum, Ellis Island—"Immigrant Health Traditions" documents home remedies and other household medical practices, with, for instance, objects found in the medicine cabinet (like acupuncture equipment from Japan). (Open daily, from 9:30 to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—"The Currency of Fame: Portrait Medals of the Renaissance." Gold, silver, bronze, and lead depictions of Lorenzo de' Medici and Dürer, among others. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"A Worthy Use of Summer: Jewish Summer Camping in America." A historical and ethnographic study of the recreational camps that emerged at the beginning of this century. . . . ¶ A companion exhibit to the above, "Camp Pinecliff, 1981: Photographs by Gay Block." (Open Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 11 to 5:45; Tuesdays, 11 to 8.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"Treasures in Heaven: Armenian Illuminated Manuscripts." Selections include a tenth-century Gospel and items dating from the Armenian diaspora of the eighteenth century. . . . ¶ Letters from Theodore Roosevelt—a devoted father—to his son Quentin. Addressed to "darling Quenty-quee," they were written during a boat trip in 1907. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 5; Saturdays, 10:30 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Museo del Barrio, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—To celebrate its recent reopening and its twenty-fifth anniversary, the museum has organized a three-part show, "Artists Talk Back: Visual Conversations with El Museo." The first exhibit, "Reclaiming History," focusses on Latin-American history. . . . ¶ "Revelaciones: The Art of Manuel Alvarez Bravo" includes more than a hundred black-and-white photographs by this Mexican artist. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 5; Thursdays, noon to 7.)

Museum for African Art, 593 Broadway—"Western Artists/African Art." An exhibit of African objects that focusses on the meaning of African art to Western artists. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 5:30; Saturdays, noon to 8; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"Pride=Power!" marks the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Stonewall rebellion, in which patrons of a gay bar resisted arrest and harassment, triggering a series of riots and demonstrations. The exhibit includes photographs of the New York City Gay and Lesbian Pride March, posters, pennants, T-shirts, and other mementos. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New Museum, 583 Broadway—"Huang Yong Ping: Chinese Hand Laundry and Chen Zhen: Field of Waste." Two installations for which the artists have divided the gallery into both shared space and individual territory, positioning their work according to the principles of Chinese chess. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Saturdays, noon to 8.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Tracking the West: A. J. Russell Photographs of the Union Pacific Railroad" features work from the eighteen-sixties by Union Pacific's official photographer. Maps and illustrated books will also be on view. Through June 18. (Mondays, Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, 10 to 6; Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 11 to 6.)

New York Public Library for the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—"Revealing Roots: Uncovering Influences on American Puppetry." From Bread and Puppet to the Muppets. Opens June 7. (Open Mondays and Thursdays, noon to 8; Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, noon to 6.)

P.S. 1, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City—"Farewell to Bosnia: New Photographs by Gilles Peress." Through June 12. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—"The 25th Anniversary Exhibition: Selected Works from the Permanent Collection, Part II." Works on paper. Through July 3. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. The following listings lead off with new shows.)

Toyce Anderson—Autobiographical mixed-medium assemblages. Opens June 2. Through July 5. (Kelly, 591 Broadway.)

"Redefining the Pop Icon in the Nineties"—An exhibition pointing out how the iconography of Jasper Johns, Robert Rauschenberg, and others have been replaced by images reflecting violence, AIDS, and other phenomena of the day. Opens June 2. Through July 22. (Auchincloss, 558 Broadway.)

"A Zoo"—Animals portrayed by March Avery, Ian Hornak, Selina Trieff, and others. Opens June 2. Through June 30. (Perlow, 560 Broadway.)

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Sandro Chia—Thirteen pastel-like oil paintings of strong curves and drenched, Mediterranean hues. The classical, broad-featured faces have been slightly skewed, à la Picasso. In his images of couples—works such as "A Soft Look Beyond All Telling"

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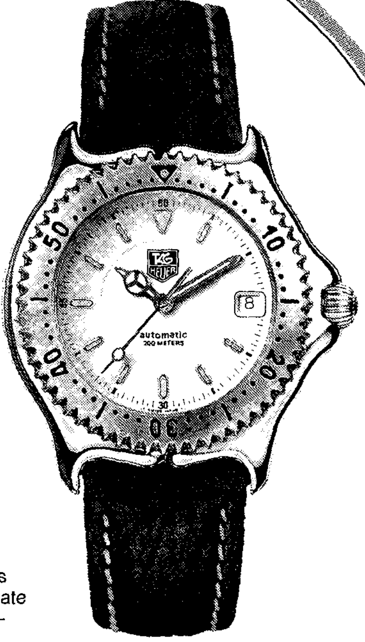

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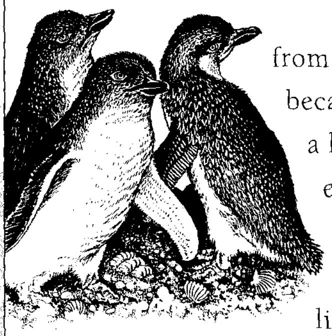

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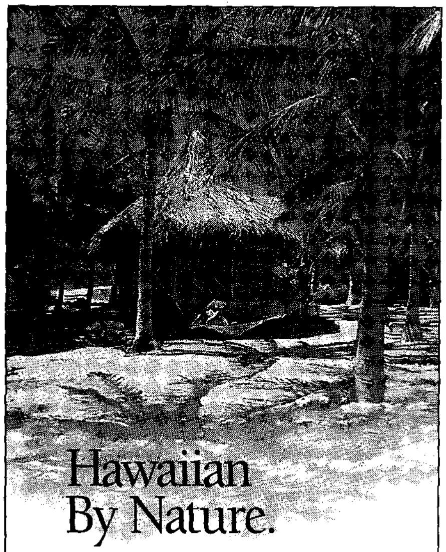

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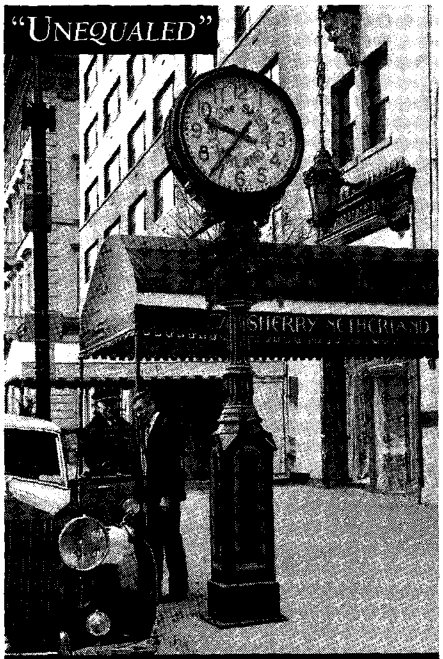

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ART—Cont'd

and "For a Month We Loved Forever"—Chia achieves a jazzy array of color and line. Through June 18. (65 Thompson Street Gallery.)

Gil Garfield—To see Gil Garfield's Kit Chinsync show is like veering down memory lane with some crazed hyper-narcissistic artist you met at the downtown party of your nightmares. Supremely kitschy paintings, sculptures, and multimedia installations act as guides to the life and multiple personalities of Garfield, a.k.a. Gilberto di Beverly, a.k.a. Gibby, a.k.a. Gilbert Ivan, among other personas. He's the man, you learn from various works, who experienced an alienated childhood in the surreal atmosphere of nineteen-forties Hollywood; who had a No. 1 hit record, "Black Denim Trousers," in the nineteen-fifties, as well as a recording career in Italy; who invented the Pan-t-Boot in 1969; and on and on. Through June 18. (American Fine Arts, 22 Wooster St.)

Roxie Munro—Architectural watercolors and oil paintings, including illustrations from "The Inside-Outside Book of New York City" and four covers of this magazine. Munro's vivid, soft-graphic compositions accomplish one of this gallery's stated missions: to reawaken New Yorkers to the beauty that surrounds them. Her glimpses of the city are accidental but sublime. Through June 30. (Ingbar, 568 Broadway.)

Grace Bakst Wapner—Small clay sculptures of featureless figures paired—sometimes nearly merging—in passionate or playful embrace. Wapner's interest in choreography is apparent in her portrayal of bodies in motion. The work could also be about relationships—about giving each other space while remaining connected. Through June 11. (Steinbaum Krauss, 132 Greene St.)

Dennis Adams—A body of sculptures titled "Trans/Actions." Through July 1. (Kent, 67 Prince St. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.)

Ross Bleckner—Paintings concerned with the effects of light; some are abstract and others contain such imagery as urns, birds, and clouds. Through June 25. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Elisa D'Arrigo—Abstract floor and wall pieces made of fabric, paper, clay, rubber, and so on. Through June 25. (Harris, 524 Broadway.)

Eileen Doman—Figurative paintings based on family photographs. By turns humorous and poignant, the paintings have the perspective of people caught by the camera, transformed by the brush. Through June 25. (Ricco/Maresca, 152 Wooster St.)

Marlene Dumas—Portraits and figurative paintings by a South African artist living in Amsterdam. Through June 18. (Tilton, 49 Greene St.)

April Gornik—Charcoal and black-pastel landscape drawings. Through June 18. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

Michael Heizer—The inaugural show at a new gallery, featuring granite megaliths embedded in the walls and floor. Through June 30. (Ace, 275 Hudson, at Spring St.)

Jenny Holzer—An installation in response to recent events in Bosnia. Embossed-leather walls and holographic LED signs feature texts on the rape and murder of women. Holzer's flair for techno-dystopian melodrama is undeniable, but her prose style has not improved. Through June 30. (Gladstone, 99 Greene St.)

Gordon Matta-Clark (1943-78)—Works in various mediums. Through June 18. (Holly Solomon, 172 Mercer St.)

Alan Rath—Humorous structures with machine parts. Through June 25. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Beverly Semmes—Sculptures of clothing. Through June 30. (Klein, 594 Broadway.)

Mathew Weaver—Small, bright-colored paintings. Through July 2. (Engelhorn, 470 Broome St.)

Rémy Zaugg—Paintings of English text, by a Swiss artist. Through June 18. (Brooke Alexander, 59 Wooster St.)

"**The British Watercolor Tradition**, 1805-1990: From Trafalgar to Thatcher"—A show focussing on landscapes and humorous illustrations, by Cruikshank, Beerbohm, and others. Through July 9. (Heineman, 594 Broadway.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Dan Christenson—Abstract paintings dating from 1968 to the present. Opens June 3. Through July 1. (Drake, 50 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Kathryn Freeman—Six large-scale paintings, plus related studies, that amount to an allegory about the monuments and sites of the nation's capital. Opens June 3. Through July 1. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

On Paper—Works by Lee Krasner, Alfonso Ossorio, Jackson Pollock, and Anne Ryan, on handmade paper by Douglass Morse Howell. Opens June 1. Through July 22. (Washburn, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

•

András Böröcz—Giacometti's elongated, emaciated figures and Brancusi's pedestals are the precursors of these tiny sculptures by an artist from Budapest, in his New York début, but he has an ingenuity that is all his own. On three-to-five-feet-tall pedestals as spindly and knobby as flamingo legs, he places poignant and frail figures, alone or intertwined in pairs, which have been carved from *pencils.* (Their caps or erasers resemble primitive headdresses). One exceptional piece consists of three figures, representing family, which fit one within the other and can be slipped apart. Through June 11. (De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.)

Alberto Giacometti (1901-66)—Sculptures and drawings from the artist's formative years in Paris (1922-30), a period when he was strongly influenced by Cubism and Brancusi. The show includes important sculptures like "Homme (Apollon)" (1929), which demonstrates the importance to Giacometti of African art, and "Le Vide-Poche" (1930), which points toward the artist's great Surrealist works of the thirties. The exhibition also includes a 1947 letter from Giacometti to his New York dealer, Pierre Matisse, in which he describes his artistic evolution from 1914 to 1945. Through June 25. (Yoshii, 20 W. 57th St.)

Leonora Carrington—Works in various mediums by a seventy-seven-year-old Surrealist. Through June 18. (Brewster, 41 W. 57th St.)

John Cage (1912-92)—"The First Meeting of the Satie Society," an installation and collaborative project devoted to Erik Satie and Marcel Duchamp. Cage wrote a mesostich (a poetic composition that can be read from side to side and from top to bottom), which was subsequently illustrated by Jasper Johns, Robert Ryman, Sol LeWitt, and others. (A concurrent Cage show is at the Guggenheim SoHo.) Through July 3. (Sheehan, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Martha Diamond—Semi-abstract urban scenes. Through June 25. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

Donald Lipski—Works of found objects, entirely covering the gallery walls, are exhibited in combination with individual sculptures. Through June 26. (Galerie Lelong, [illegible]0 W. 57th St.)

Michael Tetherow—A series of eight works whose vertical lines and pale washes of color evoke the long, anonymous sweep of highways. Toward the top of each canvas, the artist has cut out eyelike circles, giving the paintings a slightly anthropomorphic quality, like portraits of a spectral family. Through June 17. (McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Wayne Thiebaud—A mini-survey, including paintings of the artist's familiar edible subjects, such as ice cream and lollipops, as well as more recent San Francisco cityscapes. Through June 30. (Stone, 113 E. 90th St.)

ANTIQUES AND AUCTIONS

Jade in the Shade—An exhibition and sale of a large group of Neolithic jade pieces—disks, blades, cylinders, and ornaments, from the Hongshan (3800-2700 B.C.), Liangzhu (3300-2250 B.C.), and other Chinese cultures—will run from June 1 through June 25 at J.J. Lally, 41 E. 57th St. (For further information, call 371-3380.)

Buildings on the Block—Original drawings by a group of international architects—Frank Gehry, Michael Graves, Robert Venturi, Gae Aulenti, and others—will be featured in a silent auction at the Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St., on June 2, starting at 9 P.M. and running past midnight. The works range from plans for museums to designs for private lofts. Minimum bids range from approximately $300 to $6,000. A benefit for the museum's Young Collectors Council. (For further information, call 423-3624.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

A Glimpse of Greatness

More pictures. That's what you want when you get to the end of the small selection of photographs—forty in all—included in "Henri Cartier-Bresson: Hommage," at the International Center of Photography (1130 Fifth Avenue; through September 4). The I.C.P. is also displaying a group of Cartier-Bresson's lithographs, taking account of his wish to have his art considered as a whole—drawings, watercolors, prints, and all—but this token inclusion seems more like a gesture than an outgrowth of curatorial investigation. Still, "Hommage" comes across as a modest but welcome salute to one of the most influential and wide-ranging photographers in the history of the medium.

Some of the photographer's most famous images are presented in "Hommage," as well as written tributes by other photographers, artists, writers, and critics. It's the kind of enshrinement that might make a living artist a little nervous, but Cartier-Bresson, who is eighty-five, has nothing to worry about. His photographic achievements have the force of life; they defy summary and transcend praise. It's tempting to associate Cartier-Bresson with a figure in one of his own photographs. Taken in Tennessee in 1947, the shot shows, in the foreground, a grave marked with a cross that is inscribed with the words "Jesus Is Coming Soon." In the background is a junk yard—a cemetery for old cars. In the middle distance, a man is walking through this landscape, hat on, and definitely on his way somewhere. He exudes purpose and decisiveness, like a prophet in a landscape of death. There is an element of the prophet in Cartier-Bresson, too. He has never rested on his laurels, has always been ready to get on with the next thing, has been alert to the world around him and loyal to his own heart and mind. The photographs will always be the truest homage to their maker.

Lee Friedlander—Photographs of parks designed by Frederick Law Olmsted. Through June 25. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

Mari Mahr—Subtle, dreamlike images that incorporate found and constructed materials. Through June 24. (Benrubi, 52 E. 76th St.)

Ugo Mulas—Photographs of famous artists taken during the sixties in New York. Through June 17. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

W. Eugene Smith—Images by a photographer best known for his photo-essays in *Life*. Through July 2. (Mann, 42 E. 76th St.)

"The Native Americans"—Photographs that document the way of life of the first inhabitants of North America. Through June 18. (Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway.)

"Natural Mechanics"—A group show featuring work by Garry Fabian Miller, Hitoshi Nomura, and Jack Sal. Through June 30. (Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St.)

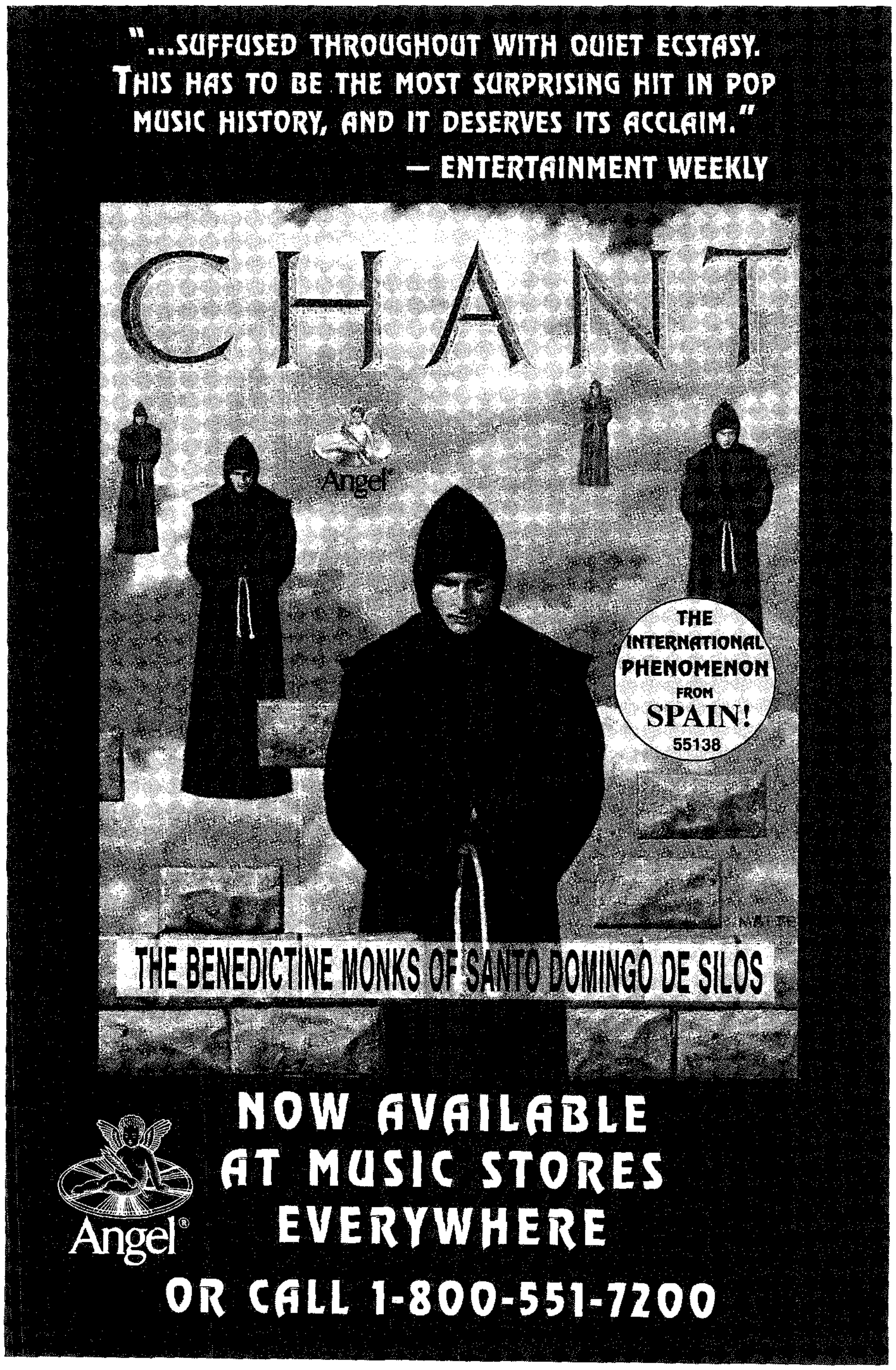
"Non-Objective Photography Between the Wars"—A group show featuring innovative work by Man Ray, Outerbridge, Stieglitz, and others. Through July 1. (Houk Friedman, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

"The Street Walkers"—Photographs taken surreptitiously by Leon Levinstein and Frank Paulin. Through June 18. (Greenberg, 120 Wooster St.)

International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.—"Henri Cartier-Bresson: Hommage." Forty photographs by the French master. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

International Center of Photography Midtown, Sixth Ave. at 43rd St.—"American Ground Zero: The Secret Nuclear War." A remarkable set of photographs by Carole Gallagher, documenting the victims of radioactive fallout in the Western United States. Through June 19. . . .¶ Photographs commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of D Day. Through July 10. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

(See the museum listings for photography exhibitions at the Museum of Modern Art, the Whitney Museum, the China Institute, the Jewish Museum, el Museo del Barrio, the New York Public Library, and P.S. 1.)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CLASSICAL MUSIC

Joyful Noises

CHORAL music dominates this week's concert scene, and a good deal of the repertoire seems, at first glance, to be oddly timed. Easter music (in the guise of Bach's two big Passions) comes courtesy of the Collegiate Chorale (on June 2) and Musica Sacra (on June 3); and both the Florilegium Chamber Choir (on June 1) and the Central City Chorus (on June 6) offer music honoring the harmonious St. Cecilia, which is usually sung closer to November 22, the saint's day.

This is not, however, a mere coincidence. All these groups—as well as Ascension Music (on June 1) and the Gregg Smith Singers (on June 2)—are putting their best feet forward to synchronize with the visit of several hundred delegates to the annual conference of Chorus America, a national organization that seeks to secure professional respect for choral singers and conductors in a musical universe that often grants them second-class citizenship. Chorus America embraces groups that range from the mostly amateur to the fully professional, but its projects director, Felicia Burrey, declares firmly, "We *do* promote the payment of singers." That's a mission to be supported with loud applause, especially if the performers in question have dedicated themselves to the regimen of training and practice expected of a professional musician. Surely St. Cecilia would add a melodious "amen" at the prospect of improved working conditions for those under her protection.

(The box-office number for Avery Fisher Hall is 875-5030; for Alice Tully Hall, 875-5050; and for Carnegie Hall and Weill Recital Hall, 247-7800.)

IN TOWN—OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—To open this year's series of free performances in the city's parks, the company presents a concert version of "Tosca," featuring Maria Guleghina, Lando Bartolini, and Justino Diaz. Thomas Fulton conducts. (Great Lawn, Central Park. June 7 at 8. Rain date: June 9 at 8.)

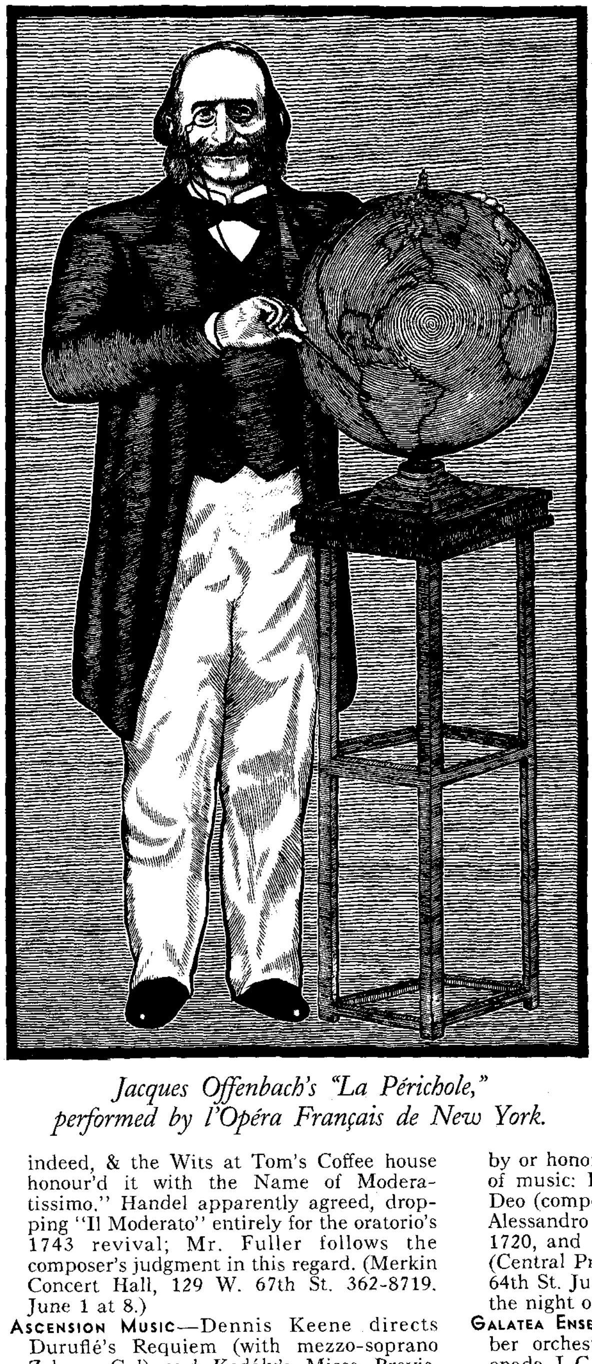
Opéra Français de New York—Yves Abel conducts a concert version of Offenbach's "La Périchole," a farce revolving around intrigues and misunderstandings in eighteenth-century Peru. Featuring soprano Angelina Réaux and baritones Kurt Ollmann and Gerard Edery; sung in French, with a connective English narration. (Alice Tully Hall. June 1 at 8.)

American Chamber Opera Company—Presenting staged performances of two chamber operas: Jack Beeson's "Hello Out There" and Bernstein's "Trouble in Tahiti." Douglas Anderson conducts. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. June 3-4 at 8. For information about tickets, call 781-0857. Through June 11.)

IN TOWN—ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Kurt Masur conducting the final performances of this year's subscription series. June 2 at 8: Mozart's Symphony No. 36 (the "Linz") and Bruckner's Symphony No. 4 (the "Romantic"). . . . ¶ June 3 at 2: Mahler's Symphony No. 9. . . . ¶ June 4 at 8: Strauss's "Death and Transfiguration," Rorem's English Horn Concerto (featuring Thomas Stacy), and Beethoven's Symphony No. 5.

Helicon Chorus and Orchestra—Albert Fuller directs his period-instrument ensemble in Handel's Milton-based oratorio "L'Allegro ed il Penseroso"; with sopranos Julianne Baird and Christine Brandes, tenor Robert White, and bass Jan Opalach. The work was originally presented in three parts—titled "L'Allegro, il Penseroso ed il Moderato," in 1740—with the text for the concluding section supplied by the poetaster Charles Jennens (who two years later would organize the libretto for "Messiah"). But Milton's verse so overshadowed Jennens' that "Il Moderato" became the butt of jokes. Jennens himself reported ruefully: "I overheard one in the Theatre saying it was Moderato indeed, & the Wits at Tom's Coffee house honour'd it with the Name of Moderatissimo." Handel apparently agreed, dropping "Il Moderato" entirely for the oratorio's 1743 revival; Mr. Fuller follows the composer's judgment in this regard. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. June 1 at 8.)



Jacques Offenbach's "La Périchole,"
performed by l'Opéra Français de New York.

MICHAEL KUPPERMAN

Ascension Music—Dennis Keene directs Duruflé's Requiem (with mezzo-soprano Zehava Gal) and Kodály's Missa Brevis. (Church of the Ascension, Fifth Ave. at 10th St. 254-8553. June 1 at 8.)

Florilegium Chamber Choir—JoAnn Rice directs Britten's "Hymn to St. Cecilia" works by Carter, Brahms, and others. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. June 1 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Gregg Smith Singers—Gregg Smith directs choral works by Carter, Ives, Rorem, Morton Gould, Lukas Foss, Hale Smith, Louise Talma, and William Hawley, in addition to a piece of his own. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. June 2 at 3. For information about tickets, call 874-2990.)

Collegiate Chorale—Robert Bass directs Bach's "St. John Passion," featuring soprano Joyce Guyer, mezzo-soprano Mary Ann Hart, tenor Steven Tharp, baritone Michael Dash, bass Kevin Deas, and organist Daniel Beckwith. (St. George's Church, 207 E. 16th St. June 2 at 8. For information about tickets, call 664-1390.)

Musica Sacra—Richard Westenburg directs Bach's "St. Matthew Passion"; with tenor Charles Bressler as the Evangelist and bass Wilbur Pauley as Jesus, and with soprano Tamara Crout, mezzo-soprano Judith Malafronte, tenor Jon Humphrey, baritone David Arnold, and the Boys Choir of Harlem (plus more than two hundred additional choristers assisting in the chorales). (Carnegie Hall. June 3 at 8.)

Concordia Orchestra—Marin Alsop conducts the chamber orchestra and numerous soloists in "The Radio Rhapsody Biltmore Broadcast," a "creative re-creation" of a nineteen-thirties Paul Whiteman-style wireless broadcast. The show includes appearances by The Manhattan Rhythm Kings and singers Ivy Austin and William Parry, and intersperses a radio serial mystery and swinging commercials among such selections as Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue" (featuring pianist Leslie Stifelman) and various inspirations from Tin Pan Alley. (Alice Tully Hall. June 3 at 8.)

New Amsterdam Symphony Orchestra—Glen Cortese conducts Rachmaninoff's "Symphonic Dances," Mahler's "Songs of a Wayfarer" (with mezzo-soprano Beth Clayton), and Bernstein's "Symphonic Dances" from "West Side Story." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. June 3 at 8.)

Greenwich Village Orchestra—Robert Grehan conducts Debussy's "Prélude à l'Après-midi d'un Faune" and Mahler's "Das Lied von der Erde" (with mezzo-soprano Sandra Goodman and tenor Reed Smith). (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. June 5 at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Central City Chorus—Charles Pilling directs works inspired by or honoring St. Cecilia, the patron saint of music: Purcell's Te Deum and Jubilate Deo (composed for St. Cecilia's Day, 1694), Alessandro Scarlatti's "St. Cecilia Mass" of 1720, and Britten's "Hymn to St. Cecilia." (Central Presbyterian Church, Park Ave. at 64th St. June 6 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Galatea Ensemble—The conductorless chamber orchestra plays Elgar's E-Minor Serenade, J. C. Bach's Symphony in E-Flat Major (Op. 6, No. 3), Kenneth Lampl's "Nuthin' but an 'A' Thang," and Schubert's Symphony No. 5. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. June 6 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

IN TOWN—RECITALS

CELLO—The four-cello ensemble performs a pair of outdoor concerts, weather permitting. (Bryant Park, Sixth Ave. at 42nd St. June 1 at 12:30 and June 3 at noon. No tickets necessary.)

GEORGE RITCHIE—Organist, performing on an acclaimed tracker-action instrument by the firm of Rudolph von Beckerath. His all-Bach program includes the Preludes and Fugues in E Minor (the "Wedge") and in B Minor, as well as numerous chorale preludes. (St. Michael's Church, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. June 1 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

DANIEL MAJESKE TRIBUTE—The late concertmaster of the Cleveland Orchestra will be remembered through performances by violinist Stephen Majeske, baritone Richard Zeller, and pianists Jahja Ling and Horacio Gutiérrez. The program comprises songs and arias (some with instrumental obbligatos) by Bach, Brahms, and Holst; Beethoven's "Kreutzer" Violin Sonata; Bach's D-Minor Chaconne (for unaccompanied violin); and Brahms' Piano Sonata No. 3. (Weill Recital Hall. June 1 at 8.)

ST. LAWRENCE STRING QUARTET—Performing quartets by Shostakovich (his Seventh), Mendelssohn (in E-Flat Major, Op. 12), and Tchaikovsky (his First). (St. Paul's Chapel, Broadway at Fulton St. June 2 at noon. Admission by contribution.)

BARGEMUSIC—Violinist Carmit Zori and cellist Fred Sherry play five duos by Gliere; Sung Mi Im performs Scriabin's Piano Sonata No. 3; and all join for Mendelssohn's D-Minor Piano Trio. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. June 2 at 7:30 and June 5 at 4.)

MIXED BAG FOR PEACE—A benefit concert to promote Mideast peace will include performances by violinist Shlomo Mintz, soprano Camellia Johnson, jack-of-all-musical-trades David Amram (with the Middle East Ensemble), popular singer David Broza, and actors Tovah Feldshuh, Anne Jackson, and Eli Wallach. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. 662-2133. June 2 at 8.)

CHARLES WORKMAN—Tenor, singing music by Mozart, Poulenc, Wolf, and Beethoven, as well as the première of Alexandra Harwood's song cycle "Dance You Monster to My Soft Song"; with pianist Kenneth Merrill. (Kaye Playhouse, Hunter College, Park Ave. at 68th St. 772-4448. June 3 at 6.)

COSMOPOLITAN CHAMBER PLAYERS—Performing Beethoven's Serenade for Flute, Violin, and Viola (Op. 25), Prokofiev's Sonata for Two Violins, Stravinsky's Suite from "L'Histoire du Soldat," and Brahms' Horn Trio. (Alice Tully Hall. June 4 at 8.)

NEW MUSIC CONSORT—Performing works by Cage, Zhou Long, Ge Gan-Ru, David Lang, and Fred Ho. (The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793. June 4 at 8.)

CITY ISLAND BAROQUE ENSEMBLE—To celebrate the first anniversary of the founding of this way-uptown series, the ensemble performs three concertos by Haydn, featuring harpsichordist Ilan Rechtman, violinist Chin Kim, and cellist Iris Regev. (Le Refuge Inn, 620 City Island Ave., City Island, the Bronx. June 5 at 11:30 A.M. Admission is free, but call 1-718 885-2478 to reserve a seat.)

HELIOSPHERE—The ensemble performs a wide-ranging program of chamber works, including a canonic sonata by Telemann, Brahms' Violin Sonata No. 1, Ysaÿe's Ballade (for unaccompanied violin), and selections from Marshall Coid's opera "The Bundleman" (which will be sung by the composer). (St. Peter's Episcopal Church, 346 W. 20th St. June 5 at 4. No tickets necessary.)

BRAHMS IN THE EVENING—Violinist Chin Kim and pianist Ilan Rechtman perform Brahms' C-Minor Scherzo (from the "F.A.E. Sonata") and Violin Sonata No. 3. (Hotel Wales, Madison Ave. at 92nd St. June 5 at 6 and 8. Admission is free, but call 876-6000 to reserve a seat.)

VANISHING ACT—Janáček's rarely performed "Diary of One Who Vanished," a sort of extended song cycle about a peasant boy's elopement with a Gypsy girl, is featured on a program that also includes Janáček's Sonata "X. I. 1905" and "On an Overgrown Path" (both for solo piano) and Dvořák's "Gypsy Songs." This concert has a long and troubled history. Originally scheduled for April, 1993, it was postponed (for reasons unclear) to February, 1994; but in the interstice, music lovers were surprised by the death of Tatiana Troyanos, who was to have been the evening's mezzo-soprano. Susanne Mentzer was booked to succeed her, but she cancelled due to illness, and was replaced by Emily Golden. The concert again had to be postponed when pianist Rudolf Firkušný (who, in his youth, had been coached often by Janáček) fell ill. As Mr. Firkušný's indisposition continues, Christopher O'Riley will provide the pianism in this performance, joined by Ms. Golden and by tenor Neil Rosenshein, the only participant who was involved from the outset. (Alice Tully Hall. June 5 at 7:30.)

MORDECAI SHEHORI—Pianist, performing a set of Scarlatti sonatas, Schubert's "Wanderer" Fantasy, Fauré's Nocturne in D-Flat Major, and Liszt's B-Minor Sonata. (Alice Tully Hall. June 7 at 8.)

LISTENING BOOTH

SCHUBERT: SONGS FOR MALE CHORUS, Robert Shaw Chamber Singers, Robert Shaw conducting (Telarc); **HOLST: "THIS HAVE I DONE FOR MY TRUE LOVE,"** The Holst Singers, Stephen Layton conducting (Hyperion). Choral aficionados pay attention when Robert Shaw ascends the podium. Here he leads thirty male singers—well schooled in his distinctive methods of dynamic gradation and timbral shading—through a cornucopia of Schubert's nature-inspired part-songs. Shaw revels in the variety of the chorister's art while respecting the forthright charm of the pieces' *Rucksack-und-Wanderstab* Romanticism (a spirit reinforced by Karl Dent's lyrical, unostentatious scaling of the precariously high tenor solos).

The Holst Singers exemplify a more traditional English choral conception: pure of tone, slightly restrained, sometimes a touch ephebic (especially in the women's choir selections)—in short, perfectly matched to Holst's rarefied aestheticism. Their program of twenty-seven part-songs reveals the range of the composer's tastes, from rapturous spiritualism (as in his eight-part "Ave Maria") and vaguely mystical Orientalia to the folk-song settings characteristic of his generation.

NORTH/SOUTH CONSONANCE—Music by Brazilian and American composers Bruce Taub, Arthur Kampela, Andrew Waggoner, Gilberto Mendes, and Hans Joachim Kollreuter; with pianist Beatriz Román and cellist Madeleine Shapiro among the participants. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. June 7 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

BRUCE FITHIAN—Tenor, singing his own compositions as well as pieces by Michael C. Viens and Nils Vigeland; with pianist Joseph Kubera. (Weill Recital Hall. June 7 at 8.)

OUT OF TOWN

CAPE MAY MUSIC FESTIVAL—June 1 at 8:30: The New York Chamber Ensemble plays Mozart's Clarinet Quintet and Debussy's String Quartet. . . . ¶ June 2 at 8:30: The New York Chamber Ensemble performs Roussel's Trio for Flute, Viola, and Cello; Bartók's "Contrasts"; and Brahms' Piano Quintet. . . . ¶ June 4 at 8 and June 5 at 8:30: Stephen Rogers Radcliffe conducts the Cape May Festival Orchestra in concerts of light music. (The June 4 concert takes place on the Ocean City Music Pier. All other concerts are held at Cape May's Congress Hall Hotel. For information about tickets to all festival events, call 1-609 884-5404.)

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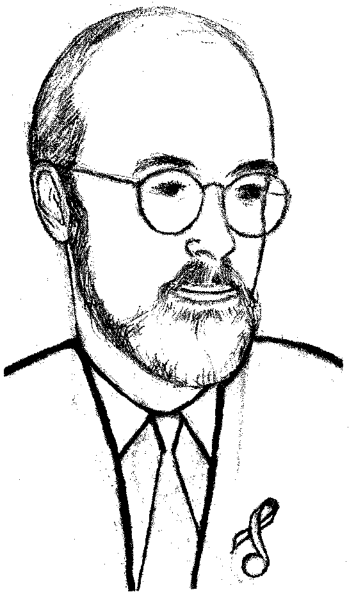
CLASSICAL MUSIC—Cont'd

Long Island Mozart Festival—The festival's concluding concerts, featuring the Sea Cliff Chamber Players. June 4 at 2: Schubert's String Trio in B-Flat Major (D. 471), Beethoven's "Kreutzer" Violin Sonata, and Mozart's Divertimento in E-Flat Major (K. 563).... ¶ June 4 at 7: Dennis James is featured in glass-harmonica music by Mozart (his Adagio and Rondo, K. 617) and Johann Friedrich Reichardt (his Rondeau in B-Flat Major). Also on the program are a trio by Haydn, Mozart's A-Major Flute Quartet, and Beethoven's E-Flat-Major Piano Trio (Op. 1, No. 1).... **Note:** Mr. James will offer a not-to-be-missed lecture-demonstration on the glass harmonica, beginning at 5.... ¶ June 5 at 1:30: String quartets by Mozart (in D Major, K. 575) and Schubert (in A Minor, D. 804), as well as Beethoven's G-Minor Cello Sonata.... ¶ June 5 at 5:30: Mozart's Duo for Violin and Viola (K. 423) and his two piano quartets (with pianist Ruth Laredo). (Planting Fields Arboretum, Oyster Bay, Long Island. For information about tickets, call 1-516 671-6263.)



CHARLES HAMLEN *spent years building a distinguished music-management firm, but he set it all aside a year and a half ago to found Classical Action, an organization that harnesses the energies of classical and jazz musicians to raise funds for community-level AIDS assistance. The good will Hamlen engendered in his earlier profession is being repaid by the enthusiastic participation of many eminent musicians, who are donating their talents to fund-raising concerts and recordings. (Classical Action's first disk, produced by pianist Fred Hersch, is a collection of ballads performed by Hersch, Phil Woods, Gary Burton, and other jazz artists; it can be purchased by calling 1-800 321-AIDS.) A few seats are still available for Classical Action's concert on June 5, when the Tokyo String Quartet will perform in the Manhattan home of artist Jennifer Bartlett. Call 997-7717 for information.*

ABOVE AND BEYOND

Petal Pushers—The family Rosaceae is at its peak; members are showing up all over town. Gazebos, mulch, and thirty-five hundred rosebushes have transformed Rockefeller Plaza into a midtown rose garden. (Fifth Ave. at 50th St. Through June 12.)... ¶ At the New York Botanical Garden, the floral celebration will include concerts, talks, demonstrations, and tours. (Bronx Park. Admission by contribution. June 4-12. For schedule information, call 1-718 817-8700.)... ¶ June 5 at 1: A tour of the Cranford Rose Garden. (Brooklyn Botanic Garden, 1000 Washington Ave., near Grand Army Plaza. No tickets necessary.)

World Beat—In celebration of its hundred-and-twenty-fifth anniversary, the American Museum of Natural History presents "The Rhythm of the World," a free daylong festival featuring performances by Chinese dragon dancers, Ladysmith Black Mambazo, and Taiko drummers and demonstrations of African drum-making, Thai vegetable carving, and Japanese candy sculpting. Visitors may bring their own artifacts and objects, which scientists and curators will try to identify. (Central Park W. at 79th St. June 4, from 10 to 9:15. No tickets necessary.)

Joyce I Said Joyce I Will Joyce—Irish scholar and Member of Parliament David Norris will present "Do You Hear What I Am Seeing?," a one-man show about the lives of James Joyce and Nora Barnacle, his wife. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. June 7 at 8.)

Saintly Feast—St. Anthony of the Tilt-A-Whirl (as well as of the zeppole, sausage, and kabob) will be celebrated on West Houston and Sullivan Sts. (June 2-13, from noon to 11, and Friday, Saturday, and Sunday evenings until midnight.)

Your Ship Is Coming In—Fleet Week, an international review honoring the Coast Guard, the Navy, and the Marines, will commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of D Day. June 2 at 10: A parade of naval ships and Coast Guard vessels will travel from the Verrazano Narrows Bridge up the Hudson River, past the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument (89th St.), and back to the Intrepid Museum (46th St.).... ¶ June 3-7, from 1 to 4: Ship tours at Pier 86, Pier 88, and the Naval Station on Staten Island.... ¶ June 5, from 1 to 4: Tours of Governors Island.... ¶ June 8 at 8 a.m.: The Fleet Week ships will leave New York Harbor. (For full schedule information, call 245-0072.)

Artists to the Streets—At the Annual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit, more than three hundred and fifty artists and craftspeople will be displaying their work on sidewalks around the square, on June 4-5, from noon to sundown.

Tell Me a Story—The Sounds at Sunset series has begun. June 2 at 6: Maria Tucci and John Shea, among others, will read Laurie Colwin's novel "Happy All the Time," over four Thursdays in June.... ¶ June 7 at 6:30: Richard Price will read from his own work. (Battery Park City's Hudson River Park. No tickets necessary.)

The Talkies—June 3 at 8: Marshall Brickman, Terry George, and Alfred Uhry will participate in an evening titled "The Cutting-Room Floor: Missing Scenes from Famous Movies." (Universalist Church, 160 Central Park W., at 76th St. For information about tickets, call 875-4128.)... ¶ June 3 at 9:30: Documentary filmmakers D. A. Pennebaker and Chris Hegedus, directors of "The War Room" (about Clinton's Presidential campaign), will talk about their work. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Tickets at the door on the night of the talk.)

Happy Trails—It's National Trails Day, and Central Park's byways need your help. On June 4, from noon to 4, there will be plantings, tours, and talks. For more information, call 860-1800.

Bishop and Bud—June 7 at 8: A tribute to Elizabeth Bishop, with Joseph Brodsky, Amy Clampitt, and Robert Giroux, among others, reading from Bishop's poems, letters, fiction, and memoirs. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Tickets at the door on the night of the tribute.)... ¶ June 7 at 8:15: Calvin Trillin will talk about politics and political humor and read from some of his own books. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100.)

Walks & Tours—June 5, from noon to 5: The final stop on the "Invitation to Brooklyn" House Tours will be Prospect Lefferts Gardens. For more information, call 1-718 802-3832.... ¶ June 5, from 1 to 6: A benefit tour, "Beautiful Gardens and Houses of Greenwich Village," sponsored by the Greenwich Village Society for Historic Preservation. For more information, call 924-3895.

SPORTS

(The Knicks and the Rangers play at Madison Square Garden, 465-6000; the Devils at the Meadowlands Arena, 1-201 935-3900; the Yankees at Yankee Stadium, 1-718 293-6000; and the Mets at Shea Stadium, 1-718 507-8499.)

HOME TEAMS

Yankees—Vs. the Chicago White Sox, June 1 at 7:35.... ¶ Vs. the Kansas City Royals, June 3 at 7:05, June 4 at 1:35 (Fanny Pack Day), and June 5 at 1:35 (Helmet Day).

Mets—Vs. the Colorado Rockies, June 1 at 7:40.

CHAMPIONSHIP HOCKEY

Bedevilled Rangers—As of press time, the Devils and the Rangers were tied, 3-3, in the face-off for the Eastern Conference crown. The winner will play the Vancouver Canucks, who won the Western Conference series.

CHAMPIONSHIP BASKETBALL

The Knicks Pace Themselves—With the pressure of the Chicago Bulls a thing of the past, the Knicks are courting the Indiana Pacers, to whom, as of press time, they were not being very hospitable.

GOLF

The Buick Classic—The tournament, part of the P.G.A. Tour, takes place June 6-12 at the Westchester Country Club. Look for Chip Beck, Tom Kite, and Greg Norman, where eagles fly. (For more information, call 1-800 765-4742.)

FOR KIDS

(A list of activities for children and their parents or other adults.)

"In the Same Boat"—Original plays by local fourth and fifth graders about the rescue of Danish Jews during the Second World War. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. June 2 at 7.)

"Just Kidding!"—Classical-music cutup Peter Schickele presides over a concert by a kids' chorus and a middle-school percussion group, as well as plays by young authors dealing with events in American history. Schickele will perform some songs with his own children, too. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. June 4 at 11.)

Party Out of Bounds—The Brooklyn Children's Museum is the host of June Balloon '94, an outdoor festival complete with storytellers, street games, music and dance performances, and double-Dutch jump rope. (145 Brooklyn Ave., at St. Marks Ave. June 5, from 11 to 5. No tickets necessary.)

Revolutionary Music—At the New-York Historical Society, fife and fiddle tunes by Walt Michael & Company. Marching along will not be discouraged. (170 Central Park W., at 77th St. 873-3400. June 5 at 2.)

Hear Here—In a program at the Children's Museum of Manhattan, several professional voice-over actors explain how the audio portions of cartoons are made, and participants can try writing and performing a cartoon script. (212 W. 83rd St. 721-1234. June 5 at 2 and 4.)

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THE MOVIES

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN "MOVIES IN BRIEF," STARTING ON PAGE 29.

EAST SIDE

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)
Theatre 1: Through June 2: "Backbeat" (directed by Iain Softley). From June 3: "Grief" (Richard Glatzer).
Theatre 2: "Thirty Two Short Films About Glenn Gould" (†).
Theatre 3: "Even Cowgirls Get the Blues" (†).
Theatre 4: "Kika" (†).
Theatre 5: "Sirens" (John Duigan).
Theatre 6: "Little Buddha" (†).

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
"Cows" (Julio Medem; in Spanish).

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: Through June 2: "With Honors" (†). From June 3: "The Princess and the Goblin" (Jozsef Gemes); and "With Honors" (†).
Theatre 2: "Dream Lover" (Nicholas Kazan).
Theatre 3: Through June 2: "The Paper" (Ron Howard). From June 3: "Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown" (1988, Pedro Almodóvar; in Spanish).

Village Theatre VII, 3rd Ave. at 11th. (982-0400)
Theatre 1: "The Crow" (†).
Theatre 2: "Widows' Peak" (†).
Theatre 3: "Four Weddings and a Funeral" (Mike Newell).
Theatre 4: "Maverick" (†).
Theatre 5: "Maverick" (†).
Theatre 6: "Maverick" (†).
Theatre 7: "The Crow" (†).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"Babyfever" (Henry Jaglom).

Village East Cinemas, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (529-6799)
Theatre 1: "Belle Époque" (†).
Theatre 2: Through June 2: "Serial Mom" (†). From June 3: "Bruce Brown's The Endless Summer II" (Bruce Brown).
Theatre 3: "When a Man Loves a Woman" (†).
Theatre 4: "In the Name of the Father" (Jim Sheridan), with Daniel Day-Lewis.
Theatre 5: "You So Crazy" (Thomas Schlamme), with Martin Lawrence.
Theatre 6: "Schindler's List" (Steven Spielberg), with Liam Neeson.
Theatre 7: Through June 2: "Like Water for Chocolate" (Alfonso Arau, in Spanish). From June 3: "Renaissance Man" (Penny Marshall).

19th Street East 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)
Theatre 1: "Four Weddings and a Funeral" (Mike Newell).
Theatre 2: "Kika" (†).
Theatre 3: "Beverly Hills Cop III" (John Landis), with Eddie Murphy.
Theatre 4: "When a Man Loves a Woman" (†).
Theatre 5: "Beverly Hills Cop III."
Theatre 6: Through June 2: "Beverly Hills Cop III." From June 3: "Fear of a Black Hat" (Rusty Cundieff).

Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)
Theatre 1: Through June 2: "Serial Mom" (†). From June 3: "Renaissance Man" (Penny Marshall).
Theatre 2: "When a Man Loves a Woman" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Flintstones" (Brian Levant).
Theatre 4: "Belle Époque" (†).

34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Maverick" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Crow" (†).
Theatre 3: "Beverly Hills Cop III" (John Landis).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Crooklyn" (†).

Eastside Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Kika" (†).

Sutton 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Theatre 1: "The Inkwell" (†).
Theatre 2: "Serial Mom" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through June 2: "Bad Girls" (Jonathan Kaplan). From June 3: "Renaissance Man" (Penny Marshall).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"In the Name of the Father" (Jim Sheridan).

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Reality Bites" (Ben Stiller).
Theatre 2: "Being Human" (Bill Forsyth).

59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"The House of the Spirits" (Bille August).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "The Crow" (†).
Theatre 2: Through June 2: "Crooklyn" (†). From June 3: "The Cowboy Way" (Gregg Champion).

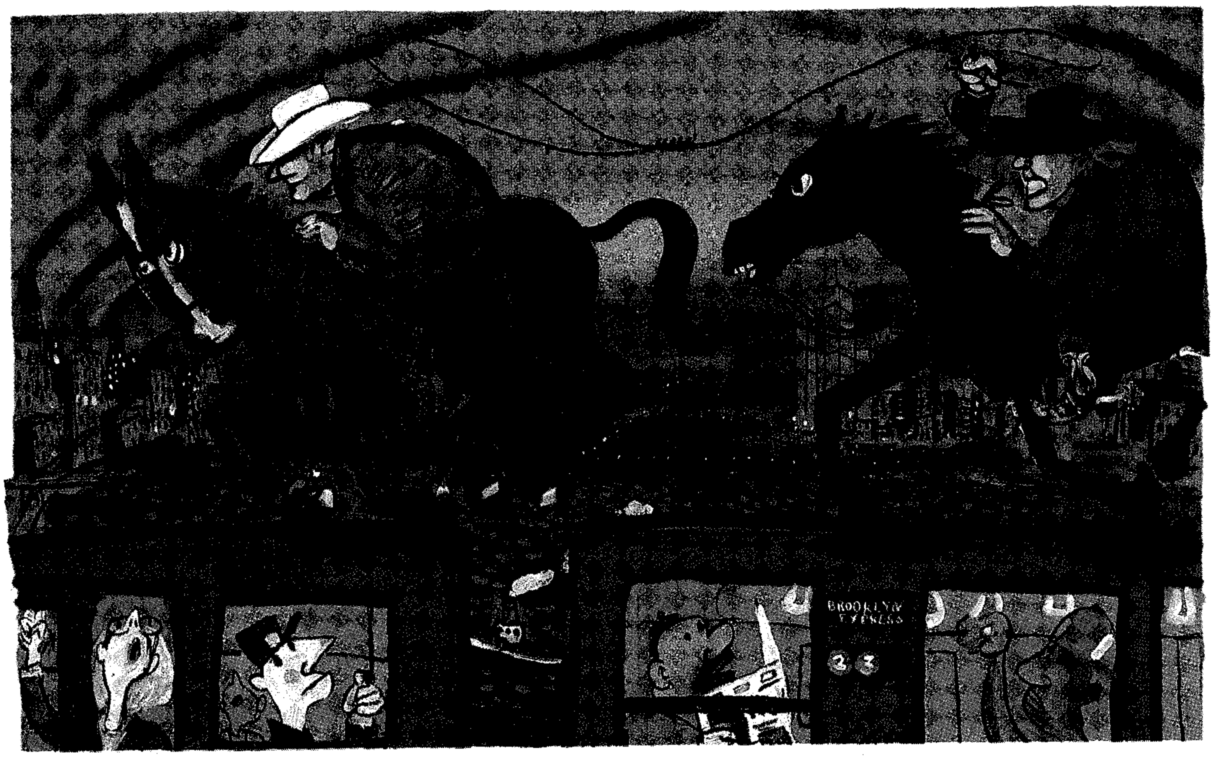
Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: "Little Buddha" (†).
Theatre 2: Through June 2: "When a Man Loves a Woman" (†). From June 3: "Bruce Brown's The Endless Summer II" (Bruce Brown).
Theatre 3: Through June 2: "Sirens" (John Duigan). From June 3: "Fear of a Black Hat" (Rusty Cundieff).

First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd. (752-4600)
Theatre 1: "The Flintstones" (Brian Levant).
Theatre 2: "The Flintstones."
Theatre 3: "The Paper" (Ron Howard).
Theatre 4: "The Flintstones."
Theatre 5: "Schindler's List" (Steven Spielberg).
Theatre 6: "The Piano" (Jane Campion).

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Maverick" (†).
Theatre 2: Through June 2: "Maverick" (†). From June 3: "The Princess and the Goblin" (Jozsef Gemes); and "Maverick" (†).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Naked in New York" (†).

New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Beverly Hills Cop III" (John Landis).
Theatre 2: "Four Weddings and a Funeral" (Mike Newell).



Opening June 3, Gregg Champion's "The Cowboy Way."

JOE DAVIS

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Even Cowgirls Get the Blues" (†).

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"With Honors" (†).

East 85th Street, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through June 2: "Like Water for Chocolate" (Alfonso Arau; a Mexican film, in Spanish).
From June 3: "The Princess and the Goblin" (Jozsef Gemes); and "The Crow" (†).

Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)
Theatre 1: "Crooklyn" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Flintstones" (Brian Levant).

Orpheum VII, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (876-2400)
Theatre 1: "Maverick" (†).
Theatre 2: "No Escape" (†).
Theatre 3: "3 Ninjas Kick Back" (Charles T. Kanganis).
Theatre 4: "Beverly Hills Cop III" (John Landis), with Eddie Murphy.
Theatre 5: "Beverly Hills Cop III."
Theatre 6: Through June 2: "Beverly Hills Cop III." From June 3: "The Cowboy Way" (Gregg Champion).
Theatre 7: "Maverick" (†).

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: Through June 2: "When a Man Loves a Woman" (†). From June 3: "Renaissance Man" (Penny Marshall).
Theatre 2: "The Crow" (†).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Theatre 1: "The Boys of St. Vincent" (†).
Theatre 2: See listings under Revival Houses.
Theatre 3: "Bhaji on the Beach" (directed by Gurinder Chadha).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Beverly Hills Cop III" (John Landis).
Theatre 2: Through June 2: "Beverly Hills Cop III." From June 3: "The Cowboy Way" (Gregg Champion).

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "The Flintstones" (Brian Levant).
Theatre 2: "Crooklyn" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "The Blue Kite" (†).
Theatre 2: "Desperate Remedies" (Stewart Main and Peter Wells).
Theatre 3: "Bitter Moon" (†).
Theatre 4: "Naked in New York" (†); and "The House of the Spirits" (Bille August).

Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)
Theatre 1: Through June 2: "Crooklyn" (†). From June 3: "Renaissance Man" (Penny Marshall).
Theatre 2: "The Flintstones" (Brian Levant).
Theatre 3: "Even Cowgirls Get the Blues" (†).
Theatre 4: "Crooklyn" (†).
Theatre 5: Through June 2: "Maverick" (†). From June 3: "The Cowboy Way" (Gregg Champion).
Theatre 6: "The Flintstones."
Theatre 7: "Maverick" (†).
Theatre 8: "The Crow" (†).
Theatre 9: "The Crow" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "With Honors" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Inkwell" (†).
Theatre 3: "Sankofa" (Haile Gerima).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"When a Man Loves a Woman" (†).

Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
Theatre 1: "Monkey Trouble" (Franco Amurri); and "Six Degrees of Separation" (Fred Schepisi), with Stockard Channing.
Theatre 2: "Philadelphia" (Jonathan Demme).
Theatre 3: "Jurassic Park" (Steven Spielberg).
Theatre 4: "Guarding Tess" (Hugh Wilson).
Theatre 5: "Threesome" (Andrew Fleming).
Theatre 6: "Major League II" (David S. Ward).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"That's Entertainment! III" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"Dream Lover" (Nicholas Kazan).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Sirens" (John Duigan).

Carnegie Hall Cinemas, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
Theatre 1: "The House of the Spirits" (Bille August).
Theatre 2: "Like Water for Chocolate" (Alfonso Arau; a Mexican film, in Spanish).

Angelika 57, 225 W. 57th. (586-1900)
Through June 2: "High Lonesome: The Story of Bluegrass Music" (Rachel Liebling).
From June 3: "Grief" (Richard Glatzer).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (980-5656)
"Widows' Peak" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Bitter Moon" (†).

Columbus Circle, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Four Weddings and a Funeral" (Mike Newell).

62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)
"The Flintstones" (Brian Levant).

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "A Tale of Winter" (†).
Theatre 2: "Thirty Two Short Films About Glenn Gould" (†).
Theatre 3: "Kika" (†).
Theatre 4: Through June 2: "Kika" (†). From June 3: "The Slingshot" (Ake Sandgren; in Swedish).
Theatre 5: "Red Rock West" (John Dahl).
Theatre 6: "Belle Époque" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Schindler's List" (Steven Spielberg).

84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Beverly Hills Cop III" (John Landis).
Theatre 2: "When a Man Loves a Woman" (†).
Theatre 3: "Beverly Hills Cop III."
Theatre 4: "Maverick" (†).
Theatre 5: "The Crow" (†).
Theatre 6: Through June 2: "Maverick" (†). From June 3: "Renaissance Man" (Penny Marshall).

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (316-4962)
"Babyfever" (Henry Jaglom).

Metro Cinema I and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "Crooklyn" (†).
Theatre 2: Through June 2: "Even Cowgirls Get the Blues" (†). From June 3: "The Cowboy Way" (Gregg Champion).

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "With Honors" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Paper" (Ron Howard).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Serial Mom" (†).
Theatre 2: Through June 2: "Naked Gun 33¹/₃: The Final Insult" (directed by Peter Segal). From June 3: "The Cowboy Way" (Gregg Champion).
Theatre 3: "Maverick" (†).
Theatre 4: "No Escape" (†).
Theatre 5: Through June 2: "3 Ninjas Kick Back" (Charles T. Kanganis); and "Maverick" (†). From June 3: "The Princess and the Goblin" (Jozsef Gemes); and "Maverick" (†).
Theatre 6: "With Honors" (†).
Theatre 7: "Surviving the Game" (Ernest Dickerson).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)
Through June 2: "The Crow" (†).
From June 3: "Renaissance Man" (Penny Marshall).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 1: "You So Crazy" (Thomas Schlamme), with Martin Lawrence.
Theatre 2: "The Crow" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Inkwell" (†).

Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Beverly Hills Cop III" (John Landis).

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Crooklyn" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Flintstones" (Brian Levant).

REVIVAL HOUSES

Film Forum 2, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Through June 2: "Sweet Charity" (†).
June 3-6: "All That Jazz" (1979, directed by Bob Fosse).
June 7: "How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying" (†).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
June 1: "The Misfits" (1961, John Huston) and "Niagara" (1953, Henry Hathaway).
June 2: "The Postman Always Rings Twice" (†); and "The Bad and the Beautiful" (1952, Vincente Minnelli).
June 3-4: "Red Desert" (1964, Michelangelo Antonioni; in Italian) and "Blow-Up" (1966, Michelangelo Antonioni).

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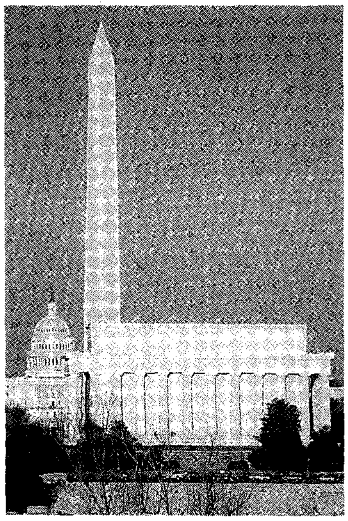

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MOVIE HOUSES–Cont'd

June 5: "Beauty and the Beast" (1946, Jean Cocteau; in French) and "Black Orpheus" (1959, Marcel Camus; in Portuguese).

June 6: "Playtime" (1967, Jacques Tati) and "Mr. Hulot's Holiday" (†).

June 7: "Blonde Venus" (1932, Josef von Sternberg) and "Shanghai Express" (1932, von Sternberg).

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—June 2 at 3 and June 4 at 2:30: "Life on the Ethnic Faultline" (1994, directed by Ilan Ziv). . . . ¶ June 2 at 6: "Not for Publication" (1984, Paul Bartel). . . . ¶ June 2 at [illegible] and June 5 at 3: "Tango of Slaves" (1992, Ziv). . . . ¶ June 3 at 2:30: "The Panic in Needle Park" (†). . . . ¶ June 3 at 6: "Miami Blues" (1990, George Armitage). . . . ¶ June 3 at 6: "Pickup on South Street" (1953, Samuel Fuller). . . . ¶ June 3 at 8 and June 5 at 2: "The Age of Innocence" (1993, Martin Scorsese). . . . ¶ June 3 at 8: "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (1961, Blake Edwards). . . . ¶ June 4 at 1: "Harlan County, U.S.A." (1977, Barbara Kopple). . . . ¶ June 5 at noon and June 7 at 2:30: "Applause" (1929, Rouben Mamoulian). . . . ¶ June 5 at 12:30: A program of short films. . . . ¶ June 5 at 6: "The Lovers" (1959, Louis Malle; in French). . . . ¶ June 6 at 2:30: "Manhattan" (1979, Woody Allen). . . . ¶ June 6 at 3: "Fish Trap" (1993, Zach Kunuk). . . . ¶ June 6 at 6: "Chil-su and Man-su" (1988, Park Kwang-soo). . . . ¶ June 6 at 6:30: A program of films by Craig Baldwin. . . . ¶ June 7 at 6: "The Rooster" (1990, Shin Seung-soo). . . . ¶ June 7 at 6: "Splendor in the Grass" (1961, Elia Kazan).

Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600)—June 1 at 2 and June 2 at 4: "The Nursemaid Who Disappeared" (1939, Arthur Woods). . . . ¶ June 1 at 3:45 and June 2 at 2: "23 Paces to Baker Street" (1956, Henry Hathaway). . . . ¶ June 3 at 2, June 5 at 4:30, 6:30, and 8:30, June 6 at 2 and 7:30, and June 7 at 2, 3:15, and 7:15: Six different programs of films by independent filmmakers. . . . ¶ June 3 at 3:45 and June 4 at 6: "James Baldwin: *The Price of the Ticket*" (1990, Karen Thorsen). . . . ¶ June 3 at 6: "Wildstyle" (1982, Charlie Ahearn). . . . ¶ June 3 at 8:45: "Rock Hudson's Home Movies" (1992, Mark Rappaport). . . . ¶ June 4 at 2: "Clarence and Angel" (1980, Robert Gardner). . . . ¶ June 4 at 4: "Girlfriends" (†). . . . ¶ June 4 at 8: "She's Gotta Have It" (1986, Spike Lee). . . . ¶ June 4 at 10: "Paris Is Burning" (1991, Jennie Livingston). . . . ¶ June 5 at 2: "Best Boy" (1980, Ira Wohl). . . . ¶ June 6 at 3:30 and June 7 at 5:15: "Healthcare: Your Money or Your Life' (1977, Jon Alpert and Keiko Tsuno). . . . ¶ June 6 at 5:30: "Police Tapes" (1976, Alan and Susan Raymond). . . . ¶ June 6 at 9: "Pursuit of Happiness" (1983, Julie Gustafson and John Reilly). . . . ¶ June 7 at 9:15: "Harlan County, U.S.A." (1977, Barbara Kopple).

Museum of Television and Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6800)—A series of films produced by ZDF German Television Network since the fall of the Berlin Wall. June 2 at 5: "The Hammer Killer" (1990, Bernd Schadewald). . . . ¶ June 3 at 6: "My Father, the Terrorist" (1993, Heiner Carow). . . . ¶ June 4 at 2: "Tandem" (1991, Bernhard Stephan). . . . ¶ June 5 at 2: "Violence Is the Last Resort" (1993, Rainer Kaufmann). . . . ¶ A tribute to Dennis Potter. "Without Walls" (1994), a television interview of Potter by Melvyn Bragg. Showings Tuesdays through Thursdays at 4, Fridays at 4 and 7:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30. . . . "Lipstick on Your Collar" (1993), a six-hour program, shown in two parts. Part I is showing Saturdays at 3 and Part II is showing Sundays at 3.

MOVIES IN BRIEF

FILMS OPENING THIS WEEK

The Boys of St. Vincent—John N. Smith directed this two-part, three-hour drama based, in part, on an actual case of child molestation at a Catholic orphanage in Newfoundland. With Henry Czerny, Johnny Morina, and Sebastian Spence. (Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema.) Opening June 1.

Bruce Brown's The Endless Summer II—A sequel to Brown's 1964 documentary about California surfers. Robert (Wingnut) Weaver and Pat O'Connell are the tanned dudes whose wanderlust takes them to Australia, South Africa, Fiji, and other prime surfing locales. Opening June 3.

The Cowboy Way—Woody Harrelson and Kiefer Sutherland as two rodeo riders who come to New York to track down a missing friend. With Dylan McDermott and Ernie Hudson. Directed by Gregg Champion. Opening June 3.

Cows—Four episodes in the lives of two Basque families who live in an isolated mountain valley. Directed by Julio Medem, in his feature-film début. In Spanish. Opening June 1.

Fear of a Black Hat—A mock-documentary about a rap group called N.W.H. (Niggaz With Hats). Written and directed by Rusty Cundieff. Opening June 3.

Grief—Richard Glatzer, a former writer for "Divorce Court," wrote and directed this comedy-drama about gay office romance and other behind-the-scenes action at the Los Angeles television studio where a tabloid courtroom show called "The Love Judge" is produced. Opening June 3.

The Princess and the Goblin—An animated version of the George MacDonald fairy tale, with the voices of Joss Ackland, Claire Bloom, and Rik Mayall. Directed by Jozsef Gemes. Opening June 3.

Renaissance Man—Danny DeVito as a former advertising executive who is hired to teach English literature to a group of Army recruits. With Gregory Hines. Directed by Penny Marshall. Opening June 3.

The Slingshot—Ake Sandgren's drama about the youthful adventures of Swedish inventor Roland Schütt (Jesper Salén) is set in Stockholm in the twenties. In Swedish. Opening June 3.

CURRENT FILMS

(The following notes are by Anthony Lane, Terrence Rafferty, and Michael Sragow. If a movie has been reviewed in The Current Cinema, the date of its review is given.)

Belle Époque—An aging eccentric painter (Fernando Fernán Gómez) chatters about the chaos of thirties Spain from the vantage of his rural home; a murder and two suicides frame his story. But it's still frivolous art-house kitsch—a roll-in-the-hay comedy that convulses the gelato-and-cappuccino crowd every time a naïve young deserter (Jorge Sanz) succumbs to one of the artist's four attractive daughters (Miriam Díaz-Aroca, Maribel Verdú, Ariadna Gil, and Penélope Cruz). The movie lacks invention and surprise and, in the end, is even morally conventional. Directed by Fernando Trueba. In Spanish.—M.S. (Village East Cinemas, Murray Hill Cinemas, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Bitter Moon—Roman Polanski's rivetingly weird new movie tells the story of two married couples who meet on a cruise ship. Nigel (Hugh Grant) and Fiona (Kristin Scott Thomas), a proper pair of Brits, are obviously a little bored with each other; voluptuous Mimi (Emmanuelle Seigner) and her wheelchair-bound husband, Oscar (Peter Coyote), are locked in a destructive relationship in which their mutual passion can be expressed only as cruelty. Polanski can't quite muster the icy absurdist rigor that made his early pictures so distinctive, and the big erotic set pieces play like an "SCTV" parody of "Last Tango in Paris." The couples' sadistic gamesmanship isn't nearly as disturbing—or as funny—as it should be. Also with Victor Banerjee.—T.R. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/11/94.) (Quad Cinema, and Cinema 3.)

The Blue Kite—A refined, strong-minded political drama, all the more telling for being so quiet. The director, Tian Zhuangzhuang, is just the kind of casual satirist that the Chinese authorities could do without; the movie met fierce official resistance during postproduction, and Tian has now been banned from further filming. The story begins, in 1953, with the death of Stalin, and lasts until 1967; in that time, a young boy named Tietou grows up and goes through three fathers, each of them laid low by persecution. Tietou may be a pain to his long-suffering mother, but his misbehavior is just the first stirring of a rebellious spirit. The movie seems clean and steady, a corrective to the lushness and extravagance that, for better or worse, has come to be seen as the house style of Chinese cinema. In Mandarin.—A.L. (5/2/94) (Quad Cinema.)

The Boys of St. Vincent—With Henry Czerny, Johnny Morina, and Sebastian Spence; directed by John N. Smith. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Film Forum.)

Crooklyn—Spike Lee's new movie, a nostalgia piece about growing up in Brooklyn in the early seventies, is slight in every respect but length. The picture runs well over two hours, and you feel every minute of it, because Lee can't seem to find a theme or a style to shape this amorphous memory-stuff into something more compelling than a home movie. Without an explosive, talk-show-worthy subject, his filmmaking tends to go limp. This movie lurches forward in spurts, but keeps stalling, because all that's driving it is a sort of trivial, reflexive New York chauvinism. Instead of telling a story, Lee settles for delivering casual, off-the-cuff commentary on urban life: he's just a guy sitting on the stoop checking out what's happening on the block—not much, as it turns out. With Alfre Woodard, Delroy Lindo, Zelda Harris, and Frances Foster. The screenplay is by the director and two of his siblings, Joie Susannah Lee and Cinqué Lee.—T.R. (5/23/94) (34th St. East, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, Metro Cinema, and National Twin. . . . ¶ Coronet; through June 2.)

The Crow—Alex Proyas' pulp revenge fantasy, based on a comic-book saga by James O'Barr, is dark, moody, and seductively overwrought; it's an amazingly pure expression of morbid adolescent romanticism. The movie tells the story of a young rock musician named Eric Draven (Brandon Lee), who, guided by an otherwordly crow, returns from the grave to hunt down the thugs who killed him and his fiancée. Proyas, whose previous experience is in commercials and music videos, has a flamboyantly artificial style that's peculiarly well suited to this pop-mythic universe. The picture's darkness is so complete that it becomes a kind of light. What gives the movie its greatest allure is the performance of Brandon Lee (who died, near the end of filming, in a freakish accident on the set). He incarnates this character so unselfconsciously that glum Eric seems like teenage despair apotheosized—Everykid as the most beautiful of losers. Also with Ernie Hudson, Michael Wincott, and David Patrick Kelly. Screenplay by David J. Schow and John Shirley.—T.R. (5/23/94) (Village Theatre VII, 34th Street Showplace, Baronet, 86th Street East Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Embassy 1; through June 2. . . . ¶ East 85th Street; starting June 3.)

Even Cowgirls Get the Blues—After "Drugstore Cowboy" and "My Own Private Idaho," a real disappointment from Gus Van Sant. His imagination still wanders off in amiable and perplexing directions, but the picture, adapted from Tom Robbins' novel, gives him nothing much to discover. Uma

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IN BRIEF—Cont'd

Thurman stars as Sissy, the hitcher with the phallic thumbs. She's been everywhere and done everything, but there's enough wide-eyed expectation in Thurman's gaze to promise further adventures. They never come: the plot gets stuck on a women's ranch called the Rubber Rose, and the film dissipates in a flurry of consciously struck poses and cameo roles. It's a road movie going round in circles, and it ends without warning, completely out of gas. The cool, swooning soundtrack by k.d. lang hints at the trip it might have been.—A.L. (5/30/94) (Angelika Film Center, 68th St. Playhouse, and Chelsea Cinemas. . . . ¶ Metro Cinema; through June 2.)

The Inkwell—Matty Rich (the director of "Straight Out of Brooklyn") tries for gentleness but achieves feebleness in this seventies period piece about a misfit African-American teenager (Larenz Tate) who gains confidence and loses his virginity during a Martha's Vineyard vacation. With Joe Morton as Tate's ex-Black Panther dad and Glynn Turman as his capitalist uncle. The script is credited to Tom Ricostronza and Paris Qualles.—M.S. (Sutton, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Embassy.)

Kika—A new farrago from Pedro Almodóvar—as outrageous as his previous efforts, but without the suavity. Verónica Forqué plays Kika, a makeup artist whose life is complicated by a lesbian maid, a brooding lover, the lesbian maid's delinquent brother (who used to be a porn star), and the brooding lover's American stepfather (who may or may not be a murderer). Almodóvar shuffles them around in various combinations, but his career as a shock merchant is running out of steam. Sensitive souls may not want to hang around to see out the prolonged rape scene. With Victoria Abril and Peter Coyote. In Spanish.—A.L. (5/16/94) (Angelika Film Center, 19th Street East 6, Eastside Playhouse, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Little Buddha—How the director of "The Conformist," which looks better and sharper every year, ended up making "Little Buddha," which already looks out of date, is anybody's guess. In the late sixties, Bernardo Bertolucci might have got away with this kind of thing—this gentle, wondering, trippy slice of nonsense. Now it just makes you squirm. Bridget Fonda and Chris Isaak play the parents of a young boy who may be the reincarnation of a Tibetan lama. The film therefore splits between their home town of Seattle (gray and blue, glass and steel) and the mountain stronghold of the Buddhist monks (red and orange, silk and wood). This design pattern is the backbone of the picture; there really is nothing else to it. Photographed by Vittorio Storaro, everything looks immaculate; but Bertolucci used to fill his rooms and landscapes with meaning—with political menace and dark sexual intent. Here he is offering empty chambers, dry as dust. The only fun comes in the historical flashbacks to the story of Buddha, played by Keanu Reeves, stripped to the waist: the spiritual leader as supermodel.—A.L. (5/30/94) (Angelika Film Center, and Cinema I.)

Maverick—With Mel Gibson, Jodie Foster, and James Garner; directed by Richard Donner. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Village Theatre VII, 34th Street Showplace, Gemini, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

Naked in New York—Dan Algrant's oddball coming-of-age movie is full of gaffes, including a garish cartoon of family life, Felliniesque fantasy scenes, and a lamentable interchange between aspiring playwright Eric Stoltz and gallery owner Timothy Dalton. When Dalton talks about writing "the great American novel," Stoltz says, "I didn't know you wrote." The audience thinks, We didn't know you were American. Still, this portrait of the artist as a crazy mixed-up kid has scruffy charm and self-lacerating wit, especially in its satire of the theatre, from school workshops to Off Broadway. Mary-Louise Parker, in the role of Stoltz's lover, gives an endearing and original performance as a woman who can't help functioning as a sanity check. Ralph Macchio is surprisingly loose and affecting as Stoltz's conflicted best buddy, and Tony Curtis, as a pushy stage promoter, rekindles his streetwise spark; when Macchio and Curtis are together, they're a comic illustration of Youth and Experience. With Kathleen Turner, Jill Clayburgh, and cameos by William Styron, Arthur Penn, and other eminences. John Warren and Algrant co-wrote the script.—M.S. (Beekman, and Quad Cinema.)

At Theatre 80 St. Marks, Jacques Tati in "Mr. Hulot's Holiday."

No Escape—Martin Campbell's futuristic adventure story, set in a penal colony on a remote jungle island, is a movie about, and for, desperate men. On its own terms, it's an exciting picture, with plenty of brawny action scenes, and teen-age boys will probably have a great time. Grownups, distracted by the erratic acting and the simple-minded script (by Michael Gaylin and Joel Gross), may not be able to give themselves over completely to the movie's chases and battles and eyeball-to-eyeball macho confrontations. By the end of this savage, hairy-chested spectacle, you're dead tired from trying not to think. With Ray Liotta, Lance Henriksen, Stuart Wilson, Ernie Hudson, Kevin Dillon, and Ian McNeice. The imaginative cinematography is by Phil Meheux.—T.R. (5/9/94) (Orpheum VII, and Criterion Center.)

Serial Mom—John Waters takes a risk and goes mainstream for his latest stab at zero-taste comedy. Kathleen Turner plays Beverly, a Baltimore housewife with a dentist husband (Sam Waterston), two nice kids, and a sideline in multiple murder. Waters rigs the look of it, and makes things easy for himself; when life has the silly shine of a fifties commercial, you don't have to dig very deep to find dirt. The film is neither as funny nor as shocking as Waters might like to think, but Turner rescues it; she enjoys herself hugely, and hauls us along for the ride. Her sex-bomb charge may be defused, but her career as a queen bitch is just beginning.—A.L. (5/2/94) (Sutton, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Village East Cinemas, and Murray Hill Cinemas; through June 2.)

A Tale of Winter—The second film in Eric Rohmer's current cycle, "Tales of the Four Seasons" (the first, "A Tale of Springtime," was released here in 1992), is, as usual, a slow, closely observed story of romantic indecisiveness. The heroine, Félicie (Charlotte Véry), is an irritating woman, of the sort that Rohmer often treats with great tenderness: she keeps two ardent suitors at arm's length while she clings to the faint possibility of a reunion with a long-lost love. She's so stubbornly idealistic that she can't accept the imperfect joys available to her. It's Rohmer's pleasure to reward her for her fanaticism and her irrational patience. His aesthetic philosophy is to stake out, and hold, a position from which he can ambush the rare life-altering event, the moment of grace, the miracle. He captures one of those at the end of this picture, and you smile at its aptness and its beauty. Also with Hervé Furic, Michel Voletti, and Frédéric Van Den Driessche. In French.—T.R. (4/11/94) (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

That's Entertainment! III—A third compilation of clips from the golden, or at least brassy, age of the Hollywood musical—memorable moments, supposedly, although most of the classic stuff was pinched by the two earlier installments, and the tactic here is to remind you of moments you may have forgotten. There's a rather daring shower sequence from the thirties, a lot of Esther Williams and her amazing waterproof smile, and a trio of sisters doing the crab in a farmyard. Kitsch fans will have a ball; they can choose between Judy Garland in war paint, just before she cracked up and had to be pulled from "Annie Get Your Gun," and a closeup of Joan Crawford in blackface. Connoisseurs can get off on previously unseen outtakes of Fred Astaire, but the whole enterprise is starting to look as creaky as the stars who introduce the clips.—A.L. (5/16/94) (Ziegfeld.)

Thirty Two Short Films About Glenn Gould—Glenn Gould, as scorned and revered as any figure in modern music, died in 1982. François Girard's new movie honors his strong-willed, idiosyncratic genius with a suitably offbeat approach: a bunch of little films, none lasting more than a few minutes, all of them angling for a new take on the pianist's life and work—thirty-two ways of looking at Glenn Gould. Scenes from his boyhood and professional career are neatly dramatized; the Canadian actor Colm Feore plays the adult Gould, though he never, thank goodness, tries to reproduce his manner at the keyboard. In between come interviews, dashes of animation, and even a sequence shot in X-ray. The finale—a Gould recording of Bach is carried into deep space by a Voyager spacecraft—leaves you gawking.—A.L. (4/18/94) (Angelika Film Center, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

When a Man Loves a Woman—Adopting the Betty Ford approach to dramaturgy, this upscale tale of an alcoholic wife and mom (Meg Ryan) and her supportive, frustrated husband (Andy Garcia) aims to be therapeutic or nothing. It makes triply sure the audience doesn't miss any points, but are the points even well taken? What the audience sees is a good guy stretching himself to the limit yet being condemned for his lack of understanding. After her stay in a substance-abuse clinic, Ryan is meant to be a scrappy realist and Garcia an enabling denier. Garcia is instructed to "listen," but Ryan doesn't say anything.

EDWARD COLLET

The real message is that spouses must be pushed into their own breakdowns before they can help addictive mates. Luis Mandoki directed the Ron Bass–Al Franken script.—M.S. (Village East Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Murray Hill Cinemas, Guild, and 84th Street Sixplex. . . . ¶ Cinema II, and 86th Street East Twin; through June 2.)

Widows' Peak—In the scintillating opening of this corkscrew comedy (set in the twenties), the director, John Irvin, and the writer, Hugh Leonard, introduce a picturesque Irish spot where the choice hillside property belongs to a pack of wealthy widows led by Joan Plowright. Deftly and hilariously, the filmmakers sketch a snobbish, genteel matriarchy and the influence it has over men like the local dentist (Jim Broadbent) and Plowright's son (Adrian Dunbar). The movie doesn't stay at that high level; the script becomes a single-twist mystery about the enmity between the misfit of Widows' Peak—a poor spinster played by Mia Farrow—and its seductive newcomer, Natasha Richardson. But Irvin's direction has never been more confident and spirited, the casting is witty, and the ensemble work wonderful. The standout is Farrow, who brings force and passion to a tricky role. Ashley Rowe did the exquisite cinematography.—M.S. (Village Theatre VII, and Paris.)

With Honors—Without shame. It's like "Love Story," "The Fisher King," "The Paper Chase," "Dead Poets Society," and "Scent of a Woman" diced together in a Veg-O-Matic. Joe Pesci plays a feisty homeless man who thwarts Harvard senior Brendan Fraser's pursuit of a summa. He becomes the father Fraser never got to know; Fraser becomes the son Pesci never got to know. Pesci is a quick thinker, able to silence a blowhard professor (Gore Vidal) in a single spiel. The director, Alek Keshishian ("Truth or Dare"), and the screenwriter, William Mastrosimone, ply cheap, fraudulent emotions. One minute the students fear Vidal, the next they diss him by cheering Pesci's put-downs. With Moira Kelly, Patrick Dempsey, and Josh Hamilton as Fraser's roommates.—M.S. (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Tower East, 23rd St. West Triplex, Olympia, and Criterion Center.)

REVIVALS

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael and Michael Sragow.)

Girlfriends (1978)—The producer, director, and co-writer, Claudia Weill, depicts female bonding in mild, "little people" fashion, as Susan Weinblatt (Melanie Mayron), a photographer, and Anne Munroe (Anita Skinner), a self-styled poet, struggle with their careers and with each other. Susan bankrolls her real work with gigs at weddings and bar mitzvahs, while Anne goes nowhere with verses about how she never sang for her mother. When Anne gets married, Susan experiences it as rejection—even if her gemütlich good humor and Anne's ethereal Waspiness mix as well as hot pastrami and mayo. Mayron supplies the film's rare moments of infectious comedy. Though she can be too winsome for comfort, she builds a giddy rapport with Christopher Guest, who plays her boyfriend. Susan loosens up with him rather than with Anne, which undermines the suggestion that female friendship is all important. Vicki Polon collaborated on the script.—M.S. (Walter Reade Theatre; June 4.)

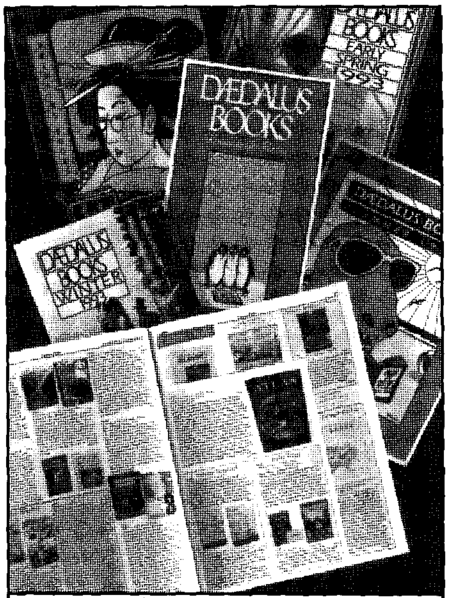
How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying (1967)—Adapter-director David Swift attempts to re-create the stage experience of the 1961 Pulitzer Prize-winning musical too literally. You keep wondering why he doesn't go all the way and just have the actors sing and dance to the audience. Because of its white-bread view of Manhattan, and a multitude of secretary jokes, the movie has become an entertaining period piece. This chronicle of a lovable climber, J. Pierpont Finch (Robert Morse), catalogues and pillories the flaws in corporate life—nepotism, buddy systems, conformity, and promoting image over substance—while allowing you to root for "Pontie" as he turns them to his advantage. Morse is an irresistible clown. His face and body are taffy and his eyes are twirling saucers; he's got the joyful malleability to put over the triumph of an opportunist. The songs are by Frank Loesser.—M.S. (Film Forum 2; June 7.)

Mr. Hulot's Holiday (1953)—People are at their most desperate when they are working at enjoying themselves; it is Jacques Tati's peculiar comic triumph to have caught the ghastliness of a summer vacation at the beach. Fortunately, his technique is light and dry slapstick; the chronicle of human foibles and frustrations never sinks to the moist or the lovable. As director, co-author, and star, Tati is sparse, eccentric, quick. It is not until afterward—with the sweet, nostalgic music lingering—that these misadventures may take on a certain depth and poignancy. In French.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 6.)

The Panic in Needle Park (1971)—Boy (Al Pacino) meets girl (Kitty Winn), but he is a heroin addict and she becomes one. The New York-set movie doesn't tell you much you don't know. Worthy, but a drag—despite the many incidents, it feels undramatic. It shows a lot of care, though. It has an authentic look and a thoughtfully selected cast that includes Richard Bright, Alan Vint, Kiel Martin, Michael McClanathan, Raul Julia, Warren Finnerty, Paul Sorvino, Sully Boyar, and Joe Santos. Directed by Jerry Schatzberg, from the script by Joan Didion and John Gregory Dunne, based on a novel by James Mills. Cinematography by Adam Holender.—P.K. (Museum of Modern Art; June 3.)

The Postman Always Rings Twice (1946)—Entertaining, though overlong. The director, Tay Garnett, knew almost enough tricks to sustain this glossily bowdlerized version of the James M. Cain novel, and he used Lana Turner maybe better than any other director did. Cain's women are, typically, calculating, hot little animals, and his men doomridden victims. Here, Lana Turner's Cora—infantile in a bored, helpless, premoral way—is dressed in impeccable white, as if to conceal her sweaty passions and murderous impulses; John Garfield plays the drifter who becomes her lover. Cora's harmless husband (Cecil Kellaway) seems a nuisance to have around, so they decide to finish him off while he's relaxing in the bathtub. The shoddy, ironic twist signified in the title is that the killers get away with their crime but retribution comes anyway. As opposing lawyers, Hume Cronyn and Leon Ames have a showoffy courtroom clash. With Audrey Totter. The script is by Harry Ruskin and Niven Busch.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 2.)

Sweet Charity (1969)—Based on what is possibly Fellini's finest film, "Nights of Cabiria," about a gullible, softhearted prostitute, this big musical, starring Shirley MacLaine, may have been too ambitious a project for Bob Fosse's début as a movie director. The tricky camera effects that Fosse later brought off in "Cabaret" and in the TV special "Liza with a Z" are jangling here, and although Shirley MacLaine tries hard, it's obvious that her dancing isn't up to the demands of the role. It's a disaster, but zoom-happy Fosse's choreographic conceptions are intensely dramatic, and the movie has some of the best dancing in American musicals of the period. With Sammy Davis, Jr., Paula Kelly, Chita Rivera, Ricardo Montalban, Barbara Bouchet, Stubby Kaye, and John McMartin. Peter Stone did the screenplay, based on the version Neil Simon did for Broadway; with songs by Cy Coleman and David Fields.—P.K. (Film Forum 2; through June 2.)



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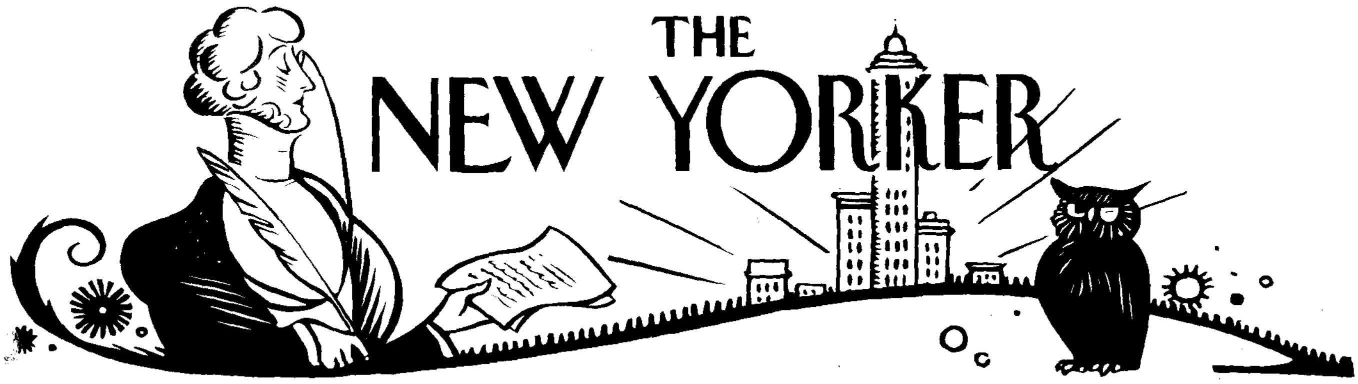


THE TALK OF THE TOWN

EVERYTHING YOU EVER WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT KNICKS

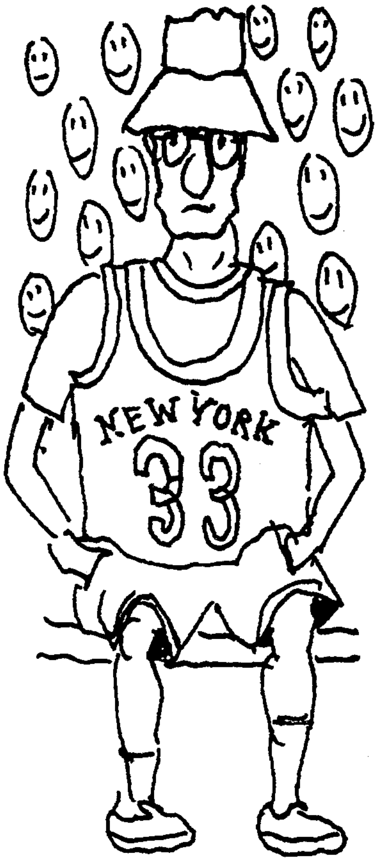
EVEN among the most ardent Knicks fans, a certain defensiveness about the team has crept in lately—a sense that perhaps the tendency of the Messrs. Mason, Starks, Oakley, and Anthony to level an opponent with a throat-high elbow, an extended ankle, or a forearm shiv is not exactly cricket, or basketball. Woody Allen, a famously ardent Knicks fan, has been going to games at Madison Square Garden since the days of Carl Braun and Connie Simmons, and one afternoon last week he responded to the charge that part of the team's championship potential is based on the sort of craft once associated with Bobo Brazil and Gorilla Monsoon.

"They're a mean, rough group. But they're great," Allen said of the Knicks, as he sat on a couch in an editing room on Park Avenue. (He is working on a made-for-TV movie version of his play "Don't Drink the Water.") When it comes to the Knicks, Allen is passionate—and without a trace of comedy. "They're different from what you expect," he continued. "They are a tremendous team, but also, in a certain sense, in their mechanical way, the dullest team in the playoffs. When you watch the other teams, they have their odd little chemistries and nuances and charms. They have players who are stylish in certain ways. They have combinations that are stylish. And they have little stories that lend drama to it all. Here, with the Knicks, you don't get that. But in the end they just wear you down and they win."

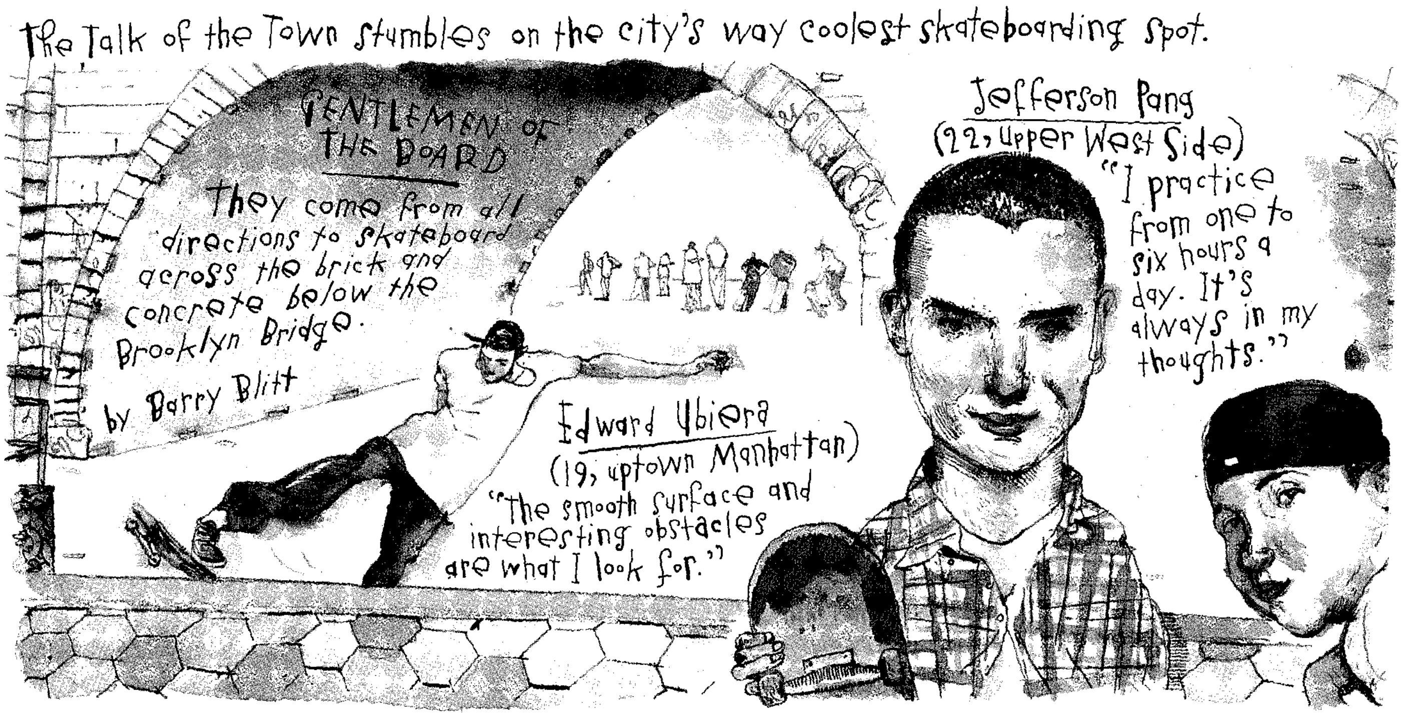
ILLUSTRATIONS BY GARY PANTER

New Yorkers celebrate winners (especially those New Yorkers who are themselves celebrated), and the presence of so much marquee wattage at the Garden these past weeks has been enough to put some earnest fans off their game. And yet the perpetual presence of Woody Allen a few rows up from courtside is not an offense to diehards but, rather—particularly for Manhattan's bookish, big-think guys—an owlish symbol of loyalty and long study.

"I used to go to the old Garden on Forty-ninth Street and watch the Knicks there, but then I didn't go for a while," Allen recalled, adding that he got back into it in the late sixties. "At first, I used to buy seats individually, sometimes even from scalpers," he said. "Then Diane Keaton and I decided that since we were going so often we'd get season tickets. I asked Howard Cosell if he would help me, and he got me seats fairly high up. Over the years, I moved down. With the old team, with Walt Frazier and Earl Monroe, we went constantly. Because of the poetry of the team, they could be playing a last-place team, but you could always see beautiful things. It was always a treat to watch Frazier, regardless of the stakes. And it was always a thrill to watch Earl Monroe. Now the entertainment value is not so pronounced. That old team was like a movie with a group of stars in it. This is like a movie with just a lot of wonderful actors—Patrick Ewing, in any age, would be a great star, but the rest of the team is just a collection of wonderful ballplayers who swarm you to death. You get run over and suffocated. There's nothing you can do. It's a brutal thing. I don't mean the hard fouls. Just the way they win is like the brute force of the computer—the way the chess computer beats me."



As a kid, Allen said, he played all sports—"even though you might not guess it from my physique"—and he still prefers a night at the Garden to one on Broadway, and not only as release and distraction. "Sports to me is like music," he said. "It's completely, aesthetically satisfying. There were times I would sit at a game with the old Knicks and think to myself in the fourth quarter, This is everything the theatre should be and isn't. There's an outcome that's unpre-


The Talk of the Town stumbles on the city's way coolest skateboarding spot.
GENTLEMEN OF THE BOARD
They come from all directions to skateboard across the brick and concrete below the Brooklyn Bridge.
by Barry Blitt
Jefferson Pang
(22, Upper West Side)
"I practice from one to six hours a day. It's always in my thoughts."
Edward Ubiera
(19, uptown Manhattan)
"The smooth surface and interesting obstacles are what I look for."

dictable. The audience is not ahead of the dramatist. The drama is ahead of the audience, and you don't know exactly where it's going. You're personally involved with the players—they had heroic dimensions, some of those players. It's a pleasurable experience, though not intellectual—much like music. It enters you through a different opening, sort of."

Allen went on to say, "You see, life consists of giving yourself these problems that can be dealt with, so you don't have to face the problems that can't be dealt with. It's very meaningful to me, for instance, to see if the Knicks are going to get over some problem or another. These are matters you can get involved with, safely and pleasurably, and the outcome doesn't hurt you."

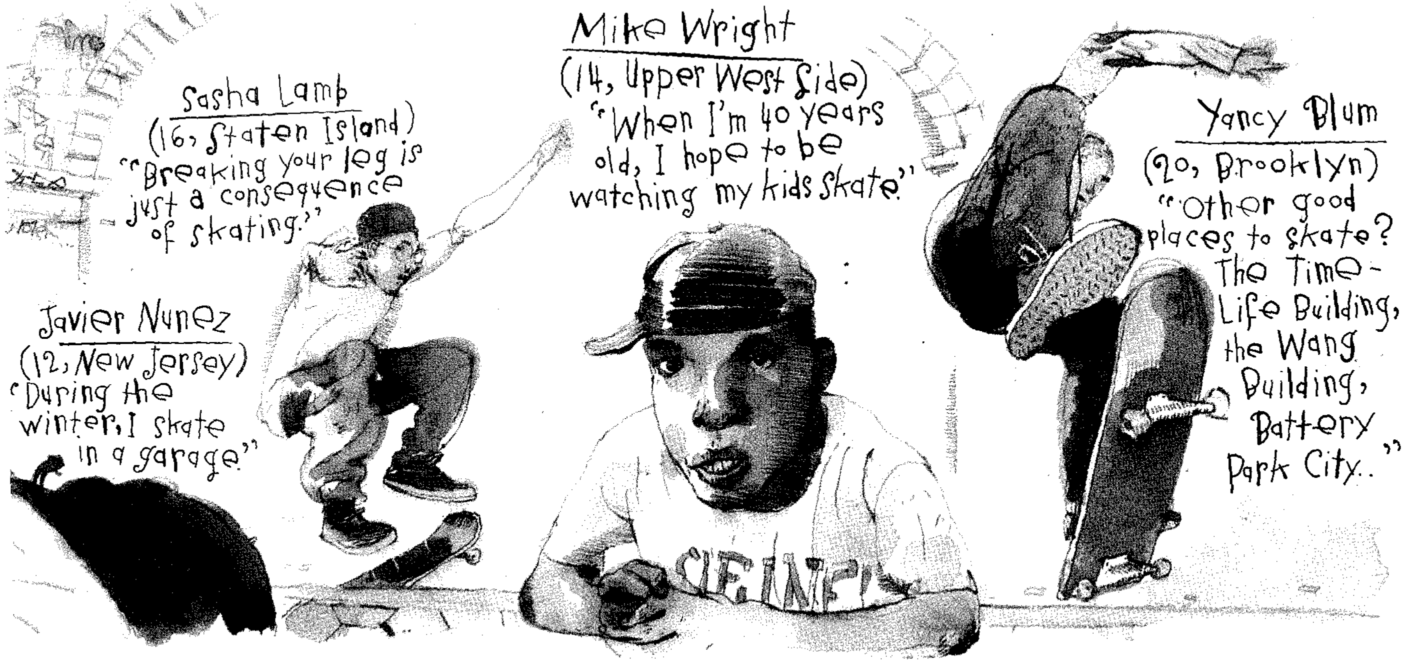
JUST LULA

It sure wasn't like this the last time Lula came through town. Luiz Inácio Lula da Silva, that is, the onetime São Paulo metalworker and union organizer, ninth of nine children from a dirt-poor family in Brazil's destitute northeast, longtime opponent and occasional prisoner of a succession of military regimes, and now, at age forty-eight, and for the second time, the Presidential candidate of the country's leftish Workers' Party, generally known as the P.T. The last time he embarked on one of these pre-campaign junkets to New York, a half year before the December, 1989, election, he was registering barely four per cent in the polls and was roundly ignored. In the end, he almost won that election, and this time, with the vote five months away, he's scoring more than forty per cent in the polls—double the percentage of any other candidate. So during his recent visit to New York the list of those eager to meet him was long and decidedly upscale, including hundreds of bankers, at three separate meetings, at Bear Stearns, Salomon Brothers, and J. P. Morgan; and the cream of the Brazilian-American Chamber of Commerce, in a lunchtime get-together at the Marriott Marquis. It was hardly lost on many of the people attending these events that, while they pretty much had to be there—after all, this fellow could very well wind up becoming the President of Latin America's biggest country, and, more to the point, presiding over its biggest market—their very presence in such numbers was going a long way toward legitimizing his candidacy.

The same issues were raised at all the meetings—Brazil's huge international debt, inflation, privatization, the spectre of capital flight. None of them were particularly new issues for Lula. As he told us during a brief conversation between stops, "Whether I'm talking to a top banker here in Manhattan or a small shopkeeper on a dusty street in Pernambuco, the concerns are the same and my answers have to be the same. I can't say one thing here and another there—not if I intend to be able to govern."

Lula's basic tone in discussing policy questions tends to be one of defiant pragmatism. On the debt, for example, as Lula said to everyone at the Marriott lunch, including Citibank's William Rhodes, with whom he shared a table (Rhodes has been the bankers' point man over the past decade's series of Latin-American debt negotiations), he and his team had recently beaten back an effort by the P.T.'s more ideological fundamentalists—its so-called Shiites—to embed a blanket debt-repudiation clause in the Party's electoral platform. That program now calls for debt *renegotiation* instead.

"And negotiation is something I'm very good at," Lula, the veteran unionist, reminded the Marriott audience. He promised to be a tough defender of his people's interests but then added, in a clear reference to Fernando Collor de Mello, who defeated him in the '89 election and then proceeded to stage the most extravagantly corrupt Presidency in the country's history, "Unlike earlier


Sasha Lamb
(16, Staten Island)
"Breaking your leg is just a consequence of skating."
Javier Nunez
(12, New Jersey)
"During the winter, I skate in a garage"
Mike Wright
(14, Upper West Side)
"When I'm 40 years old, I hope to be watching my kids skate."
Yancy Blum
(20, Brooklyn)
"Other good places to skate? The Time-Life Building, the Wang Building, Battery Park City."

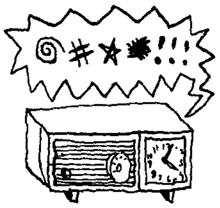
governments, we will deliver on what we agree to." Lula went on to sketch an ambitious program of proposed social initiatives in areas encompassing health, education, and employment, but he acknowledged more than once that any fulfillment of such ambitions was predicated on a newly resurgent economy, which, in turn, would require copious foreign investment. And, gazing out at the Chamber of Commerce types, he spoke of his awareness that of course businesspeople enter into such investments only in the expectation of a decent profit. As for the prediction of enormous capital flight should his P.T. win, Lula remarked, "The same sorts of predictions were being hurled at us back in 1989. More than eight hundred thousand businesses were supposedly going to flee the country. Well, I lost, and they stayed, and they all went bankrupt. The people of Brazil are crying out for a change."

That longing for a change was all but palpable on Lula's last evening in town, when he attended a more conventional campaign fund-raiser—a Night of Samba, held at the National Health and Human Service Employees Union's Martin Luther King Center, on West Forty-third Street. (During his visit, Lula also made a point of touching base with his longtime supporters in this country's labor and environmental movements.) Here a surging crowd, made up largely of Brazilian expatriates, throbbed to the festive beat of New Jersey's Escola de Samba Verde e Amarelo and wolfed down platters of fried bananas and *empadinha* dumplings, as they eagerly awaited Lula's arrival.

At one table, some of his confederates were discussing Lula's remarkable resemblance to Lech Walesa: both are stout, and both have perfected ways of playing up their gruff peasant manner to beguiling effect. Moreover, it was said, neither comes off as any sort of father figure (think of Nelson Mandela); rather, both have positioned themselves as the fierce, proud *sons* of their motherlands (it's always "Lula" and "Lech"), and, with both of them, strangers feel compelled—and, what's more, *entitled*—to reach out and embrace them firmly about the shoulders.

Finally, Lula arrived in the hall, and, with drums pulsing ecstatically, the crowd extended him a sort of throng-embrace. He looked dog tired, but the ovation as he made his way to the stage seemed momentarily to revive him. Holding a microphone firmly in his left hand (that hand, incidentally, is conspicuously missing its little finger, which was lost in an industrial accident when Lula was a teen-ager), he declared, "When we win, you will all come back to help us rebuild our wonderful country. No longer will Brazil be a country that people have to flee for political or economic reasons. Brazil will be a country that people will leave, if at all, only for vacations!"

WNYC-FM IS UP IN THE AIR



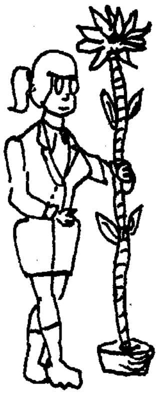
THIS week, with New York City's public radio and television stations, WNYC-AM, WNYC-FM, and WNYC-TV, kicking off their final fund-raising drives of the 1994 fiscal year, the new president of the WNYC Communications Group, Steve Bauman, is anxiously delivering the following public-service announcement: "WNYC-FM is not for sale." There has been, Mr. Bauman fears, a great deal of confusion, concern, and even outrage ever since Mayor Rudolph Giuliani, who appointed Mr. Bauman earlier this year, included in his proposed belt-tightening budget the sale of WNYC-FM's valuable commercial-broadcasting license—valuable because stations with commercial licenses may sell airtime to advertisers. The Mayor has promised that a sale will not be consummated unless a comparable noncommercial slot can be found on the FM dial for WNYC, which does not carry paid advertisements. But Mr. Bauman is worried that the station's half million fervently engaged listeners, and especially WNYC's sixty-five thousand members, are viewing the proposal as an assault on the station and will refuse to send in their membership dollars. "They're perhaps feeling that a precious possession is being handled and looked at as an entity different from the way they viewed it," Mr. Bauman said one afternoon last week, sitting at a conference table in his office, on the twenty-sixth floor of the Municipal Building, and spinning a blue WNYC coffee mug. He appeared to be looking for just the right mollifying turn of phrase. "They never thought of it as a commercial asset—and it isn't. But one component of it—the license—is."

With no space left on the FM spectrum here, a commercial license is an object of great value—worth perhaps forty-five million dollars, according to the Giuliani administration. As the Mayor envisions it, upon selling its license WNYC-FM will take over the frequency of a noncommercial station—presumably WNYE, which is now operated by the Board of Education. Mr. Bauman characterizes that as "an elegant solution," echoing a phrase used a few weeks earlier by Irwin Schneiderman, the chairman of the WNYC Foundation, which funds and oversees the FM and AM stations and also WNYC-TV. It is, however, also a problematic solution. Not only may the Board of Education prove loath to surrender its station but WNYE has nothing like the reach of WNYC, and it's not clear whether its signal can be boosted without impinging on the signals of stations in New Jersey, Connecticut, and Westchester; Mr. Bauman concedes, "There may be some areas that present a problem on the outer reaches of the maximum extent of the WNYE signal."

Mr. Bauman is a former reporter for WNEW Channel 5, and he has published various New York legal and community papers; which is to say that he's an entrepreneurial, can-do kind of guy. His office has a stupendous view of the Hudson River, and as he watches the sun set over New Jersey (he's been keeping a lot of late nights recently) he tends to think less about the hypothetical sale than about his besetting financial problems. About ten per cent of the sixteen-million-dollar budget of the three WNYC stations comes from the city, and WNYC's proposed budget for next year shows a cut of about four hundred thousand dollars in city funding. Mr. Bauman has been "pleading" with the Giuliani administration, he said, for at least a partial restoration of funds, pointing out that the stations are an untapped source of revenue. "It's not just nice classical music," he said. "You have a system here that can be utilized as a promotional arm of the city's development." Of course, WNYC's jittery listeners might take this kind of talk, however amorphous, as confirmation of their worst fears.

Ultimately, Mr. Bauman's predicament, as he sees it, is that he must satisfy his and the Mayor's fiscal exigencies—possibly including the sale of WNYC-FM's commercial license—without undermining the aesthetic standards or public-spiritedness of the stations. With a plaintiveness that seemed at odds with his affirmative nature, he asked, "How do you tell people that things are going to be all right?" Then, back in character, he added, "They *will* be."

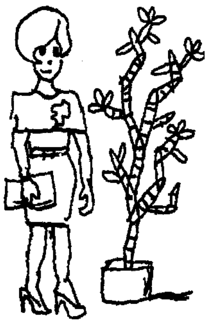
EFFLORESCENCE



THE New York Botanical Garden held its Fifth Annual Plant Sale, Preview Party, and Rare Plant Auction the other evening, and among the three hundred and twenty-five people who attended the event—which was held under a large white tent on the grounds of the garden in the Bronx—were a number of women with names like Morgan and Rockefeller and Bitsy and Bunny. One woman wearing a gold pin in the shape of a leaf told us, "Although I'm used to being called Mrs. Thomas Hubbard, you may refer to me as Mrs. Anne Hubbard. I'm not offended by anything anymore." *Mr.* Thomas Hubbard, it turned out, is the chairman of the board of managers of the Botanical Garden. This means that Mrs. Thomas Hubbard gets to go on all sorts of trips to all sorts of places with botanists associated with the Botanical Garden to study flora. Not long ago, for example, there was a trip to South America, where, as Mrs. Hubbard put it, she went "eyeball to eyeball with the orchids."

A woman walking by asked Mrs. Hubbard, "See you in Paris, Anne?"

"*Bien sûr*," Mrs. Hubbard replied, and then she told us more about her trip to South America—in particular, a part of the trip that took her down the Amazon by boat. "We get off the boats and see the people living in the villages along the banks," she said. "We see the way they live. It's simple but adequate."



In North America, Mrs. Hubbard went on to say, she has two gardens—one in Bronxville, the other in Connecticut. "I have a young lady to help," she said. "I do just enough gardening to be respectable."

Before the auction began, the guests inspected the plants and looked through their catalogues. Among the horticultural specimens for sale were a fig tree descended from one that Thomas Jefferson brought to the United States from Marseilles; a new daylily that the highest bidder would have the privilege of naming; and an array of tropical exotica described in the catalogue as "shamelessly flashy." When we approached a woman nearby who would never bring to mind the words "shamelessly flashy," she identified herself as Bunkie Hopkins and said she gardens in Maryland and Maine. We asked her what her plans for bidding were, and she replied, "I'm going to nudge my husband and hope that he'll go very big."

Before Jay Cantor, of Christie's, started the auction, he said, "There are two rules. You have to bid extensively beyond your means. And you have to pretend it's still the eighties." The bidding for the new daylily did get rather heated, and in the end it went for twenty-six hundred dollars to someone who thought the prospect of publicity was appalling but did reveal that the daylily would be named for a granddaughter, Julia Russell. ♦

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George Bush reflects on his lifelong love affair with country music.

He listened to Baker, Powell, and Thatcher. But he really *liked* The Judds, The Gatlins and The Oak Ridge Boys. In his exclusive FYI memoir, "My Country & Western, 'Tis of Thee,'" Bush expounds on his personal musical passion. "A good country song taps into strong undercurrents of family, faith and patriotism…and of course train wrecks, romances turned sour and cheatin' hearts." For more of the former President's pronouncements on America's music, along with the usual cornucopia of capitalist cool musings, catch the May 9th FORBES FYI. It's only available to FORBES subscribers, so don't bother heading to your local newsstand. Should your heart be achin' for a free copy, well, grab a phone and call 1-800-888-4525.

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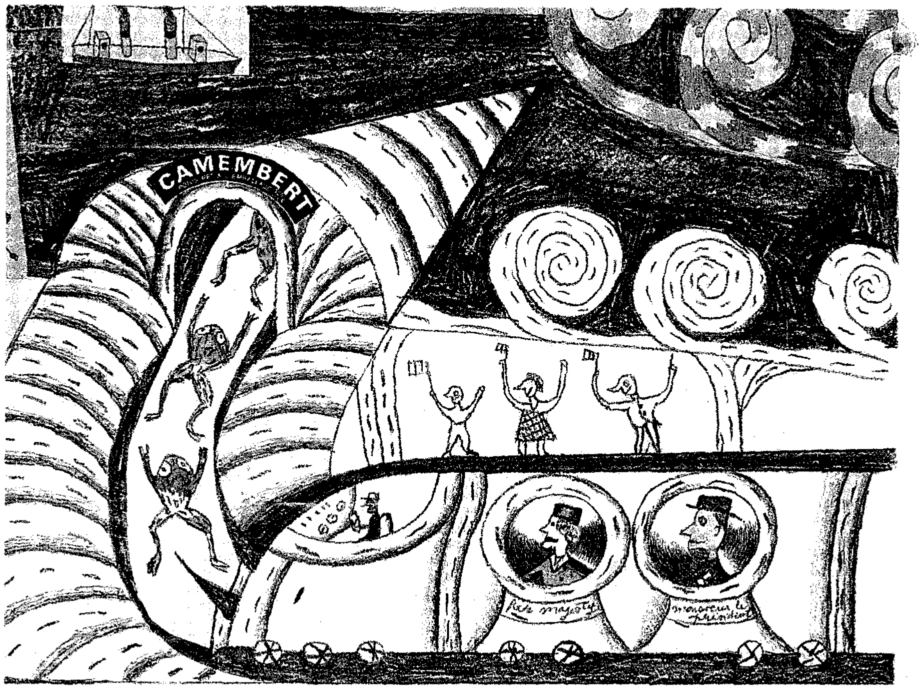
LETTER FROM LONDON

CHUNNEL VISION

The official "opening" of the Channel Tunnel offers a case study of the complex and curious relationship between the Britons and the Gauls.

BY JULIAN BARNES



PHILIPPE WEISBECKER

In Flaubert's "Bouvard et Pécuchet," there is a scene in which Pécuchet, who has temporarily turned geology student, explains to his friend Bouvard what would happen if there were an earthquake beneath the English Channel. The water, he maintains, would all rush out into the Atlantic, the coastlines would begin to totter, and then slowly the two land masses would shuffle across and reunite. On hearing this prophecy, Bouvard runs away in terror—a reaction, we are invited to conclude, not so much to the idea of cataclysm as to that of the British coming any nearer.

On Friday, May 6, 1994, after more than a century of dreaming, fantastical planning, botched beginnings, enthusiasm, and paranoia, the Channel Tunnel was officially opened, creating a fixed link between Britain and France for the first time since the Ice Age and fulfilling Bouvard's worst nightmare. Yet few ran away in terror as the Queen and President Mitterrand inaugurated the Tunnel—twice, as if to make doubly sure after all this time. They opened it first at the Coquelles terminal, outside Calais, where low cloud choked off the flypast, and then, after a refreshing fish lunch, at the Cheriton terminal, near Folkestone. At Coquelles, there was a pleasant symbolic moment when two enormous Eurotrains, each carrying a head of state, approached, one from London and one from Paris, on the same line of track, and drew slowly to a halt close enough to rub their sloping noses against each other in a Maori greeting. Then President Mitterrand, as host, hopped from his Eurotrain first and waited on the platform for the various high British dignitaries to disembark: Her Majesty in a vivid fuchsia ensemble (clashing horribly with the sodden red carpet underfoot), John Major (clashing horribly with current electoral opinion), and Baroness Thatcher (clashing horribly with the whole idea of European fraternity).

At both Calais and Folkestone, there were the traditional salutings and stiffnecked language, accompanied by Lord Lieutenants and bechained mayors. But the Queen and M. Mitterrand were in fact presiding over a fairly untraditional—indeed, postmodern—inauguration. For no sooner was the Tunnel "opened" than it was closed again, and it won't reopen for business until various safety tests have been passed and operating certificates obtained. The last months saw a blur of constant rescheduling in which the only things not to be derailed were the regal and presidential diaries. Still, Her Majesty did the decent democratic thing and tried out for the rest of us the two different transport systems that in due course will operate through the Tunnel. For her outward journey, from Waterloo Station to Calais, she used the swanky new Eurostar passenger train (which may start a minimalist operation in July, with full service envisaged toward the beginning of 1995). For her return journey, like any other Francophile punter back from the Dordogne, she put the old Rolls-Royce Phantom VI on the car transporter, known under the nasty macaronic of Le Shuttle. This drive-on, drive-off service, which targets the cross-Channel ferries, may not enter its full turn-up-and-go glory until next spring, but will be available before then to those described as "opinion-formers." These consist of travel operators (unsurprisingly), piqued Eurotunnel shareholders, who must by now be wondering when they'll ever see a return on their money, and those bold optimists who back in January, when schedules and prices were first announced, actually laid out some cash for a booking on this temporarily notional service. It is indicative of the public mood that, although the proposed timetables were widely advertised and plausibly detailed, although first-day fever strikes here as elsewhere, and the nation seethes with transport buffs and train-spotters, a mere hundred tickets for Le Shuttle were pre-sold.

Such wariness was typical of the response on the Tunnel's northern shore. The British attitude was one of phlegm and skepticism. The French, meanwhile, were much more openly celebratory, with Calais voting itself nine days of heavily subsidized festivity (bands, midnight dances, the traditional carnival giants of northern France, the National Orchestra of Lille playing a hymn of peace). You might have expected things to be the other way round, since in statistical terms Britain seeks Europe much more than Europe seeks Britain: figures from the ferry companies show that eight out of ten Channel crossings currently originate in Britain, while a profile of Tunnel-users-to-be indicates that only a measly seven per cent of them are expected to be French. But this rare joint venture (the first major Franco-British collaboration since the Concorde) has accentuated one of the profounder differences between the two countries. The French have a taste for and commitment to what they call *grands projets:* large public endeavors, backed by government money, that revel in the latest technology and add lustre to the nation. Recent examples include the T.G.V. express-rail network, the Louvre Pyramid, the Grande Bibliothèque, the Pompidou Center, the Ariane rocket, and the Airbus. The British are temperamentally more suspicious, or shy, about expressing the national spirit through such means; in addition, they have had for the last decade and a half a government ideologically opposed to large capital projects except when funded by the private sector. Our spirit of muscular self-deprecation also seems to insure that the running news about such few projects as exist is usually depressing: underfunding, overspending, delays, and cockups. One of the last British *grands projets,* the Humber Bridge, was opened by the Queen in 1981. It cut fifty miles off the journey from Grimsby to Hull, replaced an ancient ferry system, and was designed to bring prosperity to a moribund region. But the bridge itself has now become a symbol of failure: the fifteen thousand vehicles that cross it each day pay off only twenty-five per cent of the interest charges on the bridge's debt, which is currently four hundred and thirty-nine million pounds and rising at the rate of £1.42 a second. Similarly, there has been scarcely a single upbeat report on the new British Library over the last decades. In 1993, the proposed shelving, all hundred and eighty-six miles of it, was found not to work, because the books fell off the end of it. The Library was planned to last a hundred and fifty years, but will be "operationally full" the moment it opens, in 1996, and by the year 2000 there will be no shelf space left.

Of course, French *grands projets* have their cockups, too. The Grande Bibliothèque audaciously overthrew the hack-

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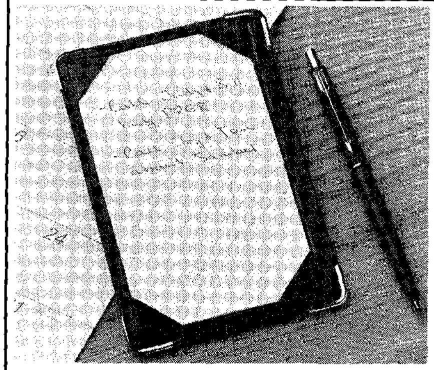

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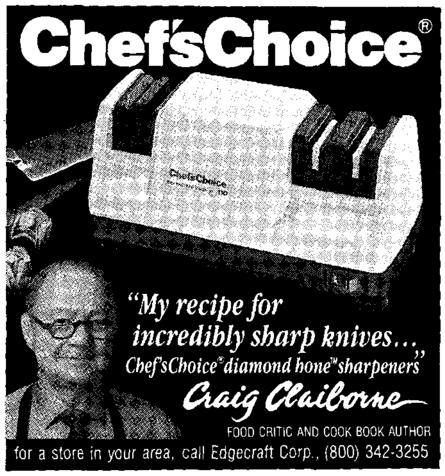
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neyed old design concept of storing the books underground and putting the readers on top of them; instead, the readers were to be placed at ground level and half the books in four eighteen-story towers above. Too late was it pointed out that the last thing valuable books want is to be exposed to heat and light; and so—to the accompaniment of much Parisian mockery—the sky-high library had to be protected by a whole additional system of internal insulation panelling. But, even so, the French bring more self-belief and political will to such projects, plus an intellectual chutzpah that the British tend to dismiss as pretension. Dominique Jamet, appointed by President Mitterrand to establish the Grande Bibliothèque, remarked, naturally enough, that "the primacy of the book resides in the spirit of each of us." It is hard to imagine a library official in Britain making a comparable remark without being packed off into early retirement.

The British affect to believe that they are stern pragmatists while the French are airy dreamers. This could *not* be less true than in the case of the Channel Tunnel. Honors and deadlines may have been shared in the digging and boring; but above ground the difference is instructive. The French have their high-speed rail link to Paris already in place, their T.G.V. Nord network having been built from scratch in only three years. They also have a chain of new stations and a glittering terminal at Lille for transfers to the rest of Europe. On the British side, there is at least a fine new extension to Waterloo Station, built within budget and opened on time in May of 1993. But there is no high-speed rail link between Waterloo and Folkestone, only a low-speed one over tracks clogged with commuter traffic; and when the high-speed link is finally in place (its cloud-cuckoo-land completion date has just been pushed back from 2002 to a probable 2005) it won't run directly into Waterloo anyway but into St. Pancras, in North London. John Prescott, then the Opposition transport spokesman, declared that the Channel Tunnel was joining a twenty-first-century rail network to a nineteenth-century one; and the Eurobusinessman looking for national metaphors might unhappily find one as his Paris-to-London train gradually decelerates from a hundred and eighty miles per hour in "Germinal" territory to a third of that in the Kentish hop fields. President Mitterrand, himself the son of a stationmaster, could not resist a lofty professional tease: future passengers, he said as he opened another gleaming section of T.G.V. Nord, would "race at great pace across the plains of northern France, hurtle through the Tunnel on a fast track, and then be able to daydream at very low speed, admiring the landscape." There is a particular irony about this, given that a hundred and fifty years ago it was British engineers and British navvies who laid out the first elements of the French rail network.

IT was appropriate that the first of the Tunnel's two inaugurations took place on the French side, since historically the French have shown more consistent zeal for the subaqueous link. In 1751, the Amiens Academy held a competition to explore new ways of crossing the Channel, while the first serious tunnel proposal came from the French engineer Albert Mathieu in 1802—a project favored by Napoleon. Throughout the rest of the century, an inventor's fun-pack of ideas was put forward: bridges of various sorts, iron tubes laid along the seabed, tunnels surfacing at halfway islands for a change of horses, monster ferries capable of devouring whole trains. Though exploratory borings were made on both sides of the Channel in the eighteen-eighties, lack of money and lack of plausibility scuppered most of these schemes. Just as important on the British side, however, was a toxic nationalistic mix of military caution, political snootiness, and intellectual skepticism. When the Channel Tunnel (Experimental Works) Bill was under discussion, Lord Randolph Churchill, in one of those primped declarations which easily pass for wit in political life, claimed that "the reputation of England has hitherto depended upon her being, as it were, *virgo intacta*." In 1882, there had been a petition from a thousand and seventy members of the Great and the Good urging that lascivious Continental hands be kept off the chaste body of Britannia. Signatories ranged from Queen Victoria's gynecologist to the Archbishop of Canterbury and Cardinal Newman, via Tennyson, Browning, Herbert Spencer, and T. H. Huxley.

The *virgo intacta* claim of Lord Randolph Churchill (who himself died of syphilis, while we're about it) was a direct descendant of that famous piece of realtor's spiel uttered by John of Gaunt in "Richard II": this sceptred isle, this other Eden, demi-paradise, this fortress against infection and the hand of war, this precious stone set in the silver sea, which acts as a moat defensive to a house against the envy of less happier lands, and so on. The hand of war has always been one of the principal British objections to tunnelling: Field Marshal Wolseley turned Queen Victoria against the notion (Prince Albert had been in favor) by asserting that the British Army would have to be doubled in size to cope with the consequent threat. There have been fears of enemy borings, too: recently released documents in the Public Record Office show that in the early years of the Second World War the government had an active anxiety about a possible German tunnel. It was calculated that a speed-dig might take the enemy as little as twenty months, and at one time the Royal Navy instructed its ships in the Channel to keep a lookout for giveaway muddy water. Fear of invasion is nowadays a diminishing factor, though last-ditch advocates of the moat defensive might point to the events of May, 1991. Shortly after the British and French engineers had shaken triumphant hands, a hundred Parisian printers slipped surreptitiously into the Tunnel and marched on London to protest against their maltreatment by Robert Maxwell. They managed thirteen miles beneath the waves before coming up against a locked chamber, which at that time was all that protected Britain from France.

A fortress against infection? Very much so. It has been one of this country's justifiable boasts that rabies has been virtually extinct here since 1902. Over the last few years, however, paranoid amateur pathographers have been able to watch the disease patter northward across Europe, almost in anticipation of the Channel Tunnel's opening. It was as if lining up behind Mitterrand and the Queen as they cut the tricolor ribbons at Calais were packs of swivel-eyed dogs, fizzing foxes, and slavering squirrels, all waiting to jump on the first boxcar to Folkestone and sink their teeth into some Kentish flesh. Decent publicity was therefore given to a system of defenses, ranging from stalag fencing to "stun mats," which will protect the Tunnel entrance. (And

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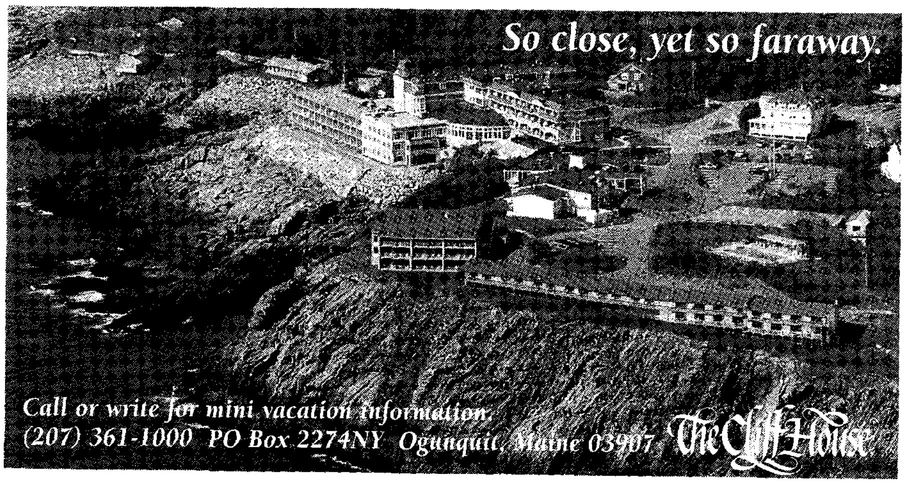
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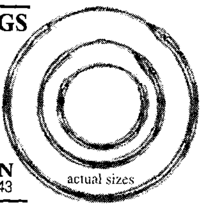

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here there was another anxiety to calm, that of the animal lover. So: no, the "stun mats" would only immobilize the rogue animal, rather than fricassee it on the spot.) Nor was this all: what about those carriers of *la rage* who are not so obligingly pedestrian? Well, *that* had been thought of, too, and it was solemnly reported that "Eurotunnel officials will mount patrols for signs of bats."

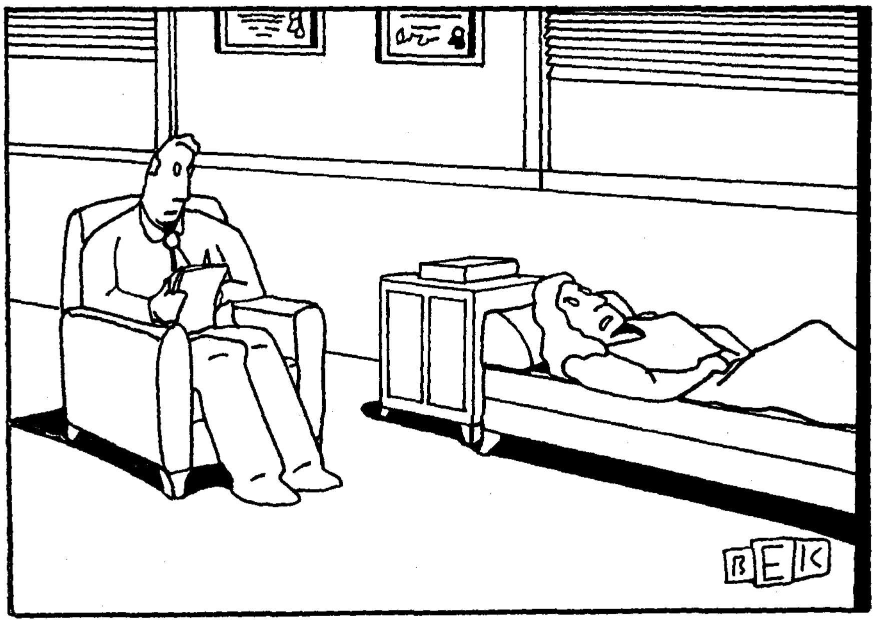
Even though the main risk of rabies will continue to be (as it is now) from the smuggled family pet, the chihuahua in the hatbox, Eurotunnel was quite right to treat this question gravely. A survey by the Automobile Association's magazine of those who found the Tunnel "a bad or very bad idea" showed that, while thirty-two per cent objected because they "liked being an island" or didn't want to "lose the security of being an island," forty per cent disapproved because the Tunnel would make it "easy to bring rabies into this country." Quite why a rabid beast might find the cuttings at Coquelles particularly inviting is another matter: as Tony Stevens, of the British Veterinary Association, put it, "There's no incentive for any animal to enter the tunnel, let alone traverse its thirty-five miles." A psychiatric interpretation of this British obsession with rabies (which strangely seems to bite so few British tourists as they travel through Europe on their holidays) might see it as a transference: no longer permitted by social and political norms openly to hate and fear the foreigner, the frustrated islanders turn their feelings instead against the Continental animal.

THE Channel Tunnel is being declared open in a year that ought to lead the British and French to celebrate the warmer, more constructive side of their relationship: 1994, after all, marks both the ninetieth anniversary of the Entente Cordiale and the fiftieth anniversary of D Day. But few remember what the former was—something to do with Edward VII and Parisian actresses?—while no one quite knows what to do about the latter. At first, the British government wanted to ignore it, preferring to wait for the anniversary of the war's end, in 1995; then they rushed off in the opposite direction and miscalculated the public mood by scheduling street parties and "lighthearted" civilian events such as Spam-fritter-cooking competitions. Not only did they offend veterans by emphasizing "celebration" rather than "commemoration"; they offended Dame Vera Lynn, the wartime warbler who is as much a national monument as Rodin's "Burghers of Calais." Dame Vera, whose mere name sets off the words "There'll be bluebirds over / The white cliffs of Dover" in the skull of anyone over the age of about twelve, even threatened to boycott the main jamboree, in Hyde Park, unless and until the government sorted its act out.

As for the wider matter of Franco-British relations, it can't be said that they are noticeably in better shape now than at any other point since D Day. Churchill used to quip that the heaviest cross he had to bear was the Cross of Lorraine; later, de Gaulle took his revenge with a policy of committed Anglophobia. Since then, British Prime Ministers have repeatedly disappointed the French by being such lukewarm Europeans, while French Presidents have in return always seemed keener on smooching with their German counterparts than with their British ones. When François Mitterrand arrived in Canterbury for the official signing, with Mrs. Thatcher, of the Channel Tunnel deal, in 1986, his Rolls-Royce was hit by an egg and the crowd chanted, "Froggy! Froggy! Froggy! Out! Out! Out!" For her part, Mrs. Thatcher became the first British Prime Minister to be booed on the streets of Paris in modern times.

The bickering legacy of history is exacerbated on the British side by the poverty of geography. Britain has only France as its obvious neighbor, while France may divert itself with three other major cultures—Spain, Italy, and Germany. Beyond France's southern shore lies Africa; beyond Britain's northern shore lie the Faeroe Islands and many seals. France is what we first mean by Abroad; it is our primary exotic. Small wonder, then, that we think about the French much more than they think about us (they can even get their Anglo-Saxon culture elsewhere—from across the Atlantic if they prefer). The British are obsessed by the French, whereas the French are only intrigued by the British. When we love them, they accept it as their due; when we hate them, they are puzzled and irritated but regard it rightly as our problem, not theirs.

For instance, they can make some sense of our unfraternal posturing in matters of high politics, but not in matters of low journalism. As an English Francophile, I find myself frequently asked to explain the chauvinism, aggression, and contempt of our popular press. This Rottweiler tendency found its most complete recent expression on the *Sun's* front page of November 1, 1990, exactly a month before the Tunnel breakthrough. Under the headline "UP YOURS DELORS" and the subhead "At midday tomorrow *Sun* readers are urged to tell the French fool where to stuff his ECU," the lead news story was a sort of atavistic fart: "The *Sun* today calls on its patriotic family of readers to



"Well, I do have this recurring dream that one day I might see some results."

tell the feelthy French to FROG off! They INSULT us, BURN our lambs, FLOOD our country with dodgy food and PLOT to abolish the dear old pound. Now it's your turn to kick them in the GAULS." This crisp political analysis, amusingly bylined as being by the "*Sun* Diplomatic Staff," was backed by a special collection of xenophobic jokes—"What do you call a Frenchman with an I.Q. of 150? A village"; "What do you call a Frenchman with twenty girlfriends? A shepherd"—all of which could be safely reapplied to any other hated nation. The *Sun* urged its readers to assemble the next day in public squares up and down the country and, as twelve o'clock struck, to turn toward Paris and shout "Up Yours Delors!" in order "to make sure the French feel the full blast of your anti-Frog feelings."

Neanderthal? Despicable? Pathetic? Certainly. And the fact that this rabble-rousing didn't translate into street action—when the posh papers sent their journalists down to Trafalgar Square the next day they found only half a dozen *Sun*-inspired protesters—doesn't make this sort of story "just a bit of harmless fun" or whatever. Such peddling of inaccurate national myth and beery racial demonizing are base and self-damaging stuff. They are also culturally baffling to the French. Their own tabloid press has traditionally had quite different preoccupations. The last time I took the Dover-Calais ferry, in mid-April, I picked up the roughest equivalents to the *Sun*—*Infos du Monde*, *Spéciale Dernière*, and *France Dimanche*. Their lead stories were, respectively, about an eighty-four-year-old female Canadian bodybuilder who had just been elected Miss Muscle 1994, the supposedly "tragic" close to Mitterrand's rule, and the news that Princess Caroline of Monaco had ordered her wedding dress. Other matters of top concern were: a group of American schoolchildren with hair sprouting from their tongues, an Italian woman who eats spaghetti through her nose, the "tragic" life of actress Martine Carol, the newly discovered Camus novel, the haunting of Robert Wagner by the shade of Natalie Wood, the alleged pregnancy of Claudia Schiffer, and the possible remarriage of the singer Johnny Hallyday to one of his various previous wives. Each paper had one important item about Britain: a write-it-in-your-

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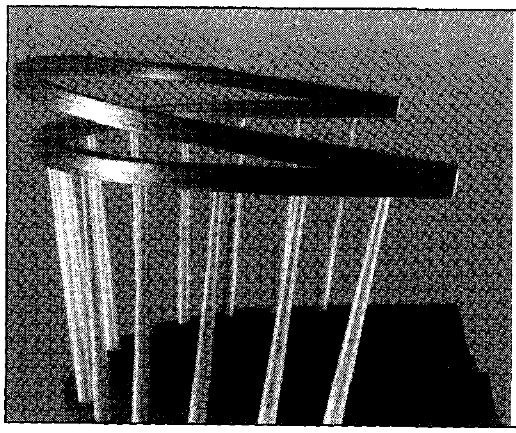

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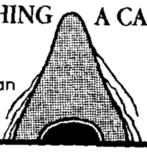

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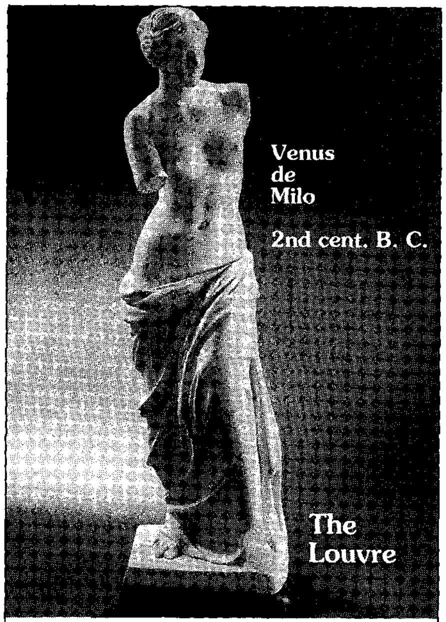

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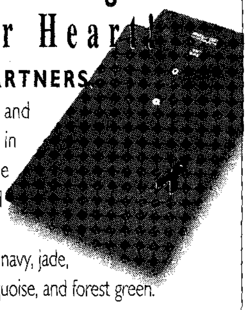

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sleep rerun of Wallis Simpson and Edward VIII, a tale about the annual dinner of the Her Royal Majesty Dog Society (pooches dress up to eat a candlelit supper: menu attached, of course), and a bit of Kitty Kelly about the Duke of Edinburgh's whispered mistresses. This latter story, needless to say, concentrated on the Duke's erotic powers and the Queen's silent heartbreak rather than on, say, any cultural or institutional hypocrisy. Gossip, snobbery, and sentimentality continue to rule this journalistic domain as ever before.

Moreover, when the French do attempt to answer atavistic fart and lunkhead gibe with its equivalent, things never quite work out. Earlier this year, a French professor writing under the nationalistic pseudonym Chanteclair published a satirical English grammar called "Pour en Finir Avec l'Anglais." Its robust jocosity is well displayed in the list of Useful Phrases you might require in a British hotel ("Is the chambermaid included?" "There is a rat under the sheets. Is it normal?") or at the grocer's ("Your eggs are rotten," "Your bananas are too green," "Stick them up your ass," "Look, my dog doesn't want it"). But the sections on our national character hold the attention and seek to justify the publisher's wraparound claim for "The Book Which Is Scandalizing England!" We are, according to Chanteclair, "the most dirty, hypocritical and bestial of races," a "brutal and drunken people" ruled by "puritan inhibitions." We are taciturn to the point of mutism; our celebrated love of animals exists only because we "feel ourselves to be on the same level as them"; while our schooling gives us an enthusiasm for corporal punishment and sodomy. This is pretty much the usual charge sheet (former French Prime Minister Édith Cresson also publicly accused us of not sufficiently endorsing heterosexuality), though Chanteclair fails to add the popular French complaint that the British are shabbily dressed and have miserable underwear. Nor is stinginess mentioned. (This is a universal objection. Australians have joined our mythic avarice and unwashedness into a cute double insult: the British, they say, "keep their money under the soap.")

But the professor, while doing his best at mockery, lacks any real taste for trans-Channel eye-gouging. Look, for instance, at the way his book begins: "I have always been an Anglophile and an Americanophile, to the point where those around me have often reproached me for it. But he who loves well also chastises well." Hopeless: absolutely no viciousness in the fellow at all. Furthermore, he is constantly let down by a very French preference for the elaborate and elegant tease over the gross insult. Faced with the mystery of how the English manage to reproduce, the professor comes up with the following logical—indeed, Cartesian—solution. Yes, they are puritanical, and, yes, they are sodomites; however, they are also drunkards. Therefore, the answer must be as follows: drink helps them get over their puritanism about sex; yet drink also makes them woozy about aiming at the correct target, with the result that fecundation mistakenly ensues and the race continues to stagger on. Q.E.D. How could a sensible English person possibly take offense at this?

THE Channel Tunnel contains the world's longest subaqueous stretch (twenty-four miles) and is an astounding piece of engineering. The rail link will spare us the harassments and mayhem of the airport and offer an attractively seamless transfer from London to the center of Paris or Brussels. And if we are in our car, Le Shuttle will gain us thirty or forty minutes in time over the Pride of Calais. But both will, I think, finally lose us something much more important: a sense of crossing the Channel. Since the day when the family Triumph Mayflower was hoisted by crane from the Newhaven dockside into the depths of the Dieppe ferry in 1959, I have done this trip scores of times, but I still remember the sense of quiet awe instilled by that first occasion. After the laborious business of loading came the wide-eyed scamper around the deck, the anxious examination of lifeboat cradles whose key joints seemed encrusted with fifty-four layers of paint, the bass saxophone growls as the boat pulled out, the cross-shock as you eased beyond the protection of the breakwater, the opening whoosh of spray in the face, the discovery of those extra handles in the lavatories to stop you falling over or in, the silhouette of honking gulls against the receding Sussex coast. Next came the middle passage, when land was out of sight and the sea more serious, when the light began to change (looking north from the French side is more dramatic than looking south from the English), and when you waved at the rare passing ships as violently as if you were on the Raft of the Medusa. Finally came the slow approach of the French coast, a twist of apprehension in the stomach, a strip of unpopulated sand, a cliff-top church no doubt dedicated to some protectress of fishermen, anglers on the breakwater looking up as your swell annoyingly disturbed their floats, then the creak of damp ropes pulling tight, and the sudden anticipation of your first French smell—which turned out to be a mixture of coffee and floor disinfectant.

This sense of transition, of a psychological gear change, a necessary pause, survived until quite recently, when a new generation of ferries actively undermined the experience. They were much larger, for a start, yet, paradoxically, the more passengers they carried, the smaller the deck space became: just a couple of thin strips as a walkway for claustrophobes. So your sense of the sea now came double-glazed. Secondly, these big boats were much more stable, which reduced the amount of vomiting. No doubt this helped ticket sales, but vomiting (and the sight of others doing it) was an important endorser of transition. Thirdly, the ferries became entertainment centers and emporia: things nowadays are not so much shipshape as shopshape. The modern cross-Channel passenger no more voyages to enjoy the sea than the illegal gambler goes to an offshore casino to admire coral growth. Ferry companies routinely offer one-pound return tickets to standby foot passengers, and as Hoverspeed spokesman Nick Stevens put it, "The crossing of the Channel becomes immaterial. It is an alternative to the High Street." The boats have turned into thrumming bazaars crammed with bustling, whooping discount seekers: put the concept of the bargain next to the concept of booze and the British (as Chanteclair would understand) become overexcited.

So the experience of transition has deteriorated in recent years. You do not have to be anti-European or xenophobic to like the idea of the frontier. On the contrary: it seems to me that the more Europe becomes integrated commercially and politically, the more each nation should confirm its cultural separateness. (The French were quite right in the recent GATT negotiations to hold out for the "cultural exception" in the matter of government subsidies: that is why they have a film industry, and we have only a collection of cinematic individuals.) Frontiers are therefore useful. It is good to be reminded that over here is the place you are leaving, where you come from, while over there is the place you are going to, where you don't come from, and where things are done differently. It's one thing to know this, another to be made to feel it. There wasn't much to be enjoyed about border crossing in the old Eastern Europe, but one thing they always did well was make you feel alien. You do not come from here, the men in strange uniforms implied, and because of that we view you with suspicion: you are guilty until proved innocent, and here you will not find that variety of warm beer you like to drink at home. I remember crossing from Poland into Russia with a vanload of fellow-students in the mid-sixties, and being compelled by the Russian border guards to destroy the tiny quantity of fresh fruit and vegetables that we had with us: in other words, our dinner. It seemed pointless and bullying at the time, but in retrospect had a grim usefulness: no, it said, this is no longer Poland, the rules are different here. At about this time, a friend of mine took a holiday in Albania. Puritanical by nature and not unsympathetic to the Tiranë regime, he deliberately had his hair cut before departure so that he would not be judged a decadent hippie. I had never seen his hair so short; but at the entry point from Yugoslavia they took my friend off the coach, sat him in a wooden chair by the customs post, shaved off what crinal remnants they could find, and charged him a few farthings for the putdown.

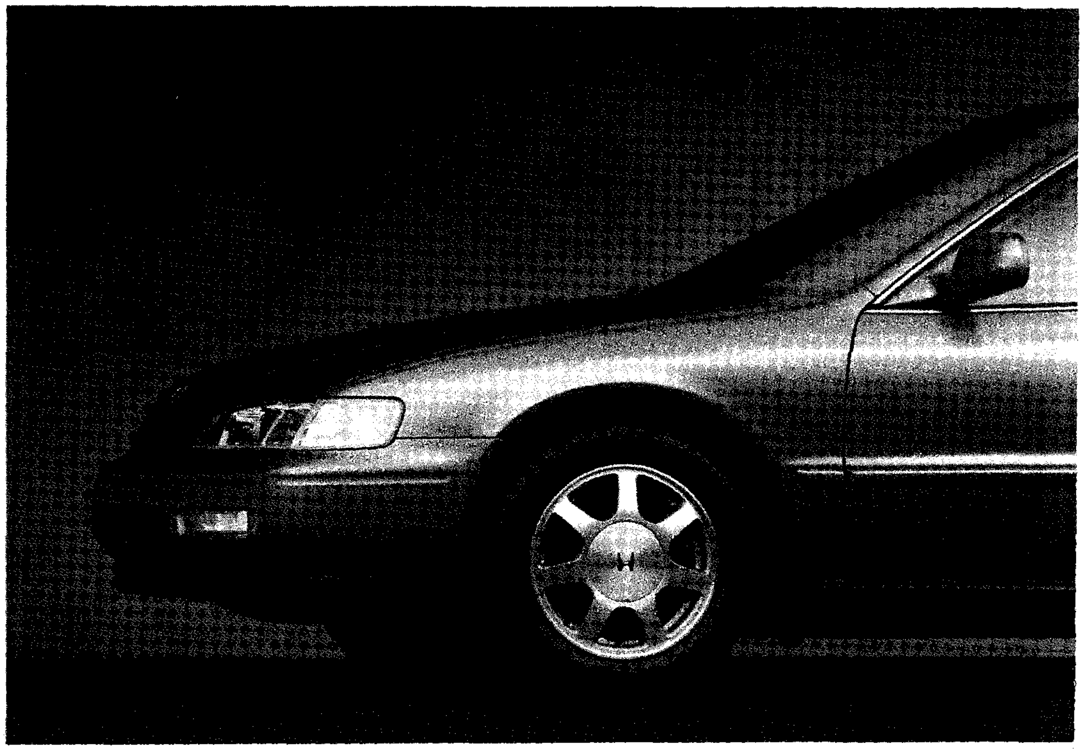
There is not much chance of getting a cheap haircut out of Eurotunnel. Indeed, from now on your passage from England to France will be sweetly unpunctuated unless, say, you are a Rastafarian smoking a joint the size of a baguette and driving a car with Colombian number plates. Otherwise, your journey will go like this: you turn up at the Cheriton terminal whenever you like, buy a ticket at the toll booth, pass through British and French customs with a couple of flaps of your passport, and drive onto one of the double-decker shuttle carriages. Your thirty-five-minute translation to France will be an austere experience: no smoking, no bar, no shops, no duty-free, though you will be allowed to leave your car and visit one of the lavatories, which are placed in every third carriage. It will also be an austere experience spiritually: first reports indicate that your ears may not even pop to remind you of where you are. You will not see the White Cliffs of Dover as you leave or the Bassin du Paradis in Calais Harbor as you arrive; indeed, you will not spot water at any time. Then you will emerge into a French marshalling yard and roar off, unhindered by any authority, toward the *autoroute* and that rented holiday cottage in the Dordogne.

In 1981, when the Humber Bridge was opened, a cantata was performed with words by the poet Philip Larkin. In his closing stanza he described the bridge as

> Reaching for the world, as our lives do,
> As all lives do, reaching that we may give
> The best of what we are and hold as true:
> Always it is by bridges that we live.

This is what most people feel, or would like to feel. A *grand projet* should inspire, should stun us into reassessing our place and purpose in the world. But perhaps the Channel Tunnel has come too late to do this. Imagine if it had been built a century or more ago, before Blériot flew the Channel, before radio and television. Then it would have been a marvel: it might even have changed history, instead of merely adjusting it. What we have now, though, is the ultimate nineteenth-century project completed just before we enter the twenty-first century. So it is a convenience, something to be thankful for, as impressive as a fine new sweep of motorway. And it will still be there on that distant, perhaps apocryphal, day when the British finally get over their complicated and self-destructive feelings about the French, when they decide that difference does not logically entail inferiority, and when Little Englanders, tabloid journalists, and John-of-Gaunters line up at Folkestone with a *chanson* in their hearts to bellow invitingly down the Tunnel's mouth, "Froggy! Froggy! Froggy! In! In! In!" ♦

Everything e



With four out of five Accords being made in America, the future has never looked better. The new Accord Sedan from Honda is more aerodynamically beautiful than ever.

However, a closer examination reveals that this Accord is unlike any you've ever seen before. Everything about it has changed, with all-new technology.

Testing showed how changes in the body's internal structure could reduce road noise. So we added high-tech baffling materials. It's very quiet.

To make the Accord stronger, we reinforced the outer body panels with thicker steel and we added steel beams and pads inside the doors. It is easy to see why the new Accord meets the federal side-impact standards for 1997, three years early.

While we're on the subject of safety, you'll find that driver's and front passenger's airbags SRS are standard. The Accord EX, here, even includes a refined anti-lock braking system (ABS). Which, of course, is also available on the LX and DX models.

The compact 2.2 liter, 16-valve engine in the new Accord will be a topic of engineering lectures for years to come. The version in DX and LX models produces 130 horsepower, while the EX model develops 145 horsepower, the most ever in an Accord. Both are fuel-injected and feature Honda's innovative second-order balance system that cancels vibrations that cause other engines to twist and shake. Both are very smooth.

You'll find a new version of our Variable Valve Timing and Lift Electronic Control system (that's VTEC for short) increases both power output and fuel efficiency in the Accord EX engine.

After computer analysis of how our automatic transmission shifted, our engineers designed a new transmission so smooth and quiet that you will hardly notice when it changes gears.

A computer inside the new Accord's transmission uses an advanced Grade Logic Control System that can detect special driving situations, such as hills or stop-and-go traffic. Automatically, it then changes the transmission shift points for the best possible performance. For example, it knows when the Accord is going uphill and shifts to third gear for more pulling power.

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lse is history.

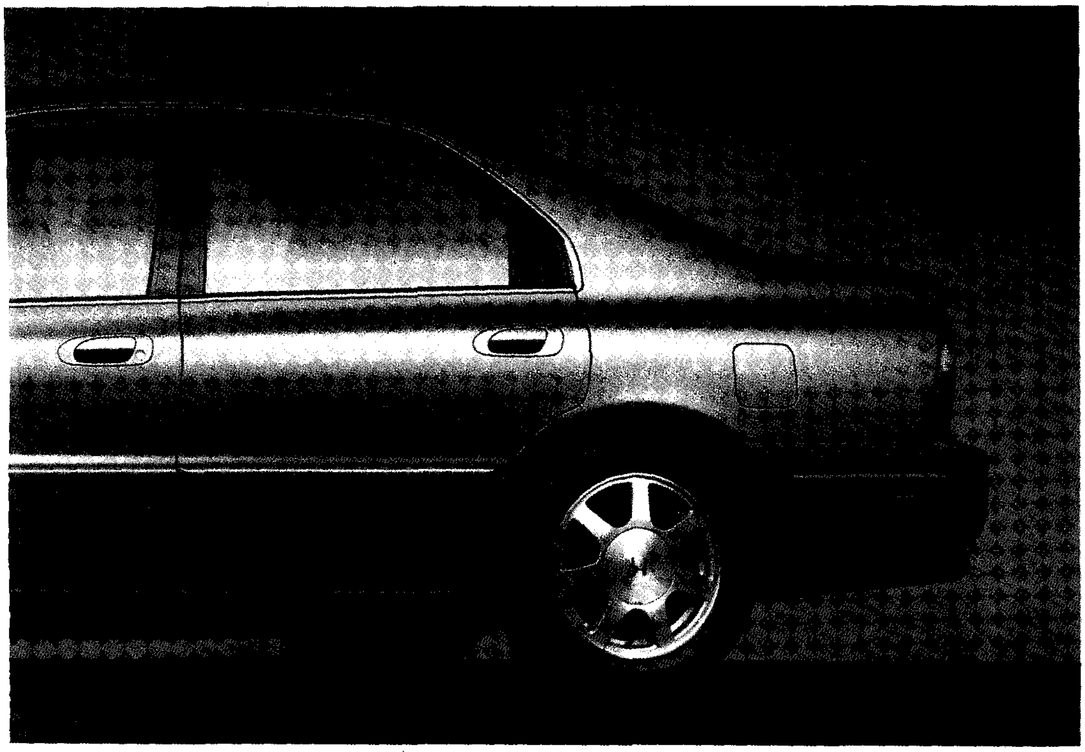
Grade Logic is smart enough to know the difference between up and down, too. When going downhill, it downshifts to help control your speed. Which adds a higher level of refinement and further driving enjoyment.

well. Their concave design frees up more knee room for those passengers riding in the back. Up front, a padded center armrest with storage is ideally positioned for driver and passenger comfort in the new Accord.

Honda engineers wrote the book on ride and handling. The Accord adds yet another chapter. Its four-wheel double wishbone suspension system expertly soaks up bumps, dips and rough pavement without sacrificing responsiveness or agility. You'll find that it tracks steadily and accurately through tight curves and corners, responding immediately to steering inputs from the driver. At highway speeds, you'll feel more comfortable and in complete control.

But since you need to feel the road, we have designed a new power steering system to do the same. It works like this. As you turn the steering wheel, it senses resistance from the tires and provides a precise amount of power assist. It never feels unnecessarily heavy, numb or over-assisted.

The Accord has always had a history of sending everybody else back to the drawing board. With the new Accord, history is bound to repeat itself.



On the inside, you'll find the look is warm and inviting, with pleasing textures and soft, plush fabrics. A rich, leather-trimmed interior is available on the Accord EX model, naturally.

Seats have been reshaped to better fit your shape. They are wider and more supportive in the hip, back and shoulder areas. The front seatbacks are new as

The new instrument panel is a model of intelligent design and layout. It gracefully wraps around the interior and is darker on top to reduce irritating glare. Gauges are large and easy to read. And switches are right where they should be. The center console is slanted to improve your access to heater and ventilation controls and audio components.

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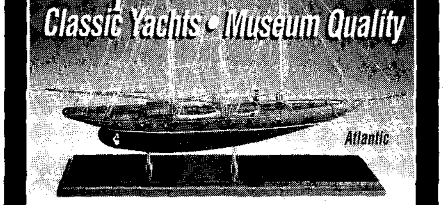

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ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

REBUILDING ROME

Under Adele Chatfield-Taylor's leadership, the musty, century-old American Academy in Rome is about to reopen, restored to its former glory.

BY FRANCINE DU PLESSIX GRAY

ADELE CHATFIELD-TAYLOR, an architectural conservationist by vocation and, since 1988, the president of the American Academy in Rome, never has any trouble deciding what to put on in the morning. It's always black—black stockings and black suits or dresses or skirts and blouses, and, of course, black shoes and coats, with only the occasional Hermès scarf at her throat to relieve the darkness. She is forty-nine years old, slender, and fairly tall, and for some decades now she has worn her dark, waist-length hair tightly pulled back and knotted into a sleek chignon. She has the erect carriage of the crack equestrienne she was in her youth, in the Arcadia of her native Virginia. (She estimates that when she lived at home she rode at least sixteen hours a week.) The jewelry of which she is fondest is a pair of bee-shaped earrings—she has a set in gold and one in diamond—and a set of smaller, matching pins. On formal occasions, she sometimes wears just a single bee perched on the décolletage of her evening dress, where it gleams like a weapon.

For the past six years, Chatfield-Taylor's dramatic presence, enlivened by a steady, cryptic smile, has been an important factor in her success as president of the Academy, one of the foremost overseas centers for American artists and scholars—a blend of Yaddo and Princeton's Institute for Advanced Study transposed to a hill in Rome. Each year, the Academy houses in its Rome headquarters more than seventy artists and scholars who have received fellowships and residencies, by application or invitation, in such disciplines as urban planning, archeology, literature, art history, and musical composition.

The Academy is currently celebrating its hundredth year, and one of the many feats that Chatfield-Taylor has helped mastermind for this occasion was to persuade Hillary Rodham Clinton to act as the host at the first of the centennial events. On a recent spring day, as Chatfield-Taylor stood at Mrs. Clinton's side in the East Room of the White House, the First Lady greeted twenty Americans who had won the 1994-95 Rome Fellowship, and called the audience's attention to the fact that, whereas in the past fellows "were young, single white males," they were now "of all backgrounds and disciplines." Then the president of the Academy came to the dais.

"I am Adele Chatfield-Taylor"—so all her speeches begin, in an uncommonly melodious voice, and with a crystalline diction that one might call High Anglican—"and I have the great honor of being the president of the American Academy in Rome." She was wearing a suit from Emporio Armani—a double-breasted one, black, of course, the skirt at just above the knee, a single gold bee on the left shoulder. "In the past decades, our fellows and residents have included two Nobel Prize winners, four Poets Laureate, nine MacArthur fellows, twenty-four Pulitzer Prize winners." Her dark-gray eyes were suitably grave as she surveyed the audience, which included the recipients of this year's Rome Prizes and members of their families; her husband, the playwright John Guare, who always looks at his spouse with an air of euphoric surprise, as if each of her performances exceeded even his expectations; and more than twenty of the Academy's trustees. Among those present at the White House ceremony were Andrew Heiskell, former chairman of Time Inc.; Michael Sovern, president emeritus of Columbia University; the architect Michael Graves; the painter Chuck Close; and the philanthropists Mercedes Bass and Lily Auchincloss.

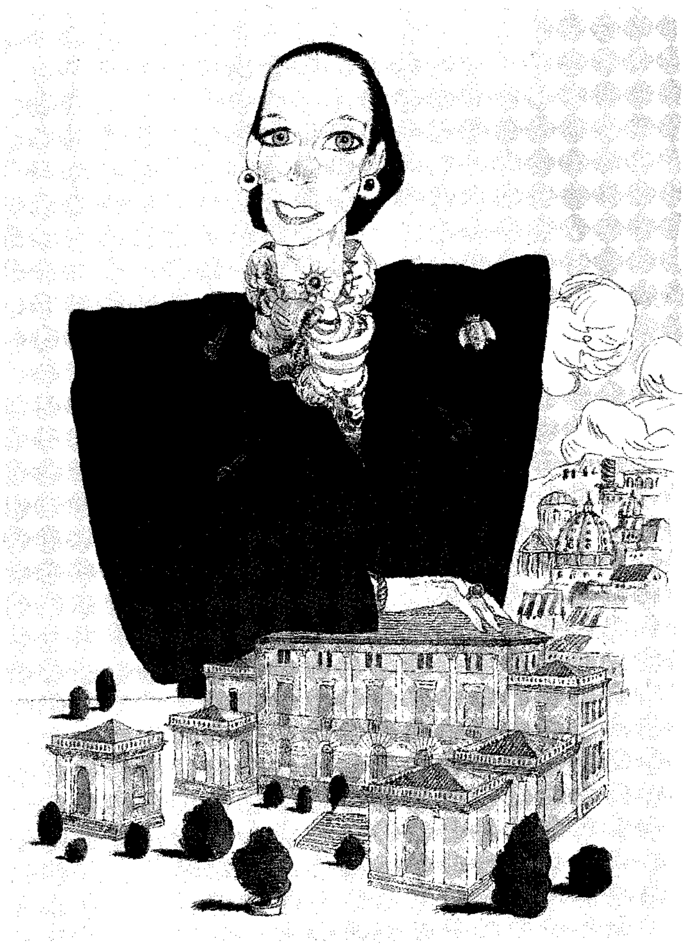
An unfailing display of protocol, a tightly scripted rhetoric of statesmanship—these are the linguistic counterpart of the decorous stylishness with which

Chatfield-Taylor, who herself won a Rome Prize in 1983, has jump-started a venerable but dormant American institution.

THE American Academy in Rome, founded in 1894, is one of the oldest of twenty-four such institutions that have been established in the Eternal City over the past three centuries. (The first was the French Academy, or Villa Medici, founded in 1666.) The inspiration for its founding came from Charles Follen McKim, whose architectural firm, McKim, Mead & White, championed the neoclassical style that, in the late nineteenth century and early twentieth century, changed the face of urban America.

Ironically, it was McKim's stalwart sense of propriety that prompted him to propose the founding of an American Academy in Rome. The son of prosperous but frugal Quakers, he left Harvard after one year to study architecture at the École des Beaux-Arts in Paris, but he found himself repelled by French frivolity and bohemianism; after a trip to Italy, he came to regard Rome as the center of civilization. An academy in Rome, he became convinced, could be a place where young Americans would "form a correct taste . . . by daily contact with great examples," the better to equip them, after their return to America, for "building up the national standards of taste."

To fulfill his dream, McKim went for big game: he secured the support of J. P. Morgan, whose enthusiasm for the project came to equal his own. In its first decade, the American Architecture School in Rome (soon after, it changed its name to the American Academy in Rome, extending its fellowships to painters, sculptors, and muralists) occupied a series of increasingly popular—and increasingly cramped—quarters near the Spanish Steps. Morgan played the principal role in its relocation and expansion. He persuaded a wealthy American dowager to donate to the Academy her superb seventeenth-century mansion, the Villa Aurelia, which stood atop the Janiculum, Rome's highest hill. In addition, he bought nearly ten acres of adjacent land and eight buildings nearby, and commissioned McKim, Mead & White to design a grand central building to serve as the Academy's headquarters. There was a sly, vengeful chauvinism in Morgan's desire to situate the American Academy on the highest of Rome's hills: on its pinnacle, it stood about a hundred feet higher than its oldest and most formidable rival, the French Academy. McKim, Mead & White's creation, a hundred-and-twenty-eight-room Renaissance-palazzo-style structure built around an arcaded courtyard, was opened in 1914, and it serves as the Academy's central building to this day.



Chatfield-Taylor: glamour saves the Academy.

TULLIO PERCOLI

BY the nineteen-fifties, some two dozen young Americans—women had recently begun to appear on the roster—were annually being offered lodging, work space, and stipends for two-year stays in Rome. Fellowships in art history, design arts, "post-classical humanistic studies," and literature had been added after the Second World War. By mid-century, too, the Academy's library had acquired an extraordinary collection of over fifty thousand volumes, mostly in classics, archeology, and art history, and it was being consulted by scholars from all over the West. For more than a decade, largely under the directorship of the art historian Laurance Roberts and his wife, Isabel, the Academy was a popular center for concerts and lectures, a meeting place for the Italian intelligentsia and for Rome's large community of American expatriates—virtually a second Embassy, and often far livelier than the official one. The Academy's list of alumni would eventually read like a *Who's Who* of American artistic talent: it includes the musicians Roger Sessions, Howard Hanson, Samuel Barber, Elliott Carter, and Aaron Copland; the architects Edward Durell Stone, Richard Meier, Louis Kahn, and Robert Venturi; the visual artists Frank Stella, Nancy Graves, Roy Lichtenstein, and Elizabeth Murray; the writers Archibald MacLeish, Ralph Ellison, William Styron, Richard Wilbur, Mary McCarthy, Donald Barthelme, Joseph Brodsky, and Oscar Hijuelos.

Then, in the late sixties, the Academy began to undergo the same crisis of leadership and identity that afflicted many other academic institutions in that decade of social unrest. Laurance Roberts and his wife had left in 1960, after a brilliant tenure of thirteen years, and the Academy's trustees seemed unable to fill the gap. Up to then, the Academy had been run by the director in Rome and, in New York, by the board of trustees, which then comprised mostly artists and scholars. (Bylaws still require that a third of the board be so constituted.) By the early seventies, the trustees had awakened to the fact that the Academy was in deep financial trouble: the dollar had fallen dramatically, the Academy's endowment had been poorly invested, and the capital funds left it by Morgan's generation of benefactors were being siphoned off for current expenses and were dwindling fast. In 1974, the position of president—which soon became a full-time, salaried post, whose incumbent ran the Academy from New York City—was established, in an effort to strengthen the institution. For the next twelve years, however, five successive presidents of the American Academy struggled, and failed, to effect any substantial reversal of its fortunes.

IN the winter of 1979-80, my husband, the painter Cleve Gray, and I were both given residencies at the Academy. Looking back, I understand why Joseph Brodsky describes the institution as "a place for the convenience of the blessed," as "a shortcut to paradise." Released from domestic and academic duties, I finished a novel with unprecedented ease; spent much time in the glorious wood-panelled library, reading Homer, Virgil, Cicero, and other classics I had overlooked in my education; and generally steeped myself in Rome's unique palimpsest of cultures.

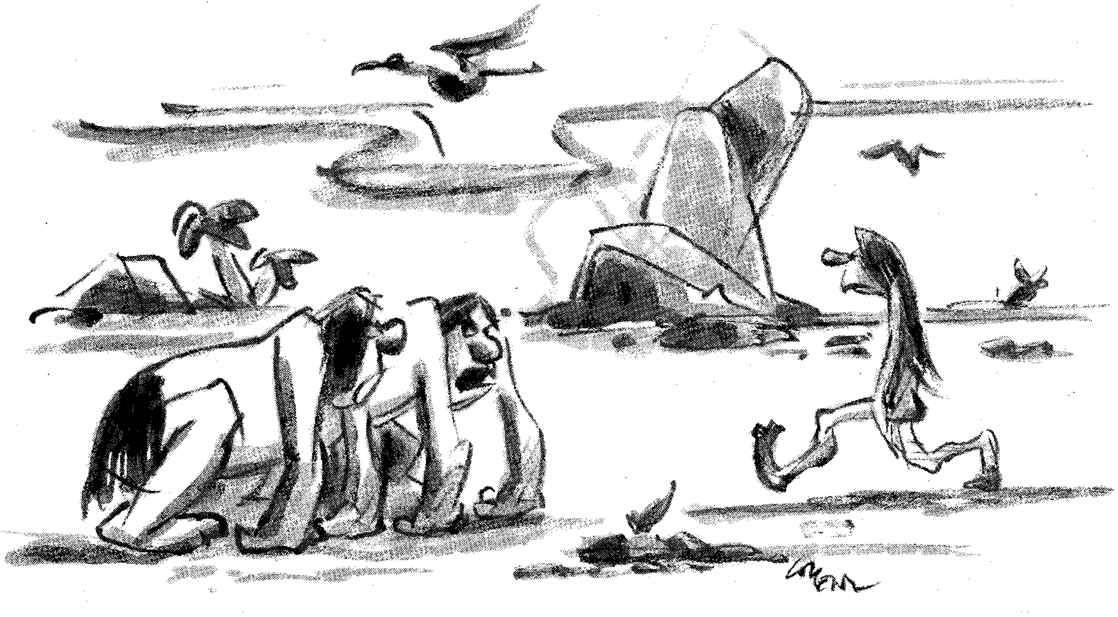
The Academy's physical accommodations were frugal then—the food served in the dining room was barely tepid, and the buildings were so skimpily heated that many of us wore socks, scarves, and mittens to bed—but those drawbacks were easily forgotten in the light of its spiritual and intellectual riches. I attended "shop talks" by art historians, classicists, or archeologists who had come to the Academy to write books on Caravaggio or Bernini, or to research scholarly papers on such topics as "Seventeenth-Century Roman Allegories of Wisdom" and "Malaria and Public Health in Ancient Italy." I attended concerts of Elliott Carter's music commented upon by the composer, lectures on postmodernist architecture by Robert Venturi. The entire semester resembled an interdisciplinary graduate-level crash course in the humanities, for the Academy's small size forces its fellows, from numerous fields, to interact often, at the dinner table or over coffee in the *salone*.

It was during a brief return visit to the Academy in 1984 that I met Adele Chatfield-Taylor, whose research project as an Academy fellow was to compare American and Italian methods of preserving ancient monuments. She had already acquired a dramatic black wardrobe—at that time restricting herself to one designer, Perry Ellis. By then, several members of the Academy community had developed the game of Adele-watching that is currently full-blown in New York. What's Adele about, they asked one another. What secrets does she hide beneath that impeccable raiment, behind her flirtatious eyebrows, which she often uses with the comic overexpressiveness of silent-movie stars? What was the nature of her marriage to John Guare, from whom, after all, she was separated for almost the entire year of her fellowship? How to decode all that *blackness*? (The architect and Academy trustee Michael Graves has whimsically diagnosed her black uniform as "a popular Derridaesque academic fad, begun in the nineteen-seventies, which symbolizes the death of the father.")

Toward the end of that stay in Rome, I learned about the disintegrating state of the Academy's buildings and grounds. The main building, the fellows in architecture informed me, was deteriorating at an alarming rate, with inadequate funds available for renovation, and a quarter of the umbrella pines and ilexes in the Villa Aurelia's gardens were dying. The Academy's physical deterioration was compounded by its plummeting image. "It had become a forlorn, forgotten, marginal institution," the poet Gjertrud Schnackenberg, a 1983-84 fellow in literature, recalls. In 1988, Adele Chatfield-Taylor, who was then a program director at the National Endowment for the Arts, was brought to the Academy's rescue.

Her tenure has been a remarkable one. In 1992, Chatfield-Taylor officially launched the largest fund-raising campaign in the Academy's history, and in just two years she and her board of trustees have raised approximately three-quarters of their campaign goal of twenty million dollars. Under Chatfield-Taylor, the Academy has been solvent for the first time in recent memory.

Chatfield-Taylor's ambassadorial polish—so crucial to her success as a fund-raiser—seems effortless, perhaps because she came to it by birthright. "You can't begin to understand Adele if you don't know the central feature of what we Virginians call class," I was told by the New York architect Jacquelin Robertson, a native Virginian who traces his lineage to James Madison and has been a friend of Adele's for many years. "The authority Adele carries, her ability to maintain perfect deportment



"Ignore him. He just walks that way to bug his parents."

even under the most harrowing circumstances, comes from the noblesse oblige, the self-assurance of one who feels deeply grounded in ancient cultural traditions."

HER lineage is indeed as ancient and "deeply grounded" as any American's can be. Her mother's forebears came to Virginia in 1609, her father's in 1610. Adele, the second of six children, enjoyed a deeply tribal, closely bonded childhood filled with the traditional rituals of Virginia country gentry—the immense Sunday breakfasts of kidney stew and fried tomatoes, the weekly pomp and circumstance of riding to the hounds. She spent many holidays with siblings and innumerable cousins in her grandmothers' superb country houses—"six families of grandchildren," she wrote in a memoir, "slowly expanding and circulating through the Christmases and christenings that punctuated the years."

What Adele Chatfield-Taylor remembers most fondly about her childhood is the aesthetic savvy of her grandmothers, to both of whom "design was a sort of calling." Her paternal grandmother, Adele Blow Chatfield-Taylor, was an amateur architect interested "in ideas, in dogs and in style." It is to this generation that Chatfield-Taylor traces her vocation in architecture.

Adele's mother, who was born in Maryland, belonged to that particularly rigorous community of believers known as Baltimore Catholics, so when Adele was twelve she followed her older sister to what was then considered the country's strictest Roman Catholic boarding school, the Convent of the Sacred Heart in Noroton-on-the-Sound, in Connecticut. It was the kind of institution that allowed students to go home only three times during the school year—at Thanksgiving, Christmas, and Easter. But Adele remembers her years at Noroton as "total bliss." She says, "The central command through our youth was that we must invariably communicate the sense that 'all is in total harmony.'"

At Noroton, Adele was extraordinarily diligent in all areas of student life. She joined the elect Small Choir, which forced its members to stay in the convent throughout the Easter holiday and sing Gregorian chant. It was perhaps "yet another delicious excuse not to speak," she recalls. Chatfield-Taylor often refers to her deep shyness, and so do all her friends; she was so terrified of speaking in public, she says, that she went through high school and college without ever once asking a question in class. Later, she claims, during seminars at graduate school, she nearly collapsed from palpitations and hyperventilation whenever she had to state her name or describe the nature of her research. (When I asked how she had managed to become one of the foundation world's most persuasive speakers, she replied, "Preparation and experience.")

Chatfield-Taylor's lifelong diligence may also be linked to the surprising fact that her parents had very little money. Like much of the impoverished gentry, she is reluctant to address the issue of downward economic mobility. All she will say on that subject is "Father's career in business did not work out the way he would have hoped." On graduating from Noroton, in 1962, she attended Manhattanville College, another Catholic institution; her tuition was paid by her paternal grandmother, and throughout her years there she worked as a draftsman in an architect's office in the afternoons to earn pocket money. "She was a student of great promise, and her manner is unchanged from her college days," says Elizabeth McCormack, an Academy trustee, who chairs the John D. and Catherine T. MacArthur Foundation, and who was the academic dean of Manhattanville when Adele was an undergraduate. "Adele's stateliness is what I remember, but she was shy," McCormack says. "Very shy, formal, quiet, yet she always had an authority of presence."

Chatfield-Taylor received a bachelor's degree in art history and fine arts, and later went on to Columbia University for a master's in historic preservation, a discipline that she looks on as "a form of public art." In 1973, shortly after receiving her degree, she went to work at the New York City Landmarks Preservation Commission, where she soon rose to the position of director of policy and programming. Upon returning to the United States from her fellowship in Rome, she was called to Washington, D.C., to be the director of the Design Arts Program of the National Endowment for the Arts. The

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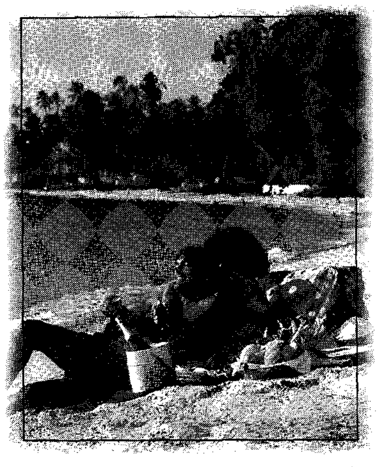

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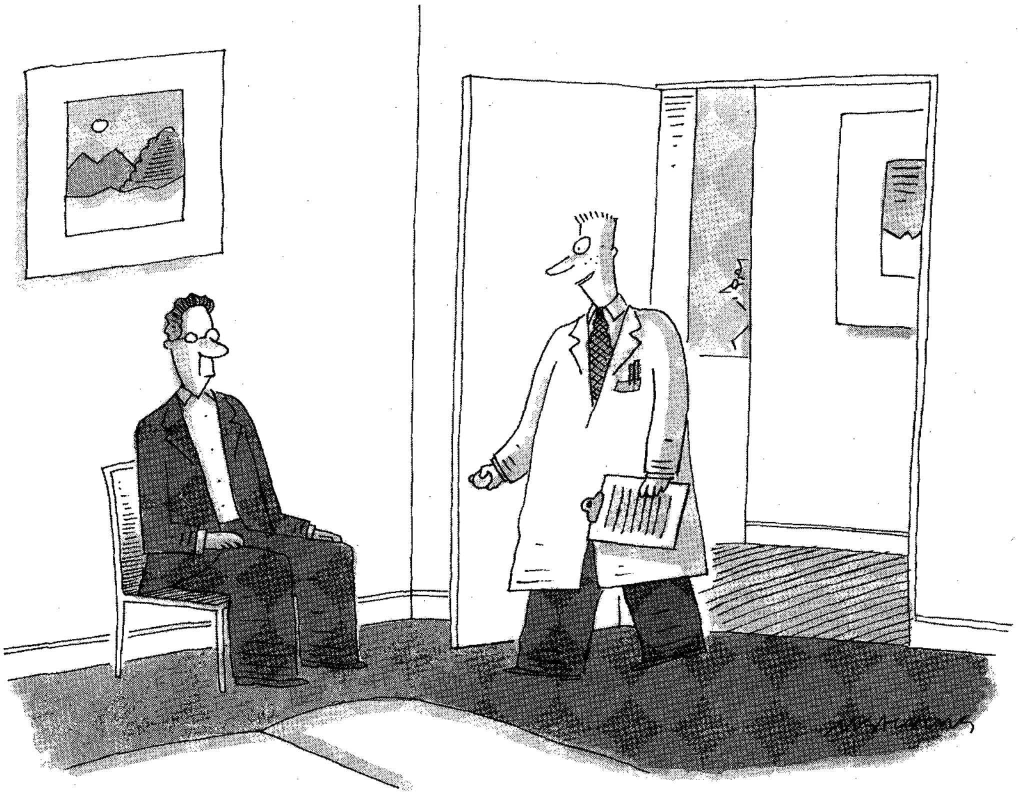


"Hi! My name is Kevin, and I'll be your doctor today."

• •

program dispenses grants in all aspects of industrial and domestic design—"from the spoon to the city," Chatfield-Taylor explains. It was an ideal job for an aesthete who had long had a lofty view of the value of design. (Design is a "tool for knitting together a fragmenting culture," she says.) But she held it for only three years; when she was offered the presidency of the American Academy in Rome, she found it an intriguing prospect. It was an institution to which, during her fellowship there, she had developed an almost mystical dedication. "It was like Clinton getting his Rhodes scholarship," she has said. "I came to think of the Academy as the only thing that's left of the American dream."

ADELE CHATFIELD-TAYLOR'S office is an airy, impersonal space on East Sixtieth Street, in a wing of the Metropolitan Club, which is itself one of McKim, Mead & White's grandiose designs. Adele works at a large, conventional turn-of-the-century desk; among the personal effects in the room are a Peruvian prayer tablet, a stoneware sculpture of a reclining pug dog, and a photograph of John Guare's immense feet flanked by his own two pugs. Chatfield-Taylor spends six days a week at her office, arriving at seven and working a twelve-to-fourteen-hour day.

Today, Adele is wearing an Hermès suit: a long, bias-cut black skirt and a long, fitted black jacket with deep back vents—an outfit that needs only a hard black velvet cap and a riding crop to complete the picture of a late-nineteenth-century lady rider off to the foxhunt. As I decipher this particular getup, I reflect that most metaphors evoked by the Chatfield-Taylor style revolve around symbols of authority and control—champion equestrienne, mother superior, suave dominatrix. She is loath to discuss her singular wardrobe. "It's not a costume," she says. "It's just a *uniform*, a matter of saving time—since it's all black, there's not much choice. I have to dress at 6 A.M. for the rest of the day and the evening, and Mother always told me that anything else than black is un*think*able after 5 P.M." (Her intimates suggest otherwise: "She's very interested in clothes," Ludmila Schwarzenberg, who is on the staff of the Academy and was a schoolmate of Adele's at Noroton, says. "She only pretends she's not." Adele's sister Katherine reports much the same thing: "She's always loved dressing up. Already, when she was twelve, boys commented on how beautifully turned out she was.")

We sit down to a sandwich lunch by her desk. "Do you go out every night of the week?" I ask her.

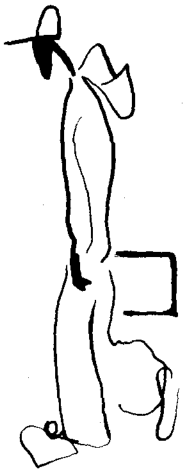
She raises an eyebrow to express weariness. Alas, she does, *every* night of the week, half the time without John. There are all those New York "events." The benefit evenings for the Asia Society, the New-York Historical Society, whatever. And then all the openings—at MOMA, the Whitney, the Guggenheim. Not to mention all the indispensable working breakfasts and lunches. ("Almost every morning of the week," Andrew Heiskell, the chairman of the Academy's executive committee, has told me, "Adele phones me to say that she's met 'someone interesting' at breakfast or lunch or dinner the day before, and in her lexicon 'interesting' means only one thing—someone who can, in some way, even by merely *talking* about the Academy, be of help to it.")

But if social duties take up her week nights, she rigorously protects her weekends. Saturday nights she spends alone with John. They eat leftovers from the catered dishes delivered on weekdays to her husband, who works at home, and they watch videos—as a designated voter for the Oscars, John must watch a lot of movies—or else they watch a baseball game. She's a passionate fan of the Yankees and of the Baltimore Orioles. "The Baltimore stadium is a *great* design achievement," she says.

But her enthusiasm for athletics does not extend to the current fad for exercise and health clubs, which she regards with undisguised horror. "The smells, the noise, the togetherness, the jumping up and down. Oh! A nightmare!" She closes her eyes, leans her head on her folded arms. "The horror of the costumes, of the looks on their faces! How could you think I'd ever *tolerate* it? It's like all those people voting for Nixon! It's just a mistake!"

On Sundays, she spends four hours singing in her church's choir and rehearsing for the following week. A Catholic church? No, she became disillusioned with Roman Catholicism when "they revamped the liturgy and threw out the Latin and all the other good stuff." Instead, she attends an Episcopal church—Calvary Church, on Park Avenue South at Twenty-first Street, which she chose "because of the quality of its architecture, its sermons, and its music."

At the end of one of our meetings, Adele Chatfield-Taylor did something mesmerizing. As she was talking about the reopening of the Academy, which has been closed for a year for renovations, she grasped the chignon at her nape and, pulling out a large tortoiseshell pin, let a cascade of hair come tumbling down past her waist. She put the pin in the corner of her mouth, and, with a calm little smile, she efficiently reknit her hair into a tidy bun as she continued talking: The new director of the Academy was Caroline Bruzelius, recently chairman of Duke's Department of Art and Art History, an expert on women's monastic spaces in the Middle Ages. The Academy was going straight from the nineteenth century into the twenty-first—the card catalogue was being computerized and connected to the Vatican system. Back went the pin. The show was over. She continued talking, outlining the daunting seven-million-dollar renovation of the Academy's main building. All exterior and interior surfaces had been repaired, she said, and private bathrooms had now been added to all the fellows' rooms. (Adele had been against the latter amenities on the ground that "a little frugality is good for the soul," but the trustees outvoted her.) The electrical, plumbing, and heating systems had been totally overhauled, and an elevator had been installed to make the building completely accessible to the handicapped. And everything was on schedule for the official rededication of the Academy, on June 10th.



I later learned that Adele often performs the hair trick, and that different observers have different interpretations of the display. "She does it at many trustees' meetings," Michael Graves, who sits on the Academy's board, says. "I'd always just assumed that it was uncomfortable. Doesn't that amount of hair *weigh* a lot?" Dodie Kazanjian, a writer who is a friend of Adele's from her Washington days, says, "She'd suddenly pull a pin out and let her hair flow to below the waist in the middle of a national-council meeting at the N.E.A. Then she'd very slowly rewind it. It seemed all very nonchalant, yet there was no way you could pay attention to anything else . . . and then she'd put it right back in place with just a pencil." Another friend compares Chatfield-Taylor's cryptic sex appeal to that of "those prim librarians in nineteen-forties movies who might suddenly let their hair down and become wild."

"Now this, too, is Adele's!" John Guare trumpets as he ushers me into his quarters, at Fifth Avenue and Twelfth Street, which are kept from chaos by Adele's instructive, if infrequent, visits. Together, they have a warren of three small apartments that they have acquired over the past twenty years, cutting an opening in one wall to make a communicating door. The living room he ushers me into is a dusty hodgepodge of family memorabilia and childhood keepsakes, constantly traversed by John's two loudly snorting black pugs—a wonderfully reassuring jumble of toy pianos, Victorian dolls, baby shoes cast in bronze, heaps of manuscripts and books, and numerous photographs of Adele's ancestors, relatives, and close friends, and of Adele and John at various stages of their childhood and youth. Adele's rooms have been under renovation for some months and are not visitable.

John Guare, a genial, vocal, six-foot-four man who is as rumpled, public, and extroverted as Adele is soignée, private, and formal, has come to be regarded by the Academy's trustees as an indispensable asset. "They're like Bill and Hillary—buy one and you get two for the same price," Chuck Close says. Guare is indeed as eloquent a spokes-

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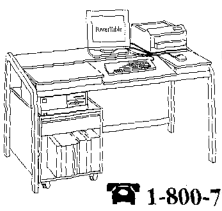

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man for the Academy—and for Adele's role in it—as the institution could hope to have. "The notion of an Academy—a place where scholars and artists go to recharge their energies, to inspire each other with diverse insights, and to learn from the historic sites that surround them—is a tradition of two thousand years which must be as carefully preserved as Monticello, as Chartres, as any great monument in the world," he says.

The only child of an Irish Catholic couple from Queens (Adele was dropped from the *Social Register* when she married him, which she thinks is "just neat"), John Guare is clearly dazzled by the "enormous spirit" and patrician ritualism of Adele's immense family. And they respond to him in kind. "Do you find Adele formidable?" I asked Adele's mother, Mrs. Lyon Chatfield-Taylor, whom I met at the White House reception for the Academy's centennial. A small, trim woman with sharp hazel eyes, she answered, "Occasionally," speaking with imperturbable Virginia cool. "*John* certainly does," she added, brightening up.

Adele Chatfield-Taylor and John Guare seem to have deep admiration and affection for each other, and can execute a skillful, beautifully choreographed pas de deux. "He is my closest friend," Adele says of John. "And doesn't he just get handsomer and handsomer every year?" John says, "When I met Adele, it was as if the Atlantic Ocean had showed up at my door."

There seem to be only a few over-rehearsed lines in their duet of togetherness. "Her clothes? It's about not wasting time," he says. "We met one Sunday in Nantucket and started a conversation that's still going on," Adele says when asked how she met John. "We met one Sunday in Nantucket and started a conversation which we've never finished," John says when asked how he met Adele.

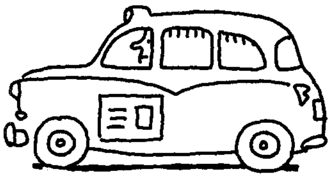
ANYONE who renovates a venerable institution as sweepingly as Adele Chatfield-Taylor has renovated the American Academy, and in doing so acts in such an authoritative personal manner, is fated to become controversial. "It seems to be sadly necessary these days for such institutions to seek very glamorous trustees in order to survive," says Elliott Carter, whose association with the Academy dates back to 1953, and who was "kicked off its trustees' board," as he puts it (Chatfield-Taylor does not remember it this way). The present board—more than half of whose members were recruited by Chatfield-Taylor—is, Carter says, "more interested in fixing up the buildings and the gardens, and in dancing at balls, than in maintaining its level of scholarship." Other trustees emeriti, who prefer to remain anonymous, question how much substance there is to the increasingly perceptible Chatfield-Taylor style and describe her as "controlling" and "doctrinaire." Virginia Dajani, the executive director of the American Academy of Arts and Letters and a friend of nearly twenty years, concedes that Chatfield-Taylor's shy, sometimes aloof manner can give the impression that she's "an ice princess." But, Dajani says, "I've seen Adele get tears in her eyes when I've told her something sad that's happened to one of my children." She adds, "Once you're locked in as her friend, it's set for life. You'd have to do something spectacularly awful to be estranged from her."

Even Chatfield-Taylor's critics cannot deny that she has become an uncommonly successful fund-raiser. The Kresge Foundation has given the Academy a million-dollar challenge grant for capital costs. The Andrew Mellon Foundation—a longtime benefactor of the Academy—has come up with a new million-and-a-half-dollar challenge grant to support fellowship programs into the twenty-first century. The grants offered to the Academy by the N.E.A. and the National Endowment for the Humanities since Adele's tenure at the Academy began come close to a million dollars—an unparalleled sum from those sources. An annual five-hundred-dollar-a-plate fund-raising dinner held in New York in early May—featuring such speakers as Donna Hanover Giuliani, Philip Johnson, and Michael Eisner—drew an unprec-

"Did you call someone to come test for margarine residue in the refrigerator?"

edented crowd of four hundred and twenty, and grossed four hundred and eighty-five thousand dollars. "With Adele, we finally have *visibility*" is a comment often heard these days from Academy trustees.

Chatfield-Taylor's suave, media-wise manner has enabled her not only to plump up her board of trustees with New York's rich and beautiful but also, for the first time, to recruit prominent foreigners, like Alberto de Benedictis, of the engineering and manufacturing group Finmeccanica, and Marella Agnelli, of the Fiat family, who is one of the underwriters of the festivities that will celebrate this month's reopening of the Academy. And while some lament that Chatfield-Taylor's administration has been too centered on "glamour and politics," the newer trustees are quick to point out that it was through black-tie glamour that the American Academy in Rome was founded in the first place.



"Whom do you think McKim turned to in order to fulfill his vision of founding an Academy in Rome?" says Michael Sovern, who as president of Columbia raised a sum unprecedented in the history of the university—more than a billion dollars. "He recruited the most glittering Maecenas in the country—J. P. Morgan. Our fund-raising strategies are not straying from tradition. On the contrary, we've returned to the roots of our initial support."

In defending Chatfield-Taylor's tactics, other trustees emphasize the difficulties peculiar to championing the American Academy in Rome. "It's as tough a cause as I've ever had to deal with," Andrew Heiskell, a veteran fund-raiser, says. "The biggest difficulty is that in today's climate the Academy might be seen as élitist: we're competing with AIDS, with the homeless, with the great immediacy of those causes, and here we are just taking twenty or thirty people every year to the top of the Janiculum. But, as McKim wisely saw it, if we're not going to support our best and our brightest and give them the maximum opportunity to develop their skills, how are we going to nourish American culture?"

Many former fellows are as impassioned as the trustees about the Academy's contribution to American culture. "Social ills will be with us until the end of time," says William Hood, who was an Academy fellow in the seventies and is now a professor of art history at Oberlin. "And cultural institutions such as the Academy are in particular need of support throughout our worst periods of social ills, because only artists can find a meaning in these social ills, because only art makes sense out of chaos."

Some two hundred and fifty people—patrons, fans, former fellows and residents—have signed up to attend the final events of the Academy's centennial celebration in Rome, from June 8th to 11th. There will be a broad spectrum of festivities, which Chatfield-Taylor sees as "somewhat like an American country fair." Academy alumni who have become some of this country's foremost archeologists, classicists, musicians, and art historians will lead trips to Etruscan excavations and other ancient sites, give lectures, perform in concerts, guide tours through the Sistine Chapel and the newly restored Raphael rooms in the Vatican. There will be speeches at the Campidoglio by the mayor of Rome and other Italian dignitaries. There will be a dedication of the Villa Aurelia's newly restored garden, to be called the Bass Garden, after Mercedes and Sid Bass, who are the major underwriters of the restoration. And there will be a dedication ball at the Academy, at which, one has every reason to believe, Adele, wearing one gold bee on the décolletage of her evening dress, will stand regally erect at the head of the receiving line, remembering the names of all three hundred guests and making a gracious comment to each one.

"Those costumes of Adele's—the Spartan blackness enlivened by the glittering bee—offer a very puzzling code," Michael Putnam, an Academy trustee and an eminent Virgil scholar at Brown University, says. "On the one hand, the bee is a symbol of sweetness, diligence, and creativity, a proto-Muse, and its honey is the food of the gods. On the other hand, it *does* sting. How carefully may Adele have thought it all out?" ♦

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ANNALS OF COMMUNICATIONS

RISING SON

From the time Edgar Bronfman, Jr., skipped college for a career in Hollywood to his decision to take over and redirect a large part of his family's Seagram Company, he has had a clear sense of what he wants his achievements to be. Some nervous executives at Time Warner are wondering where they fit into his plans.

BY KEN AULETTA

As the day wore on, the rumor that Seagram was about to mount a hostile takeover of Time Warner echoed loudly. Perhaps the rumor began with stockbrokers, who tipped their clients, who placed their bets and then alerted reporters, who jumped at a scoop and phoned Seagram officials, who were not in, and then reached jittery Time Warner sources, who could not deny that their company was a target, because they did not know, and naturally made their own inquiries, thereby confirming hunches that something was afoot. By the end of the day—Tuesday, May 3rd—the whispers became a roar. The stock market stampeded: nearly four million shares of Time Warner stock were traded that day, and its price was ratcheted up by almost eleven per cent. Time Warner, the world's largest communications company, was besieged. "The press calls started to come fast and furious," says Edward Adler, a Time Warner spokesman who was relaying the rumors to senior executives.

The rumors said that Edgar Bronfman, Jr.—the "star-struck president" of the Seagram Company, according to the next morning's *USA Today*—was closeted with his bankers readying a fifty-five-dollar-a-share hostile takeover of Time Warner. One rumor claimed that Bronfman was in cahoots with QVC's chairman, Barry Diller. Another said that Bronfman's co-conspirator was the entertainment entrepreneur David Geffen. Rival bidders—Bell Atlantic, Tele-Communications, Inc., U S West, Bell South—were said to be armed for battle. Bronfman, who had not been in his office for two days, was rumored to have scheduled a press conference for seven-thirty that night, to announce that Seagram, the six-billion-dollar spirits, wine, beverage, and investment company, would raise its Time Warner stock holdings from almost fifteen per cent to outright ownership.

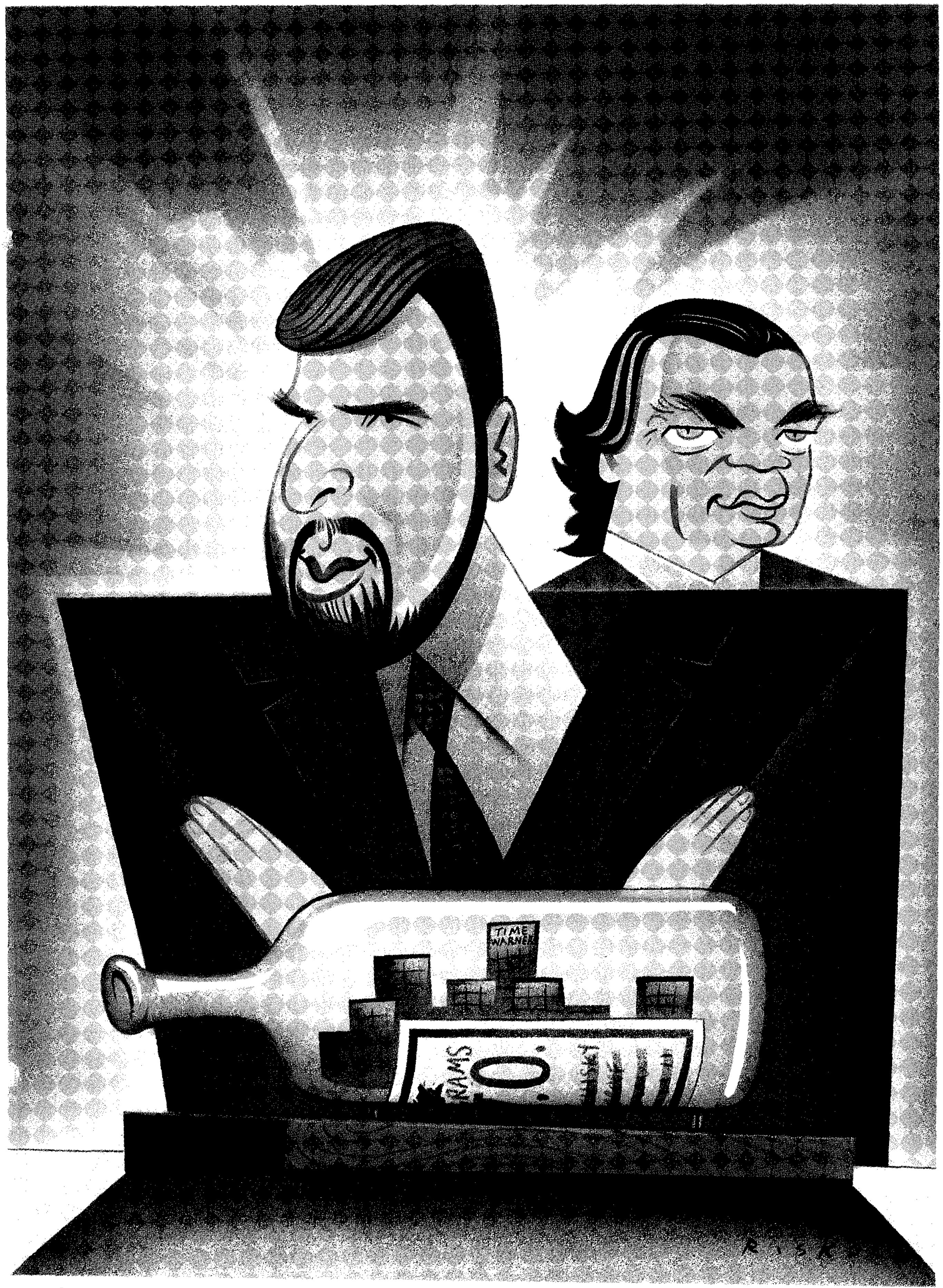
The reality of the situation was considerably different. At 4 P.M. that day, Bronfman, the thirty-nine-year-old president of Seagram, had no hint of the rumors. Dressed in faded bluejeans, brown suède half boots, and a knitted navy-blue shirt, Bronfman had spent the day at the Doral Arrowwood Resort and Conference Center, in Westchester. He had been sequestered for two days not with bankers but with more than two hundred Seagram managers, who were attending the company's first worldwide marketing meeting. The morning of May 3rd was shared with the managers of such brands as Chivas Regal and Glenlivet Scotch, Martell cognac, Crown Royal whiskey, Meyers rum, Perrier-Jouët and Mumm champagnes, Absolut vodka (Seagram markets and distributes it worldwide), Sterling Vineyards, and Tropicana beverages.

When the flood of rumors crested, that afternoon, Bronfman was seated in a windowless basement meeting room, where he was giving me an interview. He had no evening press conference planned; instead, he was scheduled to return to Manhattan to attend a dinner that his grandparents Francis and John Loeb were giving for him and his wife, Clarissa, whom he had married just ten weeks before. When the interview ended, at four o'clock, Bronfman wandered upstairs to his suite and phoned his office. Only then did he learn, from his secretary, of the rumors and the avalanche of calls from reporters and business associates. He checked with his people, and they offered the guess that the rumors had been provoked when it was noticed that E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Company, which is one-quarter owned by Seagram, had filed with the Securities and Exchange Commission the previous Friday to raise three billion dollars through a bond issue. The market may have believed that the three billion dollars was meant to finance a Seagram war chest.

Bronfman had known that the market was jumpy about his intentions. Ever since it was announced, exactly a year earlier, that Seagram had secretly bought 4.9 per cent of Time Warner's stock as a friendly investor, and planned to increase that stake to nearly fifteen per cent—a total that had just been attained, on May 2nd—the market had been convinced that there was a gap between Bronfman's soothing words and a naughty intent. At a time when Seagram's core business had become mature in North America and Europe, while communications companies' stocks were sizzling everywhere, investors and reporters were certain that Bronfman was scheming to control Time Warner. They knowingly recited from his biography: that he chose to become a movie and theatrical producer rather than attend college; that he wrote the lyrics for a number of recorded songs; that he was tall and lean and had the dashing good looks and the graceful manner of a movie star; that, like many stars, he spoke almost in a whisper, so one strained to hear him; and that he was a pal of Diller, of the Hollywood superagent Michael Ovitz, and of the actor Michael Douglas. They were certain that he wanted a bigger playpen: one offering the world's most profitable studio, pay-TV company (HBO), record group, and publishing company; such magazines as *Time*, *People*, *Sports Illustrated*, and *Fortune;* a position as the second-largest owner of cable systems; and keys to a mammoth entertainment and information library.

Like the market, Time Warner itself was suspicious. Although it had issued a

ROBERT RISKO


TIME WARNER

Edgar, Jr. (left), is looking for the kind of investment that Edgar, Sr. (rear), made in DuPont. Time Warner might be it.

statement that "welcomed" Seagram's initial investment, an executive who is close to Time Warner's chairman and chief executive officer, Gerald M. Levin, admits, "This was just corporate talk. We were just responding to the 'sincerity' of their statement. Ever tell a woman you love her?" A truer measure of Time Warner's corporate attitude toward Seagram came last January, when its board—mindful that in 1986 Laurence Tisch and the Loews Corporation had gained effective control of CBS when, after buying just twenty-five per cent of the stock, he was welcomed on the board and used his position as leverage—unanimously adopted a poison pill stipulating that any entity that acquired more than fifteen per cent of the company's stock would have to pay a hefty bonus, unless it made an all-cash offer for the company. While Levin and Bronfman have had lunch about a dozen times in the past year, insiders at both Time Warner and Seagram concede that the courtship has been awkward. Bronfman, whose original purchase made him Time Warner's biggest shareholder, wants to be treated as a partner, a co-owner. Levin, however, treats him as an investor—one of many in the company. The Bronfman family, which has owned nearly forty per cent of Seagram stock since Edgar, Jr.,'s grandfather Samuel bought out Joseph Seagram & Sons, in Canada, in 1928, has begun to bristle at what it interprets as condescension. "If I were Jerry Levin, I would have at some point asked somebody over here to get on the board and start talking about a standstill agreement," Seagram's chairman and C.E.O., Edgar M. Bronfman, Sr., told me. (He meant a pledge not to buy more than a certain percentage of Time Warner stock.) This is the first time a Seagram official has acknowledged publicly that that was the company's wish. Edgar, Jr., says of a standstill, if asked, "I'd be happy to discuss it with them."

Time Warner is unlikely to grant Bronfman's wish. A ranking Time Warner executive says, unequivocally, "This board has no intention of inviting the Bronfmans on the board." Nevertheless, a year after Seagram went public with its investment, both parties are still in the handshaking phase of their relationship. As a courtesy, Bronfman, Jr., phoned Levin from Arrowwood soon after he heard the rumors on May 3rd. "Listen, Jerry, I'm here at a marketing meeting," he said. "I just called my office, and I heard about all these rumors. I don't even know what the rumors are, but I'm denying all of them." Levin thanked Bronfman for his call. What Bronfman didn't say to Levin, but said to me shortly after making the call, was this: "The closer Time Warner and Seagram get, the fewer these rumors."

"How do you get closer?" I asked.

"That's up to Jerry," he said, clearly exasperated.

The man whom Levin and Time Warner prefer to keep at a safe distance is the second son of Edgar Bronfman, Sr., and his first wife, Ann, who have three other sons and a daughter. Until Edgar, Jr., was eight, the family lived in the leafy Westchester suburb of Purchase. They were the grandchildren of Samuel Bronfman and John Loeb—the former the gruff Russian Jew who created what became America's foremost spirits company, the latter an elegant descendant of the nineteenth-century German Jews memorialized as Our Crowd, who founded Wall Street's Kuhn, Loeb & Company. Edgar, Jr., and his brother Samuel Bronfman II, who is nineteen months older, have been close since childhood. (The two other brothers are Mathew and Adam; their sister is named Holly.) "Edgar was always older than his years," says Sam Bronfman, the president of the Seagram Classics Wine Company, which is based in Northern California. "He wanted to be grown up. He liked doing things adults did. I always enjoyed being the age I was." Their father invested money in various theatrical and movie projects and had a screening room installed in their home. After viewing a movie, he often invited guests to discuss it. No matter that Edgar, Jr., was still a

FIRST WOMAN

Do animals expect spring?
Ground hard as rancor,
wind colder than malice.
Do they think that will change?

Sky no color and low;
grass is no color, and trees
jerk in the bitter gust.
In this air nothing flies.

Do they believe it will change,
grass be soft and lustrous,
rigid earth crack
from the push of petals,

sky retreat into blue,
the red wide rose breathe
summer, and the butterfly
err on sweet air?

First woman, Lucy, or another,
did you know it all waited
somewhere to come back?
On the first stripped, iron day

did you believe that?
On this merciless morning
I wake, first woman,
with what belief?

—Josephine Jacobsen

teen-ager, the father wanted to hear his opinions. "He was never bratty," Edgar, Sr., recalls, adding, "I remember having more mature conversations with Edgar than with almost any other member of the family."

Edgar, Jr., was forced to grow up a bit more quickly than he had expected when his parents went through a bitter, protracted divorce during his teen-age years. In 1963, the family had moved to a co-op on Park Avenue, and before long Sam was attending Deerfield Academy, while Edgar went to the Collegiate School, where he recalls getting "reasonably good grades." In addition to his eagerness to attain maturity, a certain rebellious spirit took root. "From the time I was ten, I always knew, but always, that I would never go to college," he says. "School bored me to death." He was sent to summer camp, but when he was fifteen he refused to go back. He had meanwhile picked up from a family coffee table a movie script, "Melody," and now persuaded his dad to put up four hundred and fifty thousand dollars to help finance it. In early 1971, Edgar, Sr., hired a first-time producer, David Puttnam, and a first-time screenwriter, Alan Parker, and they planned to go into production the next summer in England. Edgar, Jr., talked his father into getting them to hire him as a gofer. He was paid ten pounds a week, and got his "room and board from some friends of Dad's"—the actress Joan Collins and her husband, Ron Kass. "I loved living in London," Edgar, Jr., says. "I loved being on my own. And I liked dealing with the creative process."

He went back the next summer as an assistant to Puttnam, reading scripts, among other chores. "I fell in love with a script called 'The Blockhouse,' " he recalls. It was about Poland during the Second World War. Puttnam thought it dark and depressing, but Edgar, Jr., saw it as a drama of dignity. He raised the money for the project as co-producer, and took a couple of months off from high school to complete the film. "It was everything Puttnam said," he recalls. "It was dark and it was depressing. And absolutely nobody wanted to see a movie that took place underground with seven men slowly starving to death."

Edgar, Jr., returned to finish Collegiate, and during his senior year he forged a partnership with the Broadway producer Bruce Stark, to whom he had been introduced by his father, one of Stark's backers. "Edgar, Jr., waltzed in one day after Collegiate," Stark recalls. "Remember, I'm then thirty years old and he's sixteen. He brought along a script he wrote. For a script by a kid, it was fantastically well written." They liked each other instantly, and decided to team up to develop movies and Broadway plays. When classes were over for the day, Edgar, Jr., went downtown to a seedy Broadway office they had rented; they'd jammed two metal desks together to make a partners desk.

After graduation, Edgar, Jr., told his parents that he would not be going on to college but instead would continue his partnership with Stark. "I can't make you go to college," he remembers his father saying. "But I'm not going to support you in order for you not to go to college." Nevertheless, Edgar, Jr., admits, "in fairness, he never let me starve." Stark, however, had two children to feed, and he was soon devoting himself full time to producing a musical.

Young Edgar headed for Hollywood, and there the Bronfman connection opened doors closed to other young men. He met Barry Diller, who was then running the Paramount studio. He also met with Robert Redford and Sydney Pollack. He impressed people. "I saw he was smart," Diller, who became a mentor, says. "When I met Edgar, I was thirty-two. As a teen-ager, I always acted older than I was. You see that in someone else and gravitate to it."

Diller gave Edgar, Jr., intellectual succor but no work. And Edgar, Jr., hated waiting interminably to get anything done. He did not want to become a ward of his father. "It became a matter of pride not to go to him for help," he says. Still, he acknowledges, he sometimes did receive help. John Bernbach, whose father was the legendary advertising man William Bernbach, and who is a close friend of Edgar, Jr., says that what is hard about being the child of a famous parent "is that you never have a piece written about you that doesn't say 'son of . . .' "

Edgar, Jr., and his mother, who has not remarried and lives in Washington, D.C., have always been close. "She was unjudgmental," Sam Bronfman says. "She loved you unconditionally." Their father was more remote. Edgar, Sr., spent much of the seventies and eighties getting into and out of four marriages, and his children had sometimes felt neglected. "I was always much more standoffish," Edgar, Sr., concedes. Through the first twenty-five years of young Edgar's life, his relations with his father were often stormy.

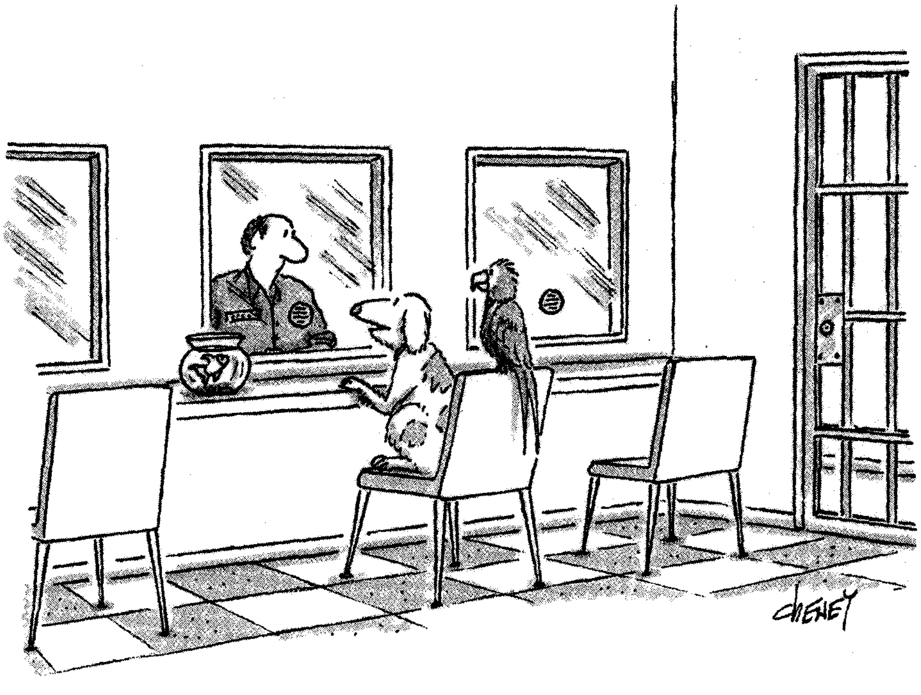
They pulled together as a family in 1975, when Sam, who was then selling ads for *Sports Illustrated*, was reported to have been kidnapped; a few days later, he was rescued unharmed. Father and son became estranged after Edgar, Jr., decided to marry Sherry Brewer, a beautiful black actress. They had met after he wrote a pop song, "Whisper in the Dark," for her friend Dionne Warwick. His father was furious. "He didn't want me to marry Sherry in the worst way," Edgar, Jr., says. "I was too young to get married. He genuinely worried how difficult an interracial marriage was. We never had a problem. I never saw Sherry as a black woman. I don't see my children that way at all." In one of the many quarrels between father and son, the son remembers erupting with the question "Are you telling me that I couldn't be president of Seagram if I married Sherry?" The father said no, but the son guessed that this was his father's true concern. "I don't care about that!" the son exclaimed.

Ann Bronfman intervened, and persuaded her son to wait a year before marrying. He did so, but his mind was unchanged, and in November of 1979 the couple eloped to New Orleans. "Mom closed ranks immediately," her son recalls. "It took Dad a little longer. He threw a cocktail party for us, but I could see he was not happy. We remained estranged."

The first of Sherry and Edgar Bronfman's three children was born in 1980, on location for "The Border," a film starring Jack Nicholson, which Bronfman was co-producing for Universal Pictures. Edgar, Jr., and his father rarely saw each other in the two years between the marriage and an invitation he sent his father and his wife to attend a screening of "The Border." It was a pro-forma invitation, a courtesy, extended after Edgar, Sr.,'s longtime assistant, Maxine Hornung, suggested to Edgar, Jr., that his father would be upset if he were not invited. The son reserved a table for four at La Côte Basque, for dinner after the screening. The father praised the movie profusely. They talked about the entertainment business, and Edgar, Jr., said he was pondering a move back to New York, thinking that he preferred producing plays to producing movies. They had a pleasant evening—until the bill arrived. "I kept waiting for him to pay the bill," says the son, who got stuck with the check. The following day, Edgar, Sr., asked his son to come to his office.

Edgar, Sr., who was then fifty-one and had run the company since his father's death, in 1971, had a purpose in asking to meet with his son. "It was always important to me, and I'm not quite sure why, that one of my children would take over this company after me," he says. Although Edgar, Sr.,'s younger brother, Charles, was deputy chairman, he had diverted his energies elsewhere: he had become the principal owner of the Montreal Expos. Their two sisters, Phyllis and Minda, had stock in Seagram but were otherwise uninvolved in the company. Sam Bronfman was now an executive in the wine division of Seagram, but his father did not believe that he was the natural heir to the company. When Edgar, Sr., looked at Edgar, Jr., he saw more of himself than he saw in Sam, he says; he saw a quick, instinctive, decisive mind. He thought his son could make the kinds of business decisions he had made. He took pride in having made more than two billion dollars by having had the good sense to sell Seagram's oil and gas assets in 1980, just before their value crashed. With a combination of stealth and luck, he then steered the profits toward the one-quarter ownership of DuPont, and DuPont has since tripled in value. The expansion of Seagram's basic spirits business was in no small measure financed by two billion dollars in cash dividends harvested by DuPont.

Days before the dinner at La Côte Basque, Bronfman, Sr., had consulted his friend John L. Weinberg, a director of Seagram and a senior chairman of Goldman, Sachs & Company. "Edgar, Sr., respected the fact that his son did his own thing," Weinberg recalls. "They both had a creative bent." The day after the dinner, father and son met in the fifth-floor waiting room adjoining Edgar, Sr.,'s office in the Seagram Building. The father told his son that by now, at the age of twenty-six, he had proved that he could work with difficult people, and had honed his skills as an executive. There was no reason his creative thirst couldn't be sated in the business world. "Will you join the company with a view to eventually running it?" he asked. Those are the words that Edgar, Jr., remembers hearing from his father. They were a shock, for his father is not an expressive man. "Dad doesn't really like to talk about stuff," Sam Bronfman says. "He writes letters."



"We tried to talk her into coming, but you know how cats are."

Edgar, Jr., was moved. "In a sense, it was a great personal victory to be asked," he recalls. "In a sense, it was like having approval bestowed on you." He knew that his father was offering to entrust the family's welfare to him. The son said he wanted to go back to California, talk it over with Sherry, and think.

To Edgar, Jr.,'s surprise, Sherry urged him to accept. He tried to separate the minuses and pluses. The minuses: he would be working for his father; he would be ceding some of his independence; and, he remembers thinking, "In joining the company, I would have to accept for all time never being viewed as making it on my own. Because I didn't. That was part of the leap of joining the company." The pluses: it was a fresh challenge at a time when his patience with the movie business was worn; it was a bigger stage from which to advance his activist views, as his father had done as an early fund-raiser for Hubert H. Humphrey and other Democratic Presidential contenders, and as the president of the World Jewish Congress. "Besides," he says, "I think I wanted to prove to Edgar that I could do it. And I wanted to prove it to myself."

The overriding plus, however, can be distilled in a single word: "family." Bronfman, Jr., says, "There are a lot of parts to the answer. But the first part is family. There is an incredible pride in this company and in the family, in who we are and what our grandfather created, and what our father and uncle enlarged." The writer Barbara Goldsmith, who was a neighbor of Ann and Edgar Bronfman in Westchester and has been a lifelong friend of Edgar, Jr., says of him, "He is a born caretaker. He's always taking care of his siblings. A typical Edgar thing is to call me and say, 'Holly might move to New York. Where should she get an apartment?' He is very sensitive to emotional nuances. He has an artist's temperament. His nerve endings are always exposed."

Edgar, Jr., put forth three conditions that had to be met. First, whatever job he started with had to be temporary; if he didn't like corporate life, he was gone. "Second, I have an older brother who's already in the company whom I love very much, and if it's not O.K. with him I'm not joining," he recalls saying. "The third condition is that if I'm joining the company, I'm running it. I can't, ultimately, work for someone else if I prove myself."

"Fenwick, Benton & Perkins. How may I direct your call?"

His father remembers accepting two of the conditions but does not recall that his son said he wanted to check first with Sam. According to Sam, there was some initial tension. "When he first joined the company, I had been there awhile. A rivalry was created by others," he says. Finally, young Edgar said yes.

"I was shocked," Bruce Stark, his former Broadway partner, says of the decision. "It was the last thing I ever thought he'd do. He was a renegade. He was an artist. He didn't have a corporate attitude." David Freeman, who was a scriptwriter on "The Border" and had shared many meals with Bronfman, says, "I thought, This guy will be back. He loved movies and theatre and music."

Those closer to Seagram were shocked for different reasons. "There was absolutely no reason to think he had any ability," says Richard M. Clurman, a former chief of correspondents at *Time* and *Life*, who served as a counsellor to Edgar, Sr., during the eighties.

Edgar Bronfman, Jr., joined Seagram in early 1982, as an assistant to Phillip Beekman, who was then the president and chief operating officer. Edgar, Sr., perhaps remembering his own experiences in the company with his authoritarian father, was determined to give his son room to grow. Soon after assuming his post, Edgar, Jr., turned skeptics into boosters. "He was astonishingly self-assured without seeming arrogant," Clurman says. "He was extremely capable. He handled himself beyond anyone's comprehension. The question was: How was he so good with so little preparation?"

Within months, Bronfman asked to run Seagram's European operation, which, like the company's other international operations, was then losing money. "He wanted to work for me," recalls Edward Francis McDonnell, who at the time was the president of Seagram International and ran it with an iron hand. "I was very reluctant to take him." McDonnell had left the presidency of Pillsbury International the year before to join Seagram, and he was determined to transform Seagram's inbred culture—to induce Seagram to think of itself as more than a North American company and of Europe as more than a playground. He worried that Edgar, Jr., would strengthen forces that he was seeking to change, or would get in the way.

Young Bronfman moved to London and quickly impressed his colleagues. "It was not that easy to change that culture," McDonnell recalls. "But once I had a Bronfman it was easy. He's a very good listener. After he'd been with me a few months, I came to the conclusion that he was the youngest fifty-year-old I'd ever met. He inspired tremendous loyalty. He had great humor. He was part of the team. What he didn't know, he asked about. Which is what bright young people born with a silver spoon in their mouths don't do." Today, McDonnell says—tracing the turnaround from the time he and Edgar, Jr., joined the company—Europe contributes about a third of the company's revenues.

When Edgar, Jr., started at Seagram, the company had three basic businesses—spirits, wine, and nonalcoholic beverages. In 1984, Edgar, Sr., asked his son to return to the United States to run the largest segment, spirits. Having done so for a year, Edgar, Jr., set out to expand the wine-cooler business. "The night we became the closest was when he wanted to hire Bruce Willis to do the wine-cooler ads," Edgar, Sr., recalls. His son had come to his apartment to say that his instincts told him to go with Willis and an aggressive ad campaign. Then go with your instincts, his father said. Edgar, Sr., recalls, "It was one of the great successes of all time. We went from No. 5 to No. 1." The father believed that marketing was crucial, and his son was proving adept at it. "The only difference between Chivas Regal and something else is the creativity of the advertiser and the aura about it," Edgar, Sr., says. "That's what marketing is all about. And he knew how to do it." There are, of course, limits to good marketing: today, Seagram's wine-cooler business, which was once projected to have annual sales of a hundred and twenty-five million cases in the United States, sells just twenty-five million.

Edgar, Jr., next wanted to streamline and reorganize the company, terminating people, but he encountered internal opposition. Sam Bronfman lobbied his father to support his brother. "That was the transition point for Edgar and me, where we went from being rivals—at least, in some people's minds—to being mutually supportive," Sam recalls.

The brothers had one more test of

their relationship, and this came in 1986, when Edgar, Sr., decided to choose Edgar, Jr., to eventually succeed Beekman as president and chief operating officer. "When I did make the choice, it was very hard," Edgar, Sr., recalls. "It was hard to do what I had to do to Sam, who expected to get it because of primogeniture. I knew he was going to be angry and disappointed. And I didn't want to hurt him." The father nevertheless says matter-of-factly, "I'm not as close to Sam as I am to Edgar."

"It was hard for me at the time, because I was the oldest son," Sam says. The decision was just as hard to swallow for the company's deputy chairman, Charles Bronfman, who was upset when he saw his darkly handsome brother and his then chubby-cheeked nephew peering from the cover of the March 17, 1986, issue of *Fortune*. To reporters, Charles Bronfman objected to the disclosure of the choice. This was the first public rupture within the family, but it was quickly repaired. Meanwhile, Sam Bronfman was anguished. He and his wife, Melanie, who had met when they were freshmen at Williams College, had long talks. "I had to examine, deep down, what was most important in life," he says. He came up with the same answer his brother had come up with in 1982: family. And he came up with something else: "After a while, it became clear in a variety of ways that Edgar was better suited for it. That's something I agree with from both a life-style and an ability standpoint."

The crisis drew the brothers closer. "I admired him for many, many things, including his ability to be supportive of me," Edgar, Jr., says of Sam. "I'm not sure that I could do that if the situation were reversed." He successfully pushed for Sam to become a Seagram director, and when Melanie Bronfman was dying of breast cancer, in late 1991, he moved out to California to live with the couple for the last month of her life. Today, when the brothers encounter each other, they exchange a five-step handshake that is a cross between a secret fraternal greeting and a high five.

ONE of the first major corporate decisions that Edgar Bronfman, Jr., advanced came in 1988, when he acquired Tropicana Products from Beatrice Foods for a billion two hundred million dollars. The price was too high, critics said. Seagram officials concede that Tropicana has not done as well as they had hoped. Stephen E. Banner, the senior executive vice-president of Seagram, says, "The cash-on-cash return is in the ten-per-cent range. And it would be twelve per cent if we were not investing in international expansion. Now, is ten per cent great? No. But we're making money." Most of Tropicana's sales are in North America, and Bronfman, Jr., says, "We believe that we are well placed to make Tropicana a world brand." Last year, he notes, Tropicana netted a hundred million dollars, or about thirteen per cent of Seagram's profits. And, according to Ellen R. Marram, the president of the Beverage Group, which includes Tropicana, the juice business throughout the world is expanding by five per cent annually. "So every year the entire juice business grows more than Tropicana, which claims three per cent of the world market," she says. She believes that it is a vast potential growth business.

Bronfman's next major acquisition owes something to a 1985 trip he made to Asia as one of about thirty leading business executives—a trip sponsored by Time, Inc. In South China and elsewhere in Asia, Bronfman was stunned at the popularity of cognac—a legacy of the French colonial era—which is usually drunk with ice and water. So in 1987 he pursued the Martell family, which had been in the cognac business since 1715, and persuaded it to sell to another family-owned concern. "We'd be nothing in Asia if it weren't for Martell," McDonnell says. In ten years, he predicts, Asia will represent forty per cent of Seagram's business, with North America, South America, Europe, and Africa evenly splitting the remaining sixty per cent.

By the end of the eighties, Bronfman was pushing to identify Seagram as the home of premium brands. He realized that the profit margin for inexpensive spirits and wine is low, while better quality translates into a higher retail price and a steeper profit margin. He shed high-volume, low-end, low-profit brands. In all, by 1992 Seagram had sold twenty-three American brands, including Wolfschmidt vodka, Ronrico rum, Calvert whiskey, and the Leroux line of cordials. Seagram's North American profits broke company records last year, even though the volume of sales was down by nearly two per cent, and one reason, according to the president of Seagram North America, Steven Kalagher, was that profit margins jumped. Now Seagram sells fewer cases but makes more money.

Before the nineteen-eighties were over, one other momentous event occurred in Edgar, Jr.,'s life: he and Sherry separated. "Sherry made a perfect Hollywood wife but not a perfect corporate wife," one of her close friends says. She was said to be an attentive, caring mother of their son and two daughters but was often uncomfortable in business and social gatherings. They were amicably divorced in 1991; most mornings, Edgar, Jr., picks up and chauffeurs the children to their private schools, and on alternate weekends he drives them to his weekend home, in Pawling, New York.

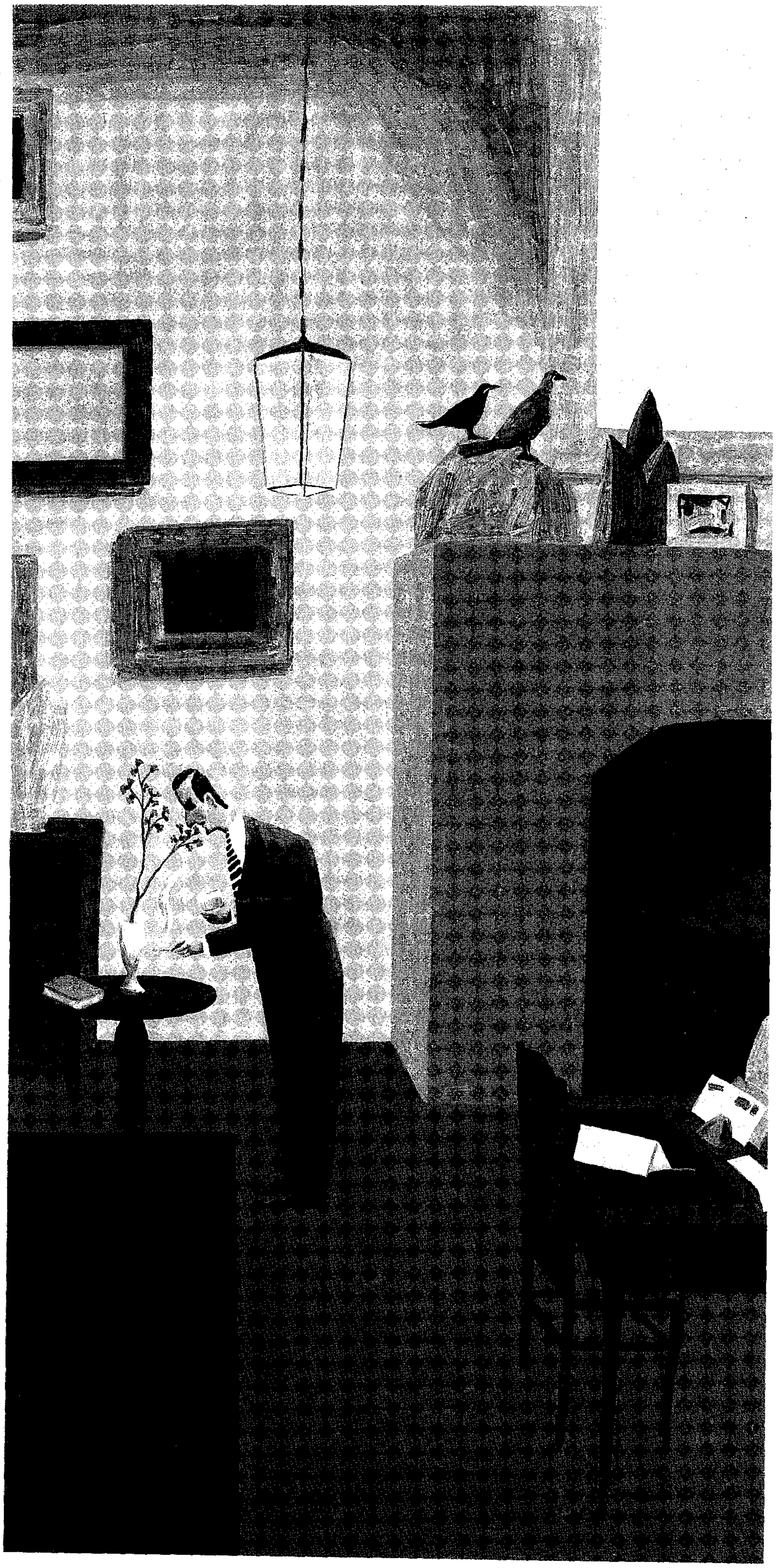
BENEATH a veneer of reserve, Edgar Bronfman, Jr., is a hopeless romantic; he has written song lyrics, all of them nakedly emotional. By 1991, he had managed to establish himself in a new career, to solidify a relationship with his father, to become the leader of the Bronfman clan. But he was lonely. A psychiatrist, he says, helped him discover that, while he could be full of ardor, he was emotionally buttoned up. "You have to open yourself up, and in doing so you create a vulnerability," he says. "I wasn't terribly good at that." He remembers that on a trip to Caracas, in late 1990, he said to the wife of a Seagram local partner, "If there's anyone as pretty as you, I'd love to meet her." That night at dinner, the local couple brought along Clarissa Alcock, a tall, lithe beauty with long dark-blond hair. She was born in Venezuela and educated in New York, Paris, and Caracas, and has a college degree in industrial relations; her father was the chairman of Petroleos de Venezuela. She belongs to a prominent Venezuelan family—one with sufficient resources to maintain a New York apartment. At that time, she was an executive in the strategic-planning division of Sivensa, the second-largest private company in Venezuela. "We didn't like each other," she says of their meeting. "It was so prepared, and it wasn't natural." They talked about Seagram's business, which bored her. Afterward, while the other couple danced, Edgar and Clarissa talked about other things. "There was a chemistry there then," she recalls.

Two weeks later, she made a previously scheduled visit to New York, and Bronfman took her to see "The Phantom of the Opera." Bronfman says, "We held hands. It was electric." For the next year, they carried on an affair by long distance. Within a month of their theatre date, Clarissa says, he had asked her to marry him, and every day for an entire year he sent flowers to her office—initially, two dozen roses, and later two dozen orchids. He didn't dare to send them to her home, for her parents, he recalls, were definitely cool to him. "First of all, an American," he says, with a sigh. "Which means that their baby, if she falls in love, leaves home. A Jewish man. That's very tough on a devoutly Catholic family. And, even more difficult than that, he's divorced—which makes it impossible for her to be married in the church, or so they would have thought. Who has three children! I think for any parents watching a woman getting involved in a marriage and having to take *that* on as well is troubling. This is not exactly what every South American Catholic mother dreams of for her children." To test the durability of the relationship, Clarissa enrolled in a master's-degree program at New York University, starting in the winter of 1991.

Bronfman called her Chica, and she called him Chico. He eventually asked her to marry him a total of three times, she says, and each time she declined. The last time he asked, she recalls, he vowed not to ask her again until she brought the subject up. Their relationship seesawed, for she was seeking the same kind of independence that he had once sought. She did not want to be known as "the wife of . . ." She recalls, "It was scary. Always, in a foreign country, it's difficult. No matter how much I grew up in the States, and how Americanized my parents are, I was very Latin in my being. I was here alone. My family, my friends, my job were in Venezuela. Here in New York, I was an unknown person going out with someone who was very well known. Here it was always 'somebody with Edgar.' Not 'Edgar and Clarissa.' "

They broke off for three months in the summer of 1992, and then resumed their relationship. He wrote her a song, "If I Didn't Love You." Bruce Roberts, who is

A WHIFF OF NATURE



a friend of Bronfman's and his longtime musical partner, composed music for it. It contained these words:

I wish I wasn't breathless at the way you move
I wish I wasn't blinded by the lightning when you do
I wish you couldn't reach me in the place in my heart
Belonging only to you

If I didn't love you, I wouldn't lose control
The danger loving brings would never touch my soul . . .
If I didn't love you, if I didn't love you.

Finally, at the bar of the Carlyle Hotel in 1993, she stammered and stuttered and asked him to marry her, and he flew to Caracas to ask her father's permission. They were married in Caracas last February, by a priest and a rabbi, and Sam Bronfman was the best man. Then Bruce Roberts sang "If I Didn't Love You" to the newlyweds as they danced before twelve hundred guests in the garden of her grandmother's estate.

Bronfman felt that the void was filled—that his professional and personal lives had fused. "It is her personal stature that allows Edgar to sit at the table with her and for there to be two Bronfmans at the table," observes Paul B. Ford, Jr., who is a partner at Seagram's law firm, Simpson Thacher & Bartlett, and represented Bronfman, Jr., when he was in the entertainment business, and who remains one of his closest friends. "He has a partner. While she is very much a part of Edgar's life, she has her own life. In a very Confucian way, you must have your house in order if you are to be great. Edgar has his house in order."

By late 1991, Edgar Bronfman, Jr., had begun to search for another kind of partner—one for Seagram. The business was profitable: Seagram had an operating income last year of seven hundred and fifty-four million dollars. With years to go before the spirits and beverage businesses in Asia and elsewhere overseas might appreciably boost corporate profits, with the over-all wine-and-spirits business already mature, and with DuPont earnings flat, Bronfman undertook a search for the kind of investment his father had made in DuPont. "We looked at a lot of areas," says Stephen Banner, who had shepherded Seagram's business as a Simpson Thacher partner before joining the company, in 1991, and becoming its chief financial, legal, and strategic-planning executive. "First, we looked at our basic business. We concluded that it was unlikely that there would be an opportunity of a megabillion size." They also looked at the fragrance and luxury-goods businesses, among others, he continued, and then "we became convinced that the communications-media-entertainment area was one in which a lot of money would get made." Michael Ovitz, the chairman of the Creative Artists Agency, whose father had worked for a Seagram's distributor for more than forty-five years, and who had met the Bronfmans years ago, analyzed this growing sector of the economy for Seagram. In the summer of 1992, over dinner at Bronfman, Sr.,'s home in Sun Valley, Idaho, Ovitz made an informal presentation on the future of the communications revolution. The dinner was attended by Sam and Edgar, Jr. Ovitz later made a more formal presentation to the Seagram board. The following winter, Herbert Allen, Jr., of Allen & Company, who has specialized in entertainment-industry mergers, was invited to Seagram's Park Avenue office to share his thoughts. Bronfman, Jr., also explored the matter with several of Seagram's longtime investment advisers—Felix Rohatyn, of Lazard Frères, and bankers at Goldman, Sachs.

The four appraisals pointed in the same direction: the communications business would grow very fast, and the future would belong to those information-and-entertainment companies which controlled content. "There was a fair degree of unanimity that this industry would have dynamic growth for the foreseeable future," Bronfman, Jr., recalls. "Probably more than any other single industry." Ideally, Seagram should invest in a company that manufactured for a variety of entertainment/information outlets—from movies to television to music to print, Seagram concluded, and that specification narrowed the choice to a Hollywood studio. Neither of the two Japanese-owned entities—Sony and M.C.A.—was for sale. Rupert Murdoch was not about to sell Twentieth Century Fox. Disney had strong management, a formidable stock price, and the protection of a nearly one-fifth ownership by the investor Sid Bass. Each was probably impregnable to a takeover. Besides, according to Ovitz, "there was never any discussion of a hostile takeover." This left two candidates: Viacom, which owns Paramount, and Time Warner. While Paramount was attractive, it was thought to lack the range of assets enjoyed by Time Warner: Paramount didn't own a music business; it didn't own comparable cable-programming assets; and it didn't own magazines. And its management was generally thought to be inferior to Time Warner's.

Steve Ross, the Time Warner chairman, had decided not to sell any assets to help reduce his company's fifteen-billion-dollar debt load—a move that his former co-C.E.O., Nicholas Nicholas, had advocated. Ross wanted to sell minority ownership in the core businesses. In 1992, Ovitz offered to visit with Ross, whom he knew, to explore an equity investment. Without ever mentioning the name of the company he was representing, Ovitz went to see Ross at his house in East Hampton. (The date of the meeting is disputed, with people at Seagram believing that it was in September of 1992, and Time Warner sources insisting that it was closer to the spring of that year, because by September Ross had been severely weakened by cancer and was not receiving visitors.) Nothing came of the meeting.

By December of 1992, Bronfman, Jr., had come to a conclusion so obvious that more experienced investors overlooked it. Investors agreed that Time Warner owned a brilliant array of diverse assets. They agreed that it was a global colossus, and that acquiring the entire entity was out of the question—it was too expensive and they shied from a hostile attack. What Bronfman, Jr., and his advisers saw was that Time Warner need not be swallowed whole for an investor to benefit from its potential growth. Time Warner didn't have an owner; it was run by managers. None of its various shareholders held a dominant minority position; none were represented on the board. Seagram saw an open parking space just waiting to be filled.

In February of 1993, the Bronfmans persuaded the Seagram board to approve the secret purchase of as much as 4.9 per cent of Time Warner's stock, or just under the five-per-cent threshold that would require public disclosure. The reason to buy quietly, Herbert Allen, Jr., says, is simple: "Why tell the market you're buying stock and drive the price up against yourself?" From the moment Seagram began buying stock, that month, until its purchases were disclosed, in May, Time Warner knew nothing of this activity. Nor did it know of another decision made by the Seagram board, later that winter—to expand the initial investment to as much as fifteen per cent of Time Warner shares.

"The moment we crossed"—acquired more than five per cent—"I called Jerry," Bronfman, Jr., says. "I told him we thought he was running a terrific company. We thought we'd like to buy up to fifteen per cent of the shares. This is a benign investment." It was the same kind of "passive investment" that Seagram had made in DuPont, he told Levin. Although Levin was dubious, he thanked Bronfman for the courtesy, and released a statement welcoming the investment. In the coming months, Seagram continued to accrue Time Warner stock. The presence of an uninvited guest provoked an intense debate within Time Warner: doves said that the company should take the Bronfmans at their word and seduce them into the tent, and hawks said that it should not act on their hopes but should instead prepare for battle. At first, Levin did not choose sides. He had just finished reducing the membership of the Time Warner board from twenty-four to eleven. (It is now fifteen.) He had discarded many insider directors. He had always opposed poison pills. It wasn't that Levin was soft, for he had not hesitated to snatch power and supplant first Nick Nicholas and then Steve Ross's retinue. But to install defenses against the Bronfmans would be to assail the logic of what he had already done.

Still, the arguments of the hawks prevailed. According to insiders, the Warner-studio chairmen and co-C.E.O.s, Robert Daly and Terry Semel, and HBO's head, Michael Fuchs, were joined by representatives of investment funds like the Capital Group, which owned nine per cent, and by U S West, which had invested two billion five hundred million dollars in Time Warner Entertainment. Each made the same argument: If we avert our eyes, the Bronfmans can pull a Tisch, gaining control of the company without paying for all the stock. The Bronfmans had a plan to dominate the company, one hawk said. "No one spends one billion nine hundred million dollars to sit by the side of the road," another said. "And this is show business."

The more Levin and Time Warner studied Seagram's past, the more anxious they became. They noted that Seagram had not always made "benign" investments. In 1981, Seagram launched two takeover bids that turned hostile. The first was for the St. Joe Minerals Corporation, and resulted in a bidding war won by the California-based Fluor Corporation. The second was for Conoco, Inc., which was bought by DuPont, with Seagram's Conoco shares converted to twenty-five-per-cent ownership of DuPont. The Bronfmans claim that the DuPont investment is passive, because they do not intrude in the management of the company, but many at Time Warner have maintained that it is not so passive. What unnerves Time Warner about the DuPont investment is contained in fine print in Seagram's latest proxy statement: "The Corporation has the right to designate 25% of the members of the DuPont Board of Directors." (Time Warner officials tend not to mention the fact that DuPont gets to nominate two members to the Seagram board, including DuPont's chairman.) The fine print also requires the approval of Seagram before DuPont may sell more than twenty per cent of its voting stock, or dilute Seagram's ownership by issuing more stock without Seagram's consent.

Time Warner's suspicions were fuelled by Michael Ovitz. Executives at the highest levels of Time Warner believe that Ovitz, who has not been paid by Seagram (although a C.A.A. official does not rule out a future financial arrangement), has set out to "destabilize" their company, because he wants Levin's job. According to well-placed Time Warner sources, Daly, Semel, and Fuchs have complained to him in private meetings.

There have been "civil" discussions, not complaints, sources close to Ovitz say. "Let's separate rumor from reality," Ovitz says. "The rumor mill has had me running first Sony, then M.C.A. Next came M-G-M. And now Time Warner. None of this has come to pass, because the reality is I'm in a great situation here at C.A.A. Our work with these other companies helps to stabilize markets for our clients and, by the way, for everyone else's clients as well. The reality is: We are building our own company, C.A.A., for the future."

The suspicions—what one friend of Bronfman's refers to as Iago-like paranoia—prompted Time Warner's board, on January 20th, to adopt the poison pill

LOW-KEY AFFAIR

"When is your husband due back from Seoul?"

that might make it more difficult for Seagram to acquire more than fifteen per cent of the company's stock. When Bronfman, Jr., heard rumors the night before the board was scheduled to vote, he phoned Levin. "What's going on?" he remembers asking.

"I can't discuss it with you," Levin replied.

"Better if you tell me, so that I don't read it in the paper."

"I'm in a difficult position," Levin responded. "I can't discuss what my board may or may not do."

The next day, Levin phoned to tell Bronfman that the board had instituted such a takeover defense, but noted that it would not affect Seagram, because Seagram had said it didn't plan to buy more than fifteen per cent. Bronfman responded that he did not believe in poison pills. Bridling because Seagram had not been consulted—as Levin had bridled because he was not consulted when Seagram decided to buy his stock—Bronfman decided to issue a public statement. He says that in it he tried "to be as gentle and non-inflammatory as is possible under the circumstances." While the statement noted that Seagram had not yet read the details, it declared, "As a general matter, however, we believe that Rights Plans, or so-called 'poison pills,' can interfere with shareholder choice and adversely affect shareholder values" by depressing the stock price.

Now Levin was angry, and he phoned Bronfman. "He was incensed that we would make a statement that was anything but wholly supportive of Time Warner management," Bronfman recalls.

"Jerry, I did and do disagree about the Rights Plan. But we have disagreed about nothing else," Bronfman said.

That is plainly wrong. They disagree, fundamentally, about Seagram's intent. Also about whether Seagram is just another shareholder or a partner of Time Warner's. While Seagram hasn't previously divulged this, it might be willing to sign a standstill pledge, as it did with DuPont. But in return it would want to be accorded the respect of a principal, and to receive at least a couple of seats on the Time Warner board. That's what Edgar Bronfman, Sr., calls for, and he adds, "If they want to have an honest discussion about shareholder values, I'm perfectly willing to have an honest discussion, with him or anybody else. If I were in his shoes, that's probably what I would do. But then I'm not as scared of me—or of Edgar—as Jerry Levin is."

Time Warner officials are today adamantly opposed to inviting a Seagram representative to join the board. "He has to demonstrate to us he is worthy," a Time Warner board member said of Bronfman, Jr., in February. "He has to prove it. He can't buy his way on." In the months since, that view has hardened. A Time Warner executive who is not a member of the board but reflects the prevailing view at the company said, "We have bigger partners than Seagram. U S West has more money invested than Seagram, yet they're not on the Time Warner board." And a standstill? Time Warner's attitude is that a standstill is unnecessary, because it implies a negotiation, and there is nothing to negotiate.

Inevitably, the absence of true dialogue encourages sniping. Some Time Warner officials sneer at "the alleged" kidnapping of Sam Bronfman in 1975. (The two men accused of abducting him were convicted of grand larceny, not kidnapping.) It is said by people at Time Warner that Edgar Bronfman, Sr., is "a loose cannon." Edgar Bronfman, Jr., is said to be "a rich kid" enamored of Hollywood. Seagram executives, in turn, assert that Nick Nicholas was right to want to sell off some of Time Warner's lesser assets to pare its debt, as Viacom is now doing to help digest its acquisition of Paramount. If Levin had asked Edgar, Jr., to support him before a proxy fight over whether directors' terms should be staggered, a top Seagram official says, Edgar, Jr., might have acquiesced rather than align his shares with dissidents at Time Warner's annual shareholder meeting on May 19th. And Seagram executives ask incredulously, "Did you see Time Warner's proxy statement?" They note that although the company reported a loss, before "unusual and extraordinary items," of ninety-four million dollars last year, the proxy shows that Levin received a four-million-dollar bonus, up from two million five hundred thousand dollars the previous year. Bronfman, Jr.,'s bonus last year was nine hundred and sixty-two thousand six hundred dollars.

Despite this climate of potentially corrosive wariness and mistrust, both Seagram and Time Warner say they are trying to advance what Steve Banner calls "the comfort level." Neither Bronfman nor Levin wants a public squabble. Each is a gentleman. But there remains a gulf between them, because each wants a distinctly different relationship: one wants to marry, the other would like to end the affair but can't. So they date, chatting occasionally on the telephone; they have lunch, the last two times in the very public arena of the Grill Room at the Four Seasons. Both men have told associates that their discussions are somewhat stilted. Reports from both sides go as follows: Levin tells Bronfman he has no intention of inviting him to join Time Warner's board; Bronfman says he hasn't asked. Levin says one of his partners, U S West, is concerned about Seagram's intentions; Bronfman offers to meet with

HOME

Breath entering, leaving the leaf,
the lion tense on the branch luxuriant,

the ten-foot drop to
earth, the sail out away, the God-taste—

that's what lights it up,
Nature, and Art: your skin feather to feather
scale to scale with my skin

and the airy sleep, like wine . . .
Two soft old children's books
with the red and blue and green crayons still warm on us.

—JEAN VALENTINE

U S West but gets no response. Levin mentions that the federal government's rollback of cable prices has retarded Time Warner's ability to invest in undervalued cable properties; Bronfman says Seagram might be willing to put up money to assist these investments, but Levin lets it slide. Levin extolls Warren Buffet as a model investor, mentioning his passive investment in Capital Cities/ABC, where he ceded his proxy to ABC's chairman, Thomas Murphy, and its president, Daniel Burke. But "that's because he had a dialogue with Burke and Murphy," Bronfman said to me. "I have not had that kind of dialogue with Jerry." The relationship is combustible. As Levin keeps Bronfman at a distance, Seagram officials sense that he is condescending. Inevitably, it may be felt that he is treating Edgar Bronfman, Jr., as "the son of . . ."

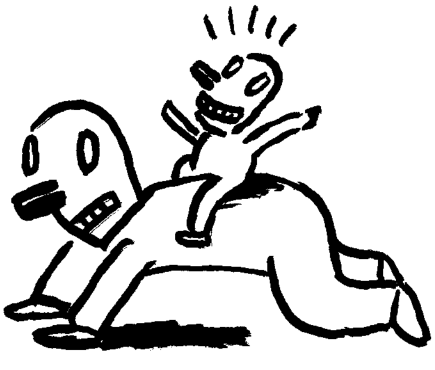
Also at variance are the two sides' perceptions of the current relationship. Time Warner feels that it has blocked Seagram, spurning its effort to be treated as a partner. "They're frozen at fifteen per cent," an important Time Warner executive asserts. "If Bronfman wants it now, he won't get it." The prevailing view among Seagram executives is that the company has already established itself. Levin may not like it, but he is stuck with Seagram as a partner, company executives believe.

Perhaps in the short run Levin has stymied Seagram. Even if Seagram executives wanted to—and they insist they don't—they concede that their company cannot afford the more than thirty billion dollars it would cost to ingest Time Warner and its poison pill. But if this places Levin temporarily in the driver's seat, it is also a hot seat. The core question lingers: Can Levin and Bronfman establish a relationship of trust? The risk for Levin is that he may have made himself hostage to events he can't always control. If Time Warner stock drops, if anticipated profits don't materialize, if a controversy or a scandal in one of the company's divisions erupts, Levin's seat gets hotter. And if Seagram is on the outside and can say "I told you so," then shareholders might turn to it as a savior, or might insist that Levin bring it inside in an effort to boost the stock price.

The simple truth is that Levin cannot yet advance the argument that Steve Ross's supporters once did—that he's indispensable. Levin is a man of keen intelligence, and has an attractively modest mien. He can articulate a vision better than Steve Ross did, but, unlike Ross, he does not have a personality that fills a room. His management style is to delegate to assertive, capable executives. One result is that Levin is perceived as being less indispensable than, say, Robert Daly or Michael Fuchs. If Time Warner's stock price drops, a prominent entertainment executive who respects both Levin and Bronfman says, "At that point, poison is something that management will drink."

For Seagram, the major short-term pressure involves what is called equity accounting, or an investor's ability to count a proportionate share of an investment's earnings on its balance sheet. Seagram, for example, counts twenty-five per cent of DuPont's earnings as its own. Generally, a company may not employ equity accounting unless it owns at least twenty per cent of another company. This limitation would provide a real incentive for Seagram to raise its stake in Time Warner. But since Time Warner is struggling with its major debt, and lost money last year, equity accounting is not currently an issue. If Time Warner enjoys record earnings, which Levin projects for this year, then the short-term pressures on Seagram to boost its stake will grow.

In the long run, time may be Seagram's ally. Because Seagram is a family-owned and family-run business, with six Bronfmans on its board, it has the luxury of patience, of being unintimidated by short-term fluctuations in profits or in the stock price. Ellen Marram, of the Beverage Group, says that a great difference between working at Seagram and working at Nabisco Foods or Lever Brothers or Standard Brands, at each of which she has also been an executive, is that a family-owned company "can think on a much longer-term basis—the company itself is more of an extension of who they are." Seagram has various options. Over time, it could establish a comfortable partnership with Levin and Time Warner. Failing that, it could undertake guerrilla warfare, mounting proxy fights at the annual meeting. Or it could wait to be approached by other major or future shareholders, who want to join forces, as happened in 1986, when Laurence Tisch and the late William Paley jointly ousted Thomas Wyman as the chairman and C.E.O. of CBS. The person most often mentioned as such a partner is Bronfman, Jr.,'s friend Barry Diller, and he maintains, "We have not talked about Time Warner. We both know it would be inappropriate." Seagram could also join with others to make an all-cash offer, which would not trigger the poison pill.



Time Warner is not without some leverage. It could continue its present arm's-length approach, and perhaps time will dissolve tensions. Perhaps not. It could pursue Bronfman's feeler and ask Seagram to make an equity investment. It could reverse course and embrace the Bronfmans. It could go on the offensive, making the argument that Seagram's interests are not consonant with the interests of Time Warner shareholders; if Seagram wishes to purchase more stock or gain control, it wants the stock price to fall, so Seagram pays less, while all other Time Warner shareholders want the price to rise. It could, to block Seagram, offer to sell the company to a white knight, with its current partner U S West often cited as a possibility. No matter what happens, Edgar Bronfman, Sr., told me, Seagram's Time Warner investment is "designed to end up so that Seagram's shareholders are going to make a lot of money."

IN Edgar Bronfman, Jr.,'s comfortable office, five stories above Park Avenue, there are two framed letters signed, simply, "Tree." One, a short, handwritten letter, stands on a table beside a brown leather couch, and the other, which is typed, stands on a credenza under a Joan Miró canvas and faces an antique writing table that Bronfman, Jr., uses as a desk. The letters are from his father, whom Edgar, Jr., sometimes calls Tree. (At their Westchester home, when young Edgar sat in his father's chair Edgar, Sr., would bark, "Get out of my tree!") The letters warmly thank Edgar, Jr.—for justifying a father's business faith in his son and for an affectionate and glowing speech that Edgar, Jr., made in May of 1991, on the occasion of Edgar, Sr.,'s fortieth year at

Seagram. "Those are the kind of letters *he* never got from *his* father," Bronfman, Jr., says. In Edgar, Sr.,'s office, just down the corridor, a bronzed copy of Edgar, Jr.,'s speech hangs on an oak-panelled wall. When Bronfman, Sr., is asked how he felt when his son stood before the company and declared his love and admiration, tears flood his eyes, and he does not—cannot—speak.

Father and son are united, and Edgar Bronfman, Sr., says that at the board meeting and then at the annual assemblage of Seagram shareholders in Montreal on June 1st, "I will tell the directors that I intend not to stand for reëlection. I will say this at the annual meeting. And then I will recommend—and they will do as they please—that my son be my successor."

Can the kid who craved the creativity of the entertainment business be happy as an adult who spouts business lingo and runs Seagram? Bronfman, Jr., attacks the assumption behind the question.

"I reject the notion that business and creativity are mutually exclusive," he says. "I think I've been a reasonably creative president of this company. I think we have fundamentally altered the direction of this company in the last five years. . . . I don't lack for creative outlets."

Nor, he goes on to say, does he lack for a higher purpose, and that is how the adult Edgar squares with the young Edgar. "It really goes back to what my grandfather built. And what my father and uncle enlarged," he says. "I knew that when I grew up I would be financially secure. Having that sense of financial security made it possible for me to be 'brave,' to go out and try new things and be 'different.' It's easier to be different if you know that there's a net underneath the wire. For reasons that I suspect my psychiatrist can explain better than I, I find it enormously important that my brothers and sisters and cousins, my children, my nieces and nephews, feel that same sense of security. Because I want them to have the freedom that I had. And I get enormous personal satisfaction in being a part of that for them. And so, when I try and square where I am and where I was, I think I'd be having a lot of fun there—but it would ultimately feel frivolous. It would ultimately feel that I had shirked a larger and more important responsibility, and that would sour whatever pleasure would exist in that other life." ♦

LIFE AND LETTERS

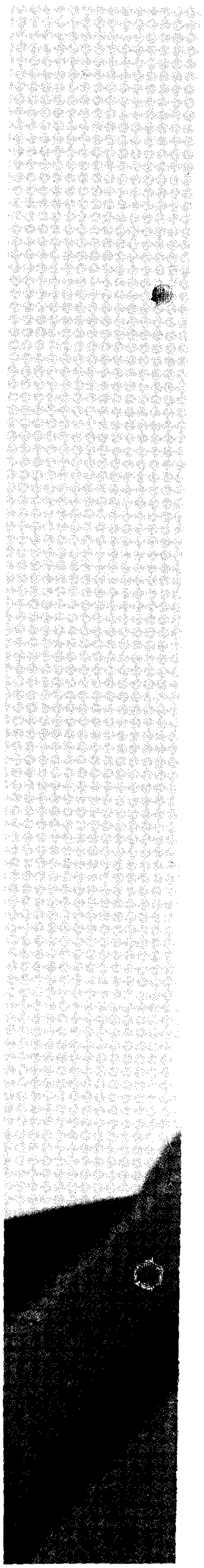
ISAIAH BERLIN

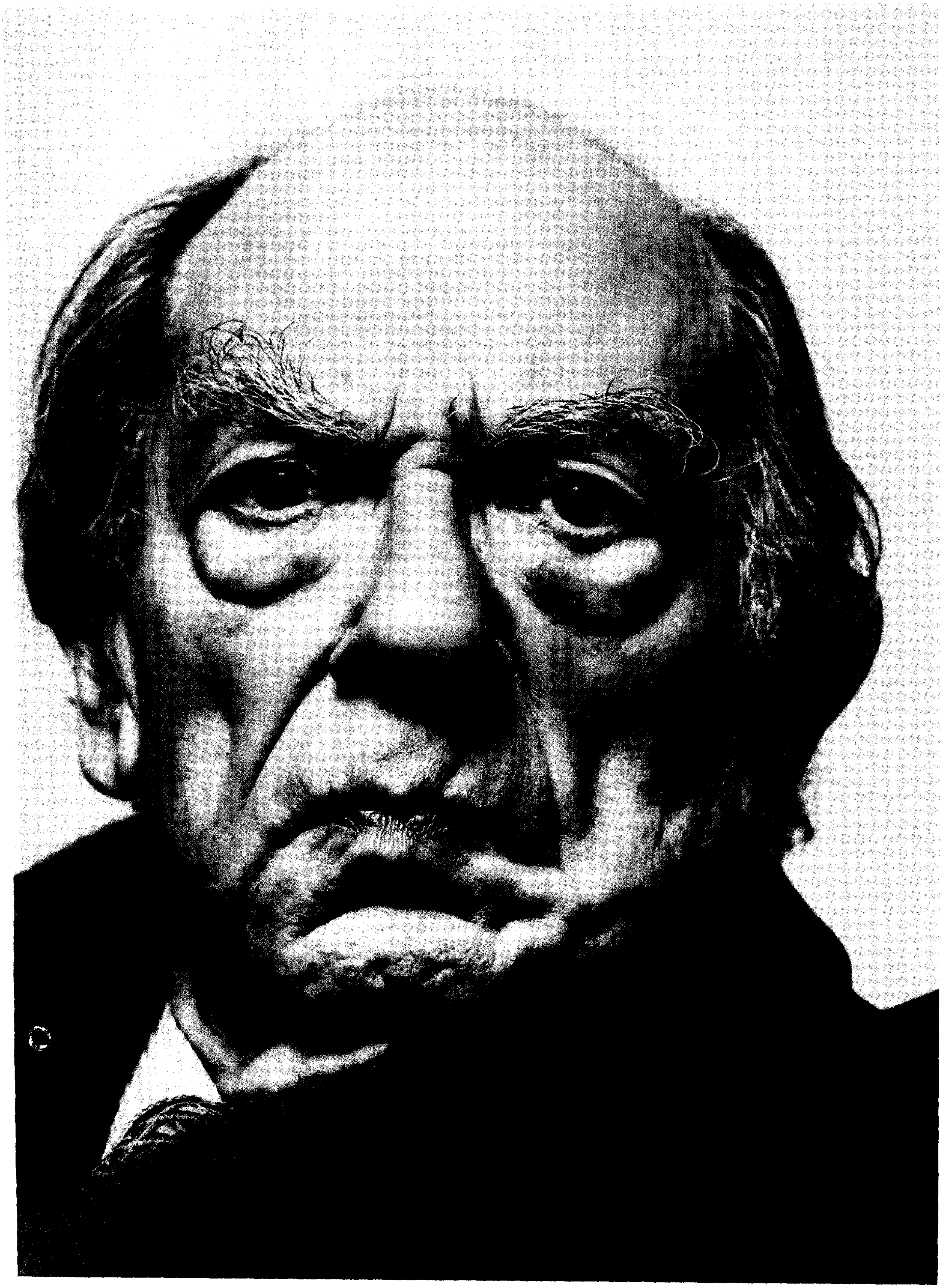
BY STEPHEN SCHIFF

DURING the eighty-five years he celebrates on June 6th, Sir Isaiah Berlin has met most of the great people of the twentieth century, and it appears, when you are talking to him, that he has thought most of the great thoughts. If you are lucky enough to have tea with him at Headington House, his immaculate small mansion in Oxford, you will find not the bellicose lion in the photograph but an affable tortoise, sniffing the air on his long neck. In a lordly baritone, he will dispense burnished anecdotes and remembrances as if he were some prodigious intellectual arcade game: push this button for Picasso stories, push this one for Cocteau stories, push over here for stories about Picasso and Cocteau together. Berlin arrived in England in 1919, at the age of ten—from Riga, Latvia—and by the time he was thirty he was at the center of English intellectual life. That is where he remains. He has been, among other things, a director of the Royal Opera House, the president of the British Academy, a translator of Turgenev, an activist in Jewish affairs, and the first president of Wolfson College, Oxford. Although Berlin has been extolled as a philosopher, that description is inexact. It might be more accurate to call him the century's most inspired reader. In his essays about central and not so central Western texts Berlin has synthesized a complex political and moral theory that acknowledges the intractable nature of human differences and sweeps aside the formulas and ideologies that men have proposed to reconcile them. His approach is bracingly clearheaded, liberal, and humane. In an era when the shadows of nationalism and ethnic chauvinism lengthen all over the world, Berlin remains what he has always been: a source of light. ♦

PHOTOGRAPH
BY RICHARD AVEDON

London, January 19, 1993





BRAVE NEW WORLD DEPT.

MY FIRST FLAME

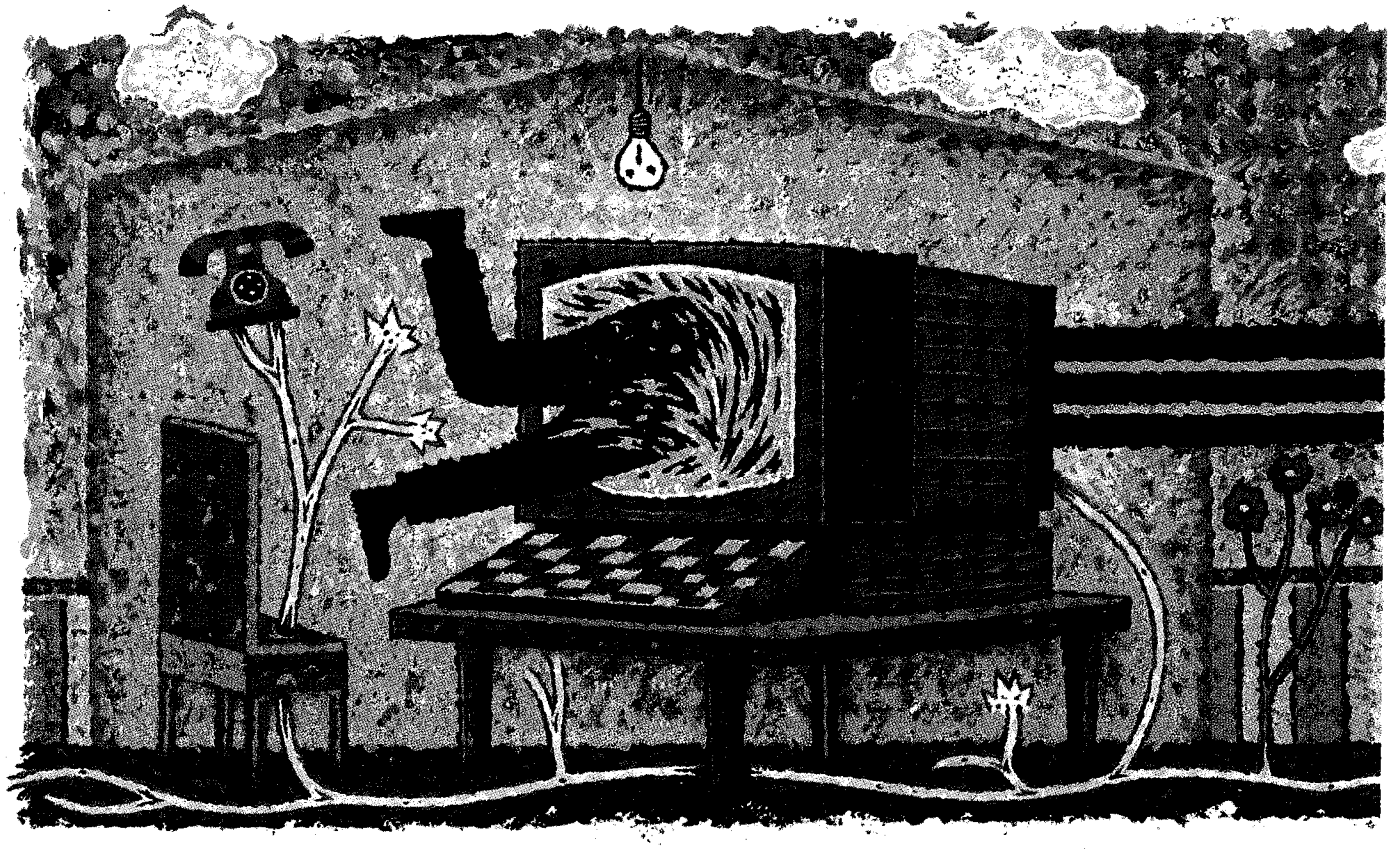
It was love at first E-mail for the author. Then came the bitter realization that on-liners can behave just as badly as people in the real world—and sometimes worse.

BY JOHN SEABROOK

I GOT flamed for the first time a couple of months ago. To flame, according to "Que's Computer User's Dictionary," is "to lose one's self-control and write a message that uses derogatory, obscene, or inappropriate language." Flaming is a form of speech that is unique to on-line communication, and it is one of the aspects of life on the Internet that its promoters don't advertise, just as railroad companies around the turn of the century didn't advertise the hardships of the Great Plains to the pioneers whom they were hoping to transport out there. My flame arrived on a windy Friday morning. I got to work at nine, removed my coat, plugged in my PowerBook, and, as usual, could not resist immediately checking my E-mail. I saw I had a message from a technology writer who does a column about personal computers for a major newspaper, and whom I knew by name only. I had recently published a piece about Bill Gates, the chairman of Microsoft, about whom this person has also written, and as I opened his E-mail to me it was with the pleasant expectation of getting feedback from a colleague. Instead, I got:

> Crave THIS, asshole:
>
> Listen, you toadying dipshit scumbag . . . remove your head from your rectum long enough to look around and notice that real reporters don't fawn over their subjects, pretend that their subjects are making some sort of special contact with them, or, worse, curry favor by TELLING their subjects how great the ass-licking profile is going to turn out and then brag in print about doing it.
>
> Forward this to Mom. Copy Tina and tell her the mag is fast turning to compost. One good worm deserves another.

I rocked back in my chair and said out loud, "Whoa, I got flamed." I knew something bad had just happened to me, and I was waiting to find out what it would feel like. I felt cold. People whose bodies have been badly burned begin to shiver, and the flame seemed to put a chill in the center of my chest which I could feel spreading slowly outward. My shoulders began to shake. I got up and walked quickly to the soda machines for no good reason, then hurried back to my desk. There was the flame on my screen, the sound of it not dying away; it was flaming me all over again in the subjective eter-



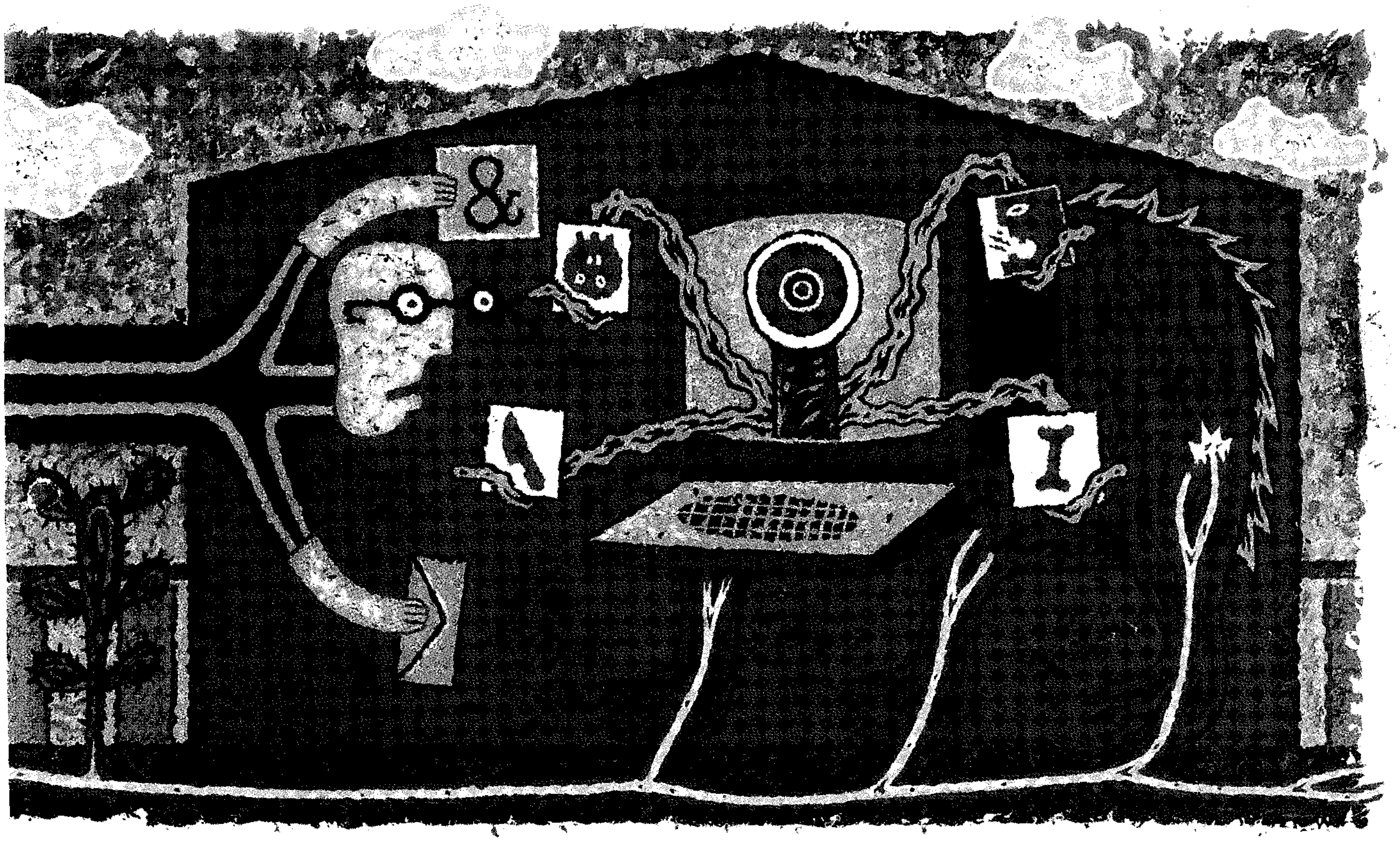
ALEXIOS TLAYAS

nity that is time in the on-line world. The insults, being premeditated, were more forceful than insults spoken in the heat of the moment, and the technology greased the words—the toads, scum, shit, rectums, assholes, compost, and worms—with a kind of immediacy that allowed them to slide easily into my brain.

Like many newcomers to the "net"—which is what people call the global web that connects more than thirty thousand on-line networks—I had assumed, without really articulating the thought, that while talking to other people through my computer I was going to be sheltered by the same customs and laws that shelter me when I'm talking on the telephone or listening to the radio or watching TV. Now, for the first time, I understood the novelty and power of the technology I was dealing with. No one had ever said something like this to me before, and no one *could* have said this to me before: in any other medium, these words would be, literally, unspeakable. The guy couldn't have said this to me on the phone, because I would have hung up and not answered if the phone rang again, and he couldn't have said it to my face, because I wouldn't have let him finish. If this had happened to me in the street, I could have used my status as a physically large male to threaten the person, but in the on-line world my size didn't matter. I suppose the guy could have written me a nasty letter: he probably wouldn't have used the word "rectum," though, and he probably wouldn't have mailed the letter; he would have thought twice while he was addressing the envelope. But the nature of E-mail is that you don't think twice. You write and send.

When I got on the net, it seemed to me like a place where all the good things about E-mail had been codified into an ideology. The first thing I fell for about the medium was the candor and the lack of cant it makes possible. Also, although the spoken word can be richer and warmer than the written word, the written word can carry precision and subtlety, and, especially on-line, has the power of anonymity. Crucial aspects of your identity—age, sex, race, education, all of which would be revealed involuntarily in a face-to-face meeting and in most telephone conversations—do not come through the computer unless you choose to reveal them. Many people use handles for themselves instead of their real names, and a lot of people develop personae that go along with those handles. (When they get tired of a particular persona, they invent a new handle and begin again.) On the net, a bright twelve-year-old in a blighted neighborhood can exchange ideas with an Ivy League professor, and a businesswoman who is too intimidated by her male colleagues to speak up in a face-to-face meeting can say what she thinks. On the net, people are judged primarily not by who they are but by what they write.

My flame marked the end of my honeymoon with on-line communication. It made me see clearly that the lack of social barriers is also what is appalling about the net. The same anonymity that allows the twelve-year-old access to the professor allows a pedophile access to the twelve-year-old. The same lack of inhibitions that allows a woman to speak up in on-line meetings allows a man to ask the woman whether she's wearing any underwear. The same safe distance that allows you to unburden yourself of your true feelings allowed this guy to call me a toadying dipshit scumbag. A toadying dipshit scumbag! I sent E-mail to the people at CompuServe, which was the network that carried my flame to me, to ask whether their subscribers were



allowed to talk to each other this way.

> To: John Seabrook
> Fr: Dawn
> Customer Service Representative
> Since CompuServe Mail messages are private communications, CompuServe is unable to regulate their content. We are aware of an occasional problem with unwanted mail and are investigating ways to control such occurrences. If you receive unwanted mail again, please notify us of the details so that we can continue to track this problem.

If the net as a civilization does mature to the point where it produces a central book of wisdom, like the Bible or the Koran, the following true story might make a good parable. In 1982, a group of forty people associated with a research institute in La Jolla established a small, private on-line network for themselves. For about six months, the participants were caught up in the rapture of the new medium, until one day a member of the group began provoking the others with anonymous on-line taunts. Before long, the community was so absorbed in an attempt to identify the bad apple that constructive discourse ceased. The group posted many messages imploring whoever was doing this to stop, but the person didn't, and the community was destroyed. Stewart Brand, who is a founder of the WELL, an on-line service based in San Francisco, and who told me this story, said, “And not only did this break up the on-line community—it permanently affected the trust that those people had for each other in the face-to-face world, because they were never able to figure out who did it. To this day, they don't know which one of them it was.”

PICNIC

When my father was three years dead and dying
away more quickly than other dead fathers do,
I took my mother in my 1935 green Ford
for a picnic on the Back Shore of Cape Cod,
where Henry Beston had gone alone
and chronicled a year spent with the elements
and the beach creatures who had no power
even to influence their portrayals in his book.
I swam, not far out; I have always felt fear
when swimming on top of very deep water.
When I came back I sat next to my mother on the towel,
and we ate the lunch she had wrapped in the same
CUT-RITE paper she had wrapped my sandwiches in
in J.C. Potter School, waxed to the precise degree
of cloudy translucency to indicate the extent
we saw, and the extent we did not see,
ourselves as two who had done nothing
to avert the explosion in my father's chest.
As I rubbed myself with sun oil, concentrating
in the way I concentrated on anything that
did not entail knowing what it meant
for me to be a son of him or her, she said, “Oh,
you have hair on your legs, I never thought you did.”

—GALWAY KINNELL

WHAT would Emily Post advise me to do? Flame the dipshit scumbag right back? I did spend most of that Friday in front of the screen composing the most vile insults I could dream up—words I have never spoken to another human being, and would never speak in any other medium, but which I found easy to type into the computer. But I didn't send these messages, partly because I had no way of knowing for sure whether the person whose name was on the flame had actually sent it, and since this person was a respected author, with a reputation to consider, I thought someone might be electronically impersonating him, a practice that is known on-line as “spoofing.” I managed to restrain myself from sending my reply until I got home and asked my wife to look at it. She had the good sense to be horrified, and suggested sending the message “Do you know where I could get a good bozo filter?” But I wasn't sure I had the stomach for a flame war, so I settled on a simple, somewhat lame acknowledgment of the flame:

> Thanks for your advice on writing and reporting. The great thing about the Internet is that a person like me can get useful knowledge from experts, and for free.

In a few days, I received a reply from the writer, asking when my new column, “Pudlicker to the Celebrated,” was going to start.

I was in a quandary that many newcomers to the net face. Newbies sometimes get flamed just because they are new, or because they use a commercial on-line service provider, like America Online or CompuServe, which shows up in their electronic addresses, just as Italian immigrants were jeered at because they had vowels at the ends of their names. Some people are so horrified by their first flame that they turn into “lurkers”: they read other people's messages in the public spaces but are too timid to post themselves. (You see lots of evidence of the fear of getting flamed; for example, long posts that end, “Sorry so lengthy, please don't flame,” and messages studded with smiley faces—“:)”—and grin signs—“<g>”—which remind you of the way that dogs have to go through elaborate displays of cringing around each other to avoid starting a fight.) For other newbies, getting flamed puts the taste of blood in their mouths, and they discover that they like it. They flame back, and then a flame war begins: people volley escalating rounds of insults across t[illegible] wires. Now that there are an estimated twenty-three million users connected to the Internet—ten million of which have come on-line in the last nine months, in what amounts to a massive cultural upheaval, as though a whole generation of immigrants to the New World had come over all in one day—the “netiquette” that prevailed in its early days is breaking down. And many of the new users are not the government officials, researchers, and academics for whom the net was designed; they're lawyers, journalists, teen-agers, scam artists, lonely hearts, people in the pornography business, and the faddists who were buying CB radios in 1975.

On Saturday evening, some friends came over for dinner, and I told them about my flame. They asked to see it, so I went down the hall to print out a copy. But when I opened the electronic file where I store my E-mail I noticed that the title of my reply had turned into gibberish—where there had been letters there were little boxes and strange symbols—and that the dates for when the message was created and modified said "8/4/72" and "1/9/4." It occurred to me then to wonder briefly whether the person who flamed me had also sent some sort of virus into my computer, but I was cooking and didn't really have time to think about it, and when our guests left it was late, and I turned the computer off and went to bed. Just before six the following morning, however, I awoke abruptly and sat up in bed with a sudden understanding of what the last line in the flame—"One good worm deserves another"—might mean. A worm, in computerese, is one of the many varieties of viruses that infect computers. "One good worm deserves another": this guy had sent me a worm!

I got out of bed and went down the hall, turned on my computer, opened my E-mail file, and saw with a shock that the corruption had spread to the title and dates of the message stored next to my reply. The reply itself was still corrupted, but the gibberish and weird dates had mutated slightly. I tried to delete the two corrupted messages, but the computer told me it couldn't read them. The icy feeling inside my chest was back. I copied the whole file onto a floppy disk, removed the disk from my computer, dragged the original file into the electronic trash can, emptied the trash, and then sat there regarding my computer with suspicion and fear. I had the odd sensation that my computer was my brain, and my brain was ruined, and I was standing over it looking down at the wreckage. In my excitement over the new medium, I had not considered that in going on-line I was placing my work and my most private musings only inches from a roaring highway of data (only the short distance, that is, between the hard disk and the internal modem of my computer), and, like most highways, it didn't care about me. After thinking about this for a while, I noticed I was sitting in the dark, so I got up and pulled the chain on the floor lamp, and the bulb blew out. I thought, Wait a second, if my computer is connected to the outlet, is it possible that the worm could have gone into the plug and through the wall circuit and come out in the light bulb?

The worm had entered my mind.

I WAITED for my computer to die. Even though I had removed the two corrupted messages, I was worried that the worm might have infected my hard disk. At my most paranoid, I imagined that I had received a "logic bomb," which is a virus that hides in your computer until a timing mechanism triggers it. (A few years ago, a rumor went around the net that a lot of computers had been infected with a logic bomb that was set to go off on Bill Gates' birthday, October 28th, but the rumor turned out to be false.) I felt creepy sitting in front of my computer, as though I weren't sure whether it was my friend anymore. Every time my software did something peculiar that I couldn't remember its having done before, my heart turned over a little. I'd think, It's starting.

When I tried to explain this feeling to a non-computer-using friend of mine, she said, "Yeah, it's like when someone breaks into your car," but actually it was more like someone had broken into my head. I sent E-mail to my computer-literate friend Craig Canine, a writer and farmer who lives in Iowa, asking what he knew about worms, and he E-mailed me back:

> Coincidentally, I just gave our goats their worm medicine. It's called Valbazen, and it seems to work pretty well for ruminants—I'm not sure about computers, though. What does this worm do? Should I be communicating with you—might your e-mail be a carrier? Jesus, I've got my book on my hard disk. If your worm zaps it, I'll kill you first, then go after the evil perp. (then plead insanity, with cause).

I was a pariah.

On the Wednesday following my flaming, I took my floppy disk to work to show it to Dan Henderson, who set up the network here at the magazine. Every office where computers are networked together has a guy like Dan around, who is usually the only person who really understands the system, and is terrifically overworked, because in addition to doing his job he has to deal with all the people like me, who are mystified by their computers. Shelley said that poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world; system administrators are the unacknowledged legislators of the net. Sysadmins are really the only authority figures that exist on the net. In small electronic communities, the sysadmin often owns the equipment that the community runs on—a personal computer, a modem, and a telephone line are all you need to run your own bulletin board—and therefore he has absolute power over what goes on in the community. If a sysadmin wants to read someone's mail, he reads it. If he wants to execute someone, electronically speaking—by kicking that person off the network—he doesn't need to hold a trial. A benevolent sysadmin can make the network a utopia, and a malevolent sysadmin can quickly turn it into a police state.

I sent Dan a QuickMail, which is the brand of interoffice E-mail we use, and told him that I thought my computer might have been infected with some sort of worm. I asked if he had time to see me, expecting that maybe he'd get to me before the end of the week. I was surprised when Dan appeared in my doorway within ten minutes.

"You QuickMailed me," he said. I noticed he was looking at me strangely.

"Yes . . ."

"You sent me QuickMail."

I was slow getting his drift. "So?"

Then I got it. "Wait. You mean you think I infected *The New Yorker's* network?" Dan was just looking at me, his eyebrows up around his hairline. "But I took the worm off my hard disk and put it on here," I said defensively, holding up the floppy disk.

Dan has that intense energy you often see in guys who are really into computers; the speed at which he talks and moves always makes me think of the clatter of fingers over the keyboard. He sat down at my computer with a couple of different kinds of software that looks for worms and viruses. After about ten minutes of probing my hard disk, he announced that he couldn't find any evidence of infection. He checked the floppy and found nothing there, either. The gibberish and weird dates had gone away. Dan explained that he didn't understand how I could have received a worm via E-mail, because worms are programs; most E-mail carries only text. A file containing a program can be sent over E-mail, but in order for it to infect your computer you'd almost certainly have to open the file and run the program.

Was it possible that my worm was just some weird software glitch I had never seen before, and that it just happened to choose my reply to the flame to make its first appearance, and that the line "One good worm deserves another" was just a coincidence? After thinking about this for a couple of days, I came up with a little experiment. My hypothesis was that perhaps the worm could have burrowed into the program I was using to set up a reply to the original message, and my experiment was to perform the reply operation again, in order to see if the worm would come back.

The next morning, my new reply and the message stored next to it were corrupted again. I tried to print out the gibberish, but again the machine couldn't read the characters, so I copied them down. I also got my wife's camera and took a picture of my computer screen. Then I called Dan at home.

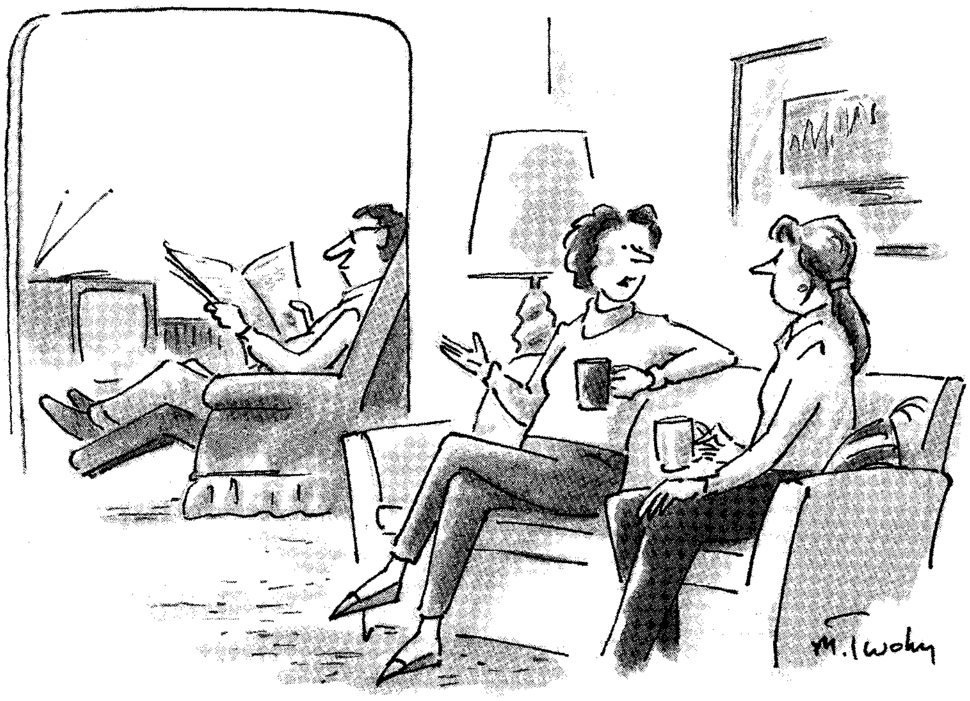
"Dan? This is John. Dan, my worm is back. I'm looking at it now."

Dan was polite about it, but he made a sound that suggested he did not consider himself my sysadmin right now, at ten o'clock on a Saturday morning, and said, "Could we talk about this on Monday?"

I WANTED to talk about my flame with someone else who had been flamed, but I didn't know anyone in my real-world life who had been. Then it occurred to me that I could use the net. This is one of the great things about the net: the spaces are organized around topics, so it's easy to find people who think like you and who share your interests. People who gather on the net to discuss a specific topic are called newsgroups, and each newsgroup has its own "site." In a literal sense a site is just a small amount of storage space in a computer somewhere in the world, which you can reach by typing its address, but it feels like an actual room. So, for example, if you think you might be a pagan, but you're still in the closet, you can go to the newsgroup "alt.pagan" for enlightenment. When you arrive there, the best thing to do first is to read the FAQ, the list of Frequently Asked Questions. FAQ files are more than the prosaic things they sound like; they are the repositories of the useful knowledge that has been exchanged and meaningful events that have occurred in that particular site since it was established. The table of contents for the alt.pagan FAQ reads:

1) What is this group for?
2) What is paganism/a pagan?
2b) What is Paganism? How is it different from paganism?
3) What are different types of paganism?
4) What is Witchcraft/Wicca?
4b) Why do some of you use the word Witch? Wiccan?
5) What are some different traditions in the Craft?
6) Are pagans Witches?
7) Are you Satanists?
8) What kinds of people are pagans?
9) What holidays do you celebrate?
9b) How do I pronounce . . . ? What does this name mean?
10) What god(s) do you believe in?
11) Can one be both Christian and pagan?
12) What were the Burning Times?
13) How many pagans/Witches are there today?
14) Why isn't it soc.religion.paganism instead of alt.pagan?
15) Is brutal honesty or polite conversation the preferred tone of conversation around here?
16) What are the related newsgroups?
17) Are there any electronic mailing lists on this subject?
18) I'm not a pagan; should I post here?
19) How does one/do I become a pagan?
20) What books/magazines should I read?
21) How do I find pagans/Witches/covens/teachers in my area?
22) What's a coven really like?
23) How do I form a coven?
24) What does Dianic mean?
25) Aren't women-only circles discriminatory?
26) Can/will you cast me a love spell/curse my enemies?
27) Is it okay if I . . . ? Will I still be a pagan if I . . . ?
28) I am a pagan and I think I am being discriminated against because of my religion. What should I do?
29) What one thing would most pagans probably want the world to know about them?

Then you can scroll though a list of hundreds of discussion topics and see what people are talking about. Some are:



"Phil did a little soul-searching last night, but he came up empty-handed."

14 European paganism (16 msgs)
15 Statement (6 msgs)
16 College Pagan Groups
17 PAGAN FEDERATION GIG: Thanks (3 msgs)
18 Broom Closet Pagans Hurt Us All (3 msgs)
19 Pagan funerals? (27 msgs)
20 NIGGER JOKES (18 msgs)
21 Necromancy (2 msgs)
22 Another campus Pagan group (4 msgs)
23 When the Revolution comes was Re: New Forest Service . . . (6 msgs)
24 Looking for invocations to the following . . . (4 msgs)
25 New Community Pagan Group? Need help.

"*It's a neat idea for a book, Mr. James, but there's way too many big words.*"

• •

I suppose you could choose not to double-click on NIGGER JOKES, but it's harder than you think. This is the biggest drawback of the way newsgroups are set up: a really interesting post that enriches your understanding of a subject is next to a post that is appropriate only for the space above the urinal. There's nothing to stop someone in alt.misanthropy or alt.tasteless from coming into rec.pets.cats and posting a graphic account of what it's like to behead a cat or drink its blood, and although you can bozo-filter that person after his first post, so that you never have to read a message from him again, the horrible words tend to stay in your memory for a long time.

NIGGER JOKES turns out to be a collection of racist jokes and limericks about killing African-Americans, which was posted on April 5th. The name and address on the jokes is that of a student at the University of Michigan. The post has been "spammed," as they say on the net, which means that the student has spread it around to many different newsgroups, thus insuring himself an audience of hundreds of thousands, and maybe millions, since the jokes are still making their way through the net. (Some employees of Fortune 500 companies have recently reported finding the jokes on their office networks.)

When someone posts a message that offends the other participants in a newsgroup, the group metes out the only punishment at its disposal, which is to flame the offender, and in this case the student who posted the jokes has been getting flames by the thousand. Also, in typical net fashion, there has been much soul-searching in the newsgroups about the character of the net itself:

> The Last Viking<paalde@stud.cs.uit.no>
> We don't have to go around being racists like those fascists in the real world! PEACE ON THE NET!!!!

> Michael Halleen <halleen@MCS.COM>
> As offensive as this is, I do not believe this should put this person "under investigation." . . . He should get hate mail, censure (not censors), and universal condemnation. There should be open debate and discussion, but leave his right to speak alone. He may use the net for other constructive purposes and taking it away may hurt him, and he needs help.

> Richard Darsie<darsie@eecs.ucdavis.edu>
> Get a grip, man. Free speech is *not* and never has been an *absolute* right. There's gotta be some limits. . . . This person abused his First Amendment rights and should face some consequences for it. Can't have rights without responsibilities.

An investigation at the University of Michigan recently concluded that the student whose name was on the posts hadn't made them; someone had spoofed him. The wrongly accused and now flame-broiled student had used a university-owned computer to log on to his account, and someone had tampered with the software in that computer so that it captured his password. This person had then logged on in the student's name and posted the jokes. The day after the jokes went up, another student, who had used the same computer to log on, discovered that his identity had been used to send a message to the Islamic Circle, a campus organization, calling its members "God-forsaken terrorists."

I WENT to alt.flame, thinking this might be the site where people talk about flaming, but it turned out to be a place where people go to flame each other. I saw that an intrepid writer from *Wired* magazine, Amy Bruckman, had posted that she was writing an article about flaming and was getting flamed for doing it.

> Insert finger in appropriate orafice and shove off.

> Sod off bitch, we don't need your glamour here. . . .

> WHAT?!? Do you think I wanted to be publicated in your low-life-scum magazine??? . . . BTW, what kind of name is Bruckman? Are you kind of a German refugees' daughter from the 2'nd world war? Kraut? a sauceage woman? Anyway go to hell.

I decided not to post in alt.flame myself.

I considered posting a query about

my worm in the newsgroup comp.virus, and I lurked around there for a while, but didn't post, because I was worried that my assailant might hear that I was posting queries about him in public spaces—it's difficult to keep secrets on the net—and devise some even more elaborate torture to inflict on my computer, or begin spoofing me in some diabolical fashion. I had already seen how the net could be used to hurt someone's reputation. One day, as I was wandering around inside the Electronic Frontier Foundation discussion space, which is one of the most interesting newsgroups on the net, I came upon a subject line that said, "Ralph Berkeley made homosexual advances toward me." Ralph Berkeley (I'm not using his real name) is a regular participant in discussions of net policy, who appears, on the evidence of his posts, to be an articulate and thoughtful man, and often takes the position that completely unrestricted free speech on the net might not be such a good idea—a position that causes him to receive his share of flames. However, this post upped the ante a bit:

> Ralph Berkeley made homosexual advances toward me when I visited him at his office approximately two weeks ago. As I went there just to chat with him and he's not my employer or anything I don't think I have any grounds for any legal action or anything like that. But I must say that prior to that event I had a lot of respect for him (not necessarily his opinions, but the even-handed way in which he stated them). I am really disappointed.

This brought forth even more furious bursts of thinking and feeling over the nature of the net:

> Dik T. Winter<dik@cwi.nl>
> I think Ralph Berkeley has enough grounds for a suit on defamation of character. Ralph, I urge you, *do* sue. I do not agree with you but please, *do* sue.

> Jim Thomas<tkOjut1@mp.cs.niu.edu>
> No. Although we all assume the original post was homophobic sleaze, a suit is even more offensive. Such a suit itself constitutes "fag bashing," because it continues the stigmatizing of gays by suggesting that homosexuality is abnormal or pathological.

Then, in the best spirit of the net, Dr. Berkeley posted this reply:

> Thanks to readers whose responses showed such good sense. Of course it's false.
> Ralph

Everywhere I went in the newsgroups, I found flames, and fear of flames. In the absence of rules, there is a natural tendency toward anarchy on the net anyway, and in some stretches I'd come upon sites that were in complete chaos, where people had been flaming each other non-stop, absolutely scorching everything around them, and driving all the civilized people away. Sometimes I'd arrive at a dead site long after a flame war broke out; it was like walking through what was once a forest after a wildfire. Sometimes I came upon voices that were just howling at the world; you could feel the rage and savagery pouring out through people's fingers and into the net. Of course, you can hear this sound on the streets of New York City, but less often than you hear it on the net, and in the city it lasts only as long as the person who is making it has breath for it and is heard only by the people within earshot. On the net, it can be heard by millions and reverberate for a long time.

Sometimes I returned from these trips on the net feeling lonely, cold, and depressed. I would see the net less from the point of view of the acrobat and more from the point of view of the fish. Ironically, the net seemed most alive to me when I was off it and found myself using a word I had picked up in my travels. The net is a hotbed of language, because on the net language has to accomplish everything; the whole world is made of words, and people are constantly forced to coin new ones. And, because typing takes more effort than speaking, people are always inventing acronyms or abbreviations—"lol" for "laughed out loud," "f2f" for "face to face," "BTW" for "by the way," "RTFM" for "Read the Fucking Manual," which is a message people often send back to you when you ask them for technical help. There's something wonderful about all this, but it's also sad to go to a chat group and see the "lol"s scrolling by on the screen, sometimes with no other words attached to them, just people typing "lol" to each other. How much of the pleasure of laughter can you get sitting alone with your computer, typing "lol"?

I sent a copy of my flame to someone I know only as Jennifer, a woman I met on the net and feel I know in a strange way, although in fact I know hardly anything about her. She replied:

> I must say that I was shocked to read about your experience. . . . The magnitude of your assailant's tirade rends my heart. I have been thinking about those graphic words, unbidden, for the last two days.

Here was another good thing about the net—that a woman I didn't even know would be so concerned for me. I wrote to Jennifer that the net seemed to me in some ways a cold place, and she replied:

> You are right about the coldness of the net. There is an air of pre-established hierarchy there—if you're new to the net, or even to a particular group on the net, you don't belong a priori. As a woman, I have encountered an additional barrier; the net is heavily male and women who want to play with the big boys either have to be ultra tough-talking—one of the boys—or else play off as coy, charming, "little-ol-ME?"-feminine. (Even geeks have fantasy lives, I suppose.) Or use a male/neutral alias with no one the wiser.
>
> So part of the boys' club, I imagine, is the smallness, the selectivity—the geek elite, if you will. For more than a decade these guys had their own secret tin-can-on-a-string way to communicate and socialize, as obscure as ham radio but no pesky FCC requirements and much, much cooler. . . . But then the Internet—their cool secret—started to get press. . . . Imagine these geeks, suddenly afraid that their magic treehouse was about to be boarded by American pop culture. It was worse than having your favorite obscure, underground album suddenly appear on the Billboard charts.

As my assailant had suggested, I also forwarded a copy of the flame to my mother, whom I had got wired for E-mail. She replied:

> I deleted that thing you sent me immediately. What a terrible man. He must have been drunk.

When you link your computer, through a phone line, to the Internet, you turn your computer into a printing press and your phone line into a broadcast system. Anything you write on your computer screen has the potential to be read by millions of people. You don't have to formulate your message in language suitable for publication in the letters column of the *Times;* you don't have to go to the trouble and expense of buying time on a TV channel; you don't have to pass out paper copies of your message on a street corner. And you don't have to be responsible for what you say.

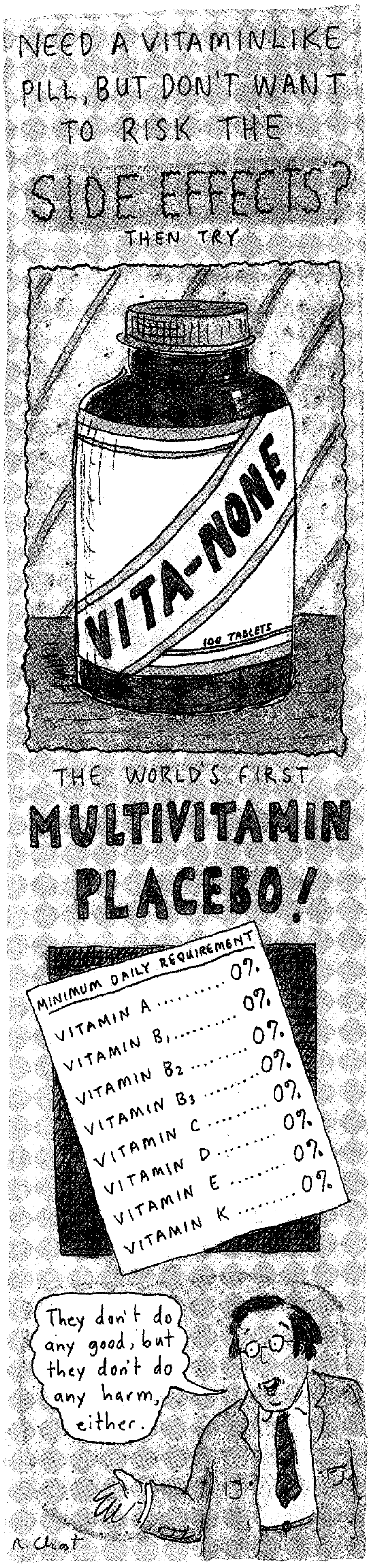
The great question for the future of the net is: To what extent will this extraordinary freedom be allowed to remain in the hands of the people, and to what extent will it be limited and regulated? The Internet is not the information highway, but it might become part of the information highway. In order for this to happen, though, the Internet will have to be "civilized"—a word that gives many net users the willies. The net is, fundamentally, about free speech, while the I-way is about commercial and civic transactions: it's a route for delivering videos, newspapers, and catalogues into people's home computers, for filing taxes on-line, eventually for voting on-line. Completely unrestricted speech, which is desirable in a free exchange of ideas and data, is less vital when you're talking to a business competitor or to your congressman.

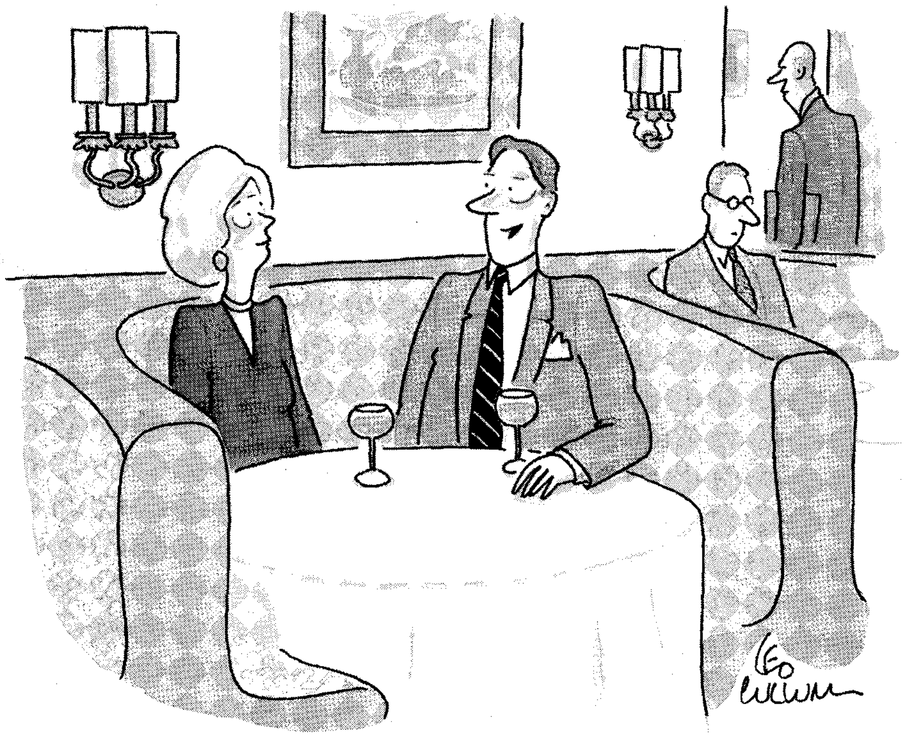
The net poses a fundamental threat not only to the authority of the government but to all authority, because it permits people to organize, think, and influence one another without any institutional supervision whatsoever. The government is responding to this threat with the Clipper Chip, a fingernail-size sliver of silicon that was designed by the National Security Agency and that the government hopes will eventually be installed in everyone's phone, fax, and modem. (A.T. & T. recently began manufacturing telephone-security devices with the chip in them.) With Clipper, the government is attempting to regulate the net not at the level of content, which would probably be impossible in a network so diffuse, but at the level of code.

When you write into a computer, your words are turned into a code called American Standard Code for Information Interchange, or ASCII, which is made out of a hundred and twenty-eight permutations of eight-digit strings of ones and zeros. Each zero or one is called a bit, and a bunch of eight bits is called a byte. The letter "A" is a byte made out of eight bits, and it looks like this: 01000001. The purpose of the Clipper Chip is to encrypt the ASCII text as it leaves your computer and turn it (by using an algorithm) into a code so complex that it would take a hundred supercomputers a thousand years to break it. At the receiving end, another Clipper Chip converts the code back into ASCII, which your computer in turn converts back into human language.

Encryption is like a slightly weird older brother of software who would have remained obscure if his younger brother hadn't become the leader of the digital age, but because of their common ancestry in code, we have to reckon with the older brother, too. Both the net people and the I-way people recognize the need for encryption in the on-line world. Computer networks are insecure, because they are packet-switched; that is, after your message leaves your machine it is broken into bits and sprayed into a wire that is full of bits of other messages. Sometimes bits from a single message get separated, sprayed into different wires, and squirted through different computers, and then the software in the computer at the other end reassembles the bits. This makes it relatively easy for someone to intercept your bits without your knowing about it, which is no big deal if there's not much in your bits that people want to read. But if people are really going to live on the information highway—if bits containing their medical records, their credit-card numbers, their bank balances, and their intimate secrets are going to flow through the wires—then the general insecurity of the bit stream is going to be a problem, and encryption is the best way to solve it.

The obvious danger in supplying people with encryption is that encryption makes it easier to keep secrets, which makes it easier for people to commit crimes. With powerful encryption, the net would become an ideal place for criminals to organize conspiracies. If John Gotti had planned his crimes on-line instead of in the Ravenite Social Club and he had been using good encryption, there would have been no bugs, and he wouldn't have been convicted. Dr. Clinton C. Brooks, the N.S.A.'s lead scientist on the Clipper Chip project, told me, "You won't have a Waco in Texas, you'll have a Waco in cyberspace. You could have a cult, speaking to each other through encryption, that suddenly erupts in society—well programmed, well organized—and then suddenly disappears again." Therefore, in an effort to balance the good and bad sides of encryption, the United States government has proposed that people use a brand of encryption that





"I'm ready to say yes to greed again, darling."

• •

the government has designed, which is powerful enough to take care of everybody's legitimate encryption needs but has an electronic "back door" that law-enforcement agencies could use, with a court order, to listen to the conversations of people they suspect of being criminals. This brand of encryption is inside the Clipper Chip.

On the net, where the single most popular topic of conversation is the net itself, Clipper is extremely unpopular, and President Bill Clinton and Vice-President Al Gore, both of whom have addresses on the net, have been getting royally flamed about it. It is easy to see why Clipper makes people nervous. You're taking the N.S.A., an agency whose main activity for the past forty years has been electronic surveillance—an organization so secretive that for many years the government tried to deny its existence—and you're putting it in charge of protecting people's privacy. I've noticed that my level of paranoia is higher now than it was before I got on the net, but I'm not sure which I should be more afraid of—criminals or spies. My feeling about Clipper is that the government is swimming upstream, against history. You actually feel sorry for the government; in order to get people to use their brand of encryption, the government is reduced to invoking the spectre of on-line cults and conspiracies. Orwell's idea of a totalitarian government using technology to subjugate the people was based on the technology of television, and you could argue that television has allowed large, centralized organizations to control and manipulate people. But the personal computer has transferred enormous power away from institutions and into the hands of individuals, and that trend is only accelerating with the exponential growth in computing power and the spread of the net. In the future, somebody will develop encryption that the N.S.A. won't be able to crack, and smart criminals will be able to talk without being overheard. The Clipper Chip initiative seems like a vain attempt to reverse the way the technology is going. In the digital future, it isn't just Big Brother we're going to have to worry about.

One day at work, I asked Dan Henderson if he knew of someone I could go to for the final word on my worm—the top worm man in the country, as it were—and he gave me the E-mail address of John Norstad, at Northwestern University. Norstad is the author of Disinfectant, a popular brand of virus-protection software for the Macintosh, and probably knows as much as anyone in the world about the viruses and worms that affect Macs. I sent him E-mail saying I would be coming out to Chicago in a couple of weeks on business and wondered if I could have him examine my PowerBook. Norstad promptly E-mailed me back to say that he was in the midst of fighting a new virus that had just broken out in Italy, and didn't have time to think about my problem now, but would be happy to see me when I came to Chicago.

We arranged, through E-mail, to meet at the Palmer House, where I was staying. Because my only contact with Norstad had been on-line, I had no clue what sort of man to expect, and as I waited for him in my room I tried to imagine what he would be like. I realized that I was envisioning Norstad not as a Western doctor but as a kind of tribal medicine man. Whether the corrupted messages in my computer were the result of a real worm or were caused by a software glitch, all my troubles seemed to me to be related to the general wizardry of software—the mysterious incantations of ones and zeros being whispered inside my computer. I felt as if someone had put a spell on my computer, and I was bringing it to John Norstad to have him heal it.

Norstad turned out to be about forty-five, not tall, with a beard that had some gray in it, glasses, and a shy, polite manner. He wore a flannel jacket over a loose gray shirt, and gray pants. He was carrying a PowerBook loaded with the dominant strains of all the nastiest viruses known to the Macintosh world; the viruses were safely corralled on his hard disk with Disinfectant, which he distributes free on the net to anyone who wants it. Norstad set his PowerBook next to my PowerBook and showed me his collection of infected programs. He moved his cursor over and pointed it at an icon, double-clicked on it, and said, "Now, if I didn't have any protection this little guy would start erasing my hard drive right . . . now. But because we do—there, see . . . Disinfectant caught it." It was awesome.

I asked Norstad about the Italian virus he had been fighting when I first

E-mailed him, and he said that it had appeared in an item of software posted on a bulletin board in late February. Because the software was copyrighted, and had been posted on the board illegally, there was some suspicion that the virus writer was trying to teach the pirates a lesson about copyright infringement. Norstad opened the E-mail log in his PowerBook and showed me the hundreds of messages he had sent and received between February 28th, when he received E-mail from three people in Italy which said that a new virus was erasing people's hard disks, and March 3rd, when he and his colleagues produced vaccines. Upon hearing about the Italian outbreak, Norstad had immediately sent E-mail to a group of colleagues called the Zoo Keepers, a sort of on-line volunteer fire squad, to alert them to the existence of the new virus. The Zoo Keepers are a virtual community that live all over the globe—Australia, Germany, the United States—and could exist only because of the net. Norstad received a copy of the virus from Italy, made copies, and sent the copies out over the net to the Zoo Keepers. Keeping in touch over the net, the scientists reverse-engineered the virus and a number of effective vaccines for it. Norstad then updated Disinfectant—version 3.3 became 3.4—and posted it around the net, where people could download it for free. All this took fifty-six hours.

I asked whether virus writers were often motivated by politics, and Norstad said no, they were mostly relatively harmless hackers, at least in the Mac world. In the world of I.B.M.-compatible machines, which is much larger than the Mac world, there are many more viruses, and they tend to be deadlier. They are the stuff of legend. Norstad told me of an account he had once heard from a Bulgarian virus expert, about software engineers commissioned by the Communist government to crack the security seals on Western software. When the regime fell, the story goes, the unemployed engineers were said to have whiled away their empty hours writing viruses for I.B.M. compatibles.

I asked, "Is it possible that a terrorist could take down a large part of a country's computer systems with a virus?"

"It's possible. Of course, the problem with a virus that virulent is, How do they keep it from infecting their own system?"

I told Norstad the story of my worm, and asked whether it was possible for a technically sophisticated person such as I believed my assailant to be to send a worm through E-mail. This seemed like an important point to establish, because if it was possible to send a person a worm or a virus via E-mail, it would be like giving someone a cold by talking to them on the phone. I was thinking, If bad people can infect decent people's brains just by communicating with them, this medium is not going to work.

Norstad said, "I will not say it is impossible. Anything is possible. I'm saying I don't understand it and I've never heard of it happening before. I will say that the kind of symptoms you describe could be a software problem."

"Like what?" I asked.

"Who knows?" Norstad said. "It's software. It's weird stuff. People are always writing and calling me because they think they have some kind of virus, and in almost every case it's a software problem, not a virus—but these people are fearful and need my help. For example, quite a few people have written me to say a shrieking death's head appears occasionally in the top of their screens. You know what it is? If you have Apple's Remote Access program, hold down the option key, and hit the shift key three times, your computer makes this funny trilling sound and an object appears in the corner of your screen that could, if you were sufficiently paranoid, look like a death's head. It's not a virus. It's just a weird software thing."

While Norstad was talking, I brought my flame up onto the screen and asked him to look at it. He leaned toward me and silently read through the litany of insults. When he had finished, he sat back and sighed and didn't speak for a couple of seconds. Then he said, "I'm just so sorry when something like this happens." He lowered his head and shook it sadly. "Gee, that's terrible."

I said, "I have to admit it was upsetting. I've been thinking about it a lot. I ask myself, Do I recognize the right of this person to flame me? Yes, I do. Do I celebrate his right to flame me? I'm not sure. Do I recognize the right of this person to send me a worm? Definitely not. But at what point does a flame become a worm? I mean, can a virus be a form of free speech? In other words, could a combination of words be so virulent and nasty that it could do a sort of property damage to your head?"

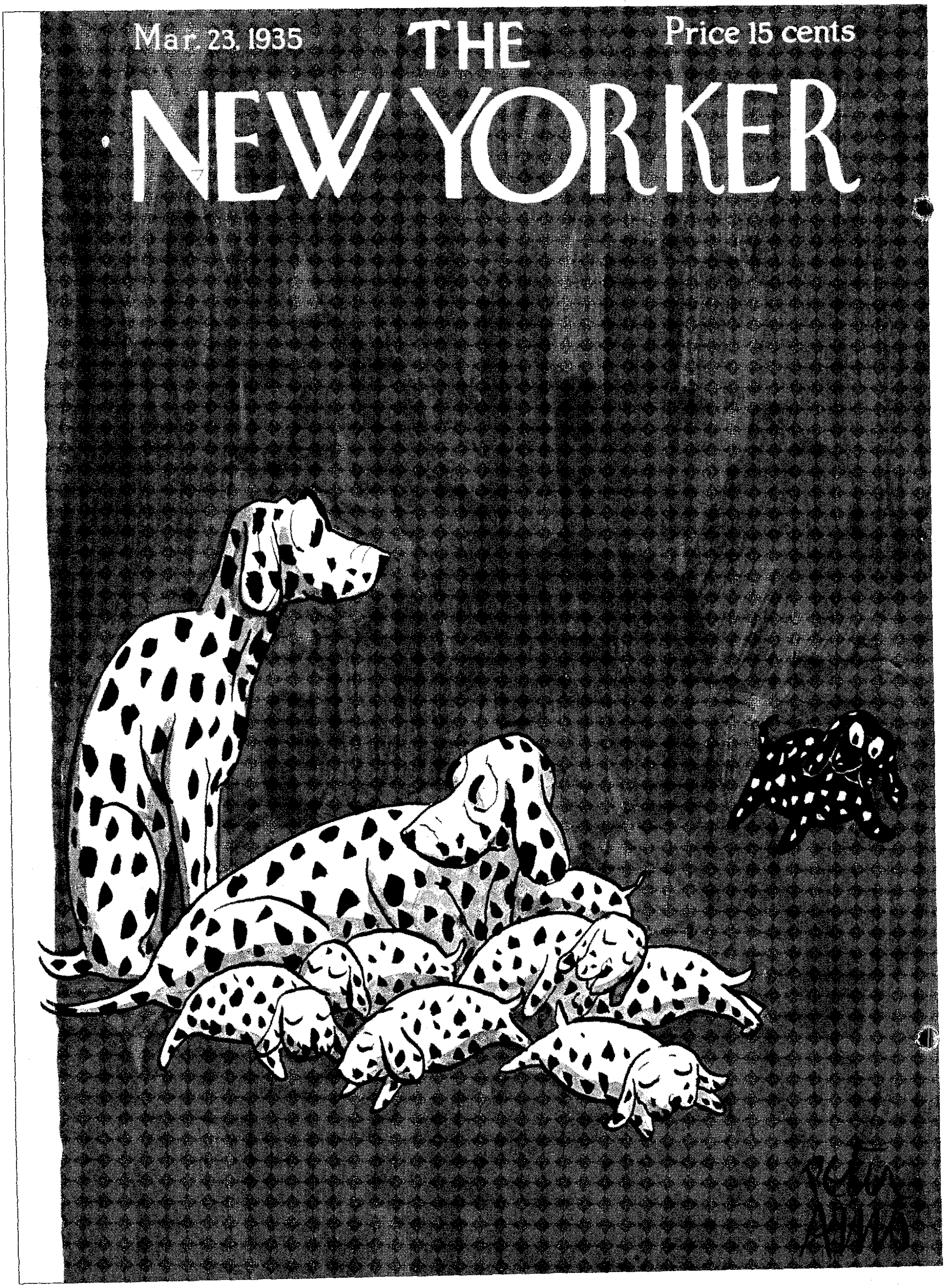
I was rambling, and I could actually feel tears coming into my eyes, so I stopped there. But Norstad seemed to understand what I was talking about, and I felt better after I had told him. I realized that I would probably never know for sure whether my worm was real or just a software glitch. We chatted for a while longer, and then he said, "Don't get discouraged. The net is a fundamentally wonderful place. Most of this work I do could be done only on the net. Look at the work we did on the Italian virus, working with colleagues all over the world to reverse-engineer it. Can you imagine trying to do this by fax? Phone? Fed Ex? It would not be possible." He unplugged his PowerBook and began packing it up. "Of course," he said, "the net allows people to spread viruses much more easily than before."

"But that's the thing about the net," I said. "Each of the good things about it seems to have an evil twin."

"Yes, but you could say that about all new technology," Norstad said. "There is always going to be a dark side to it. That is why it's so important to be decent on the net, because the dark side is always right there."

As Norstad was putting on his coat, he said, "My thirteen-year-old daughter is a Pearl Jam fan, and the other night she asked me if there might be some Pearl Jam stuff on the net. So we logged on and looked around, and we were able to download some Pearl Jam posters, some music, some song lyrics—really neat stuff. But then we came to the Pearl Jam newsgroup, and there was a really terrible flame war going on in there. People were saying really awful things to each other, things I was embarrassed to be sitting next to my daughter reading." Norstad shook his head. "Terrible things. After a while, my daughter looked over at me and asked, 'Daddy, do these people have a life?' And I said, 'No, darling, most of them don't have a life.' " ♦

FIFTY-NINE YEARS AGO IN THE NEW YORKER


Mar. 23, 1935
THE NEW YORKER
Price 15 cents

FICTION

YOU ARE HERE

BY PAM LEWIS

Pauline stood barefoot in her nightgown, looking over a swarm of buildings that were pumping smoke into the dusty Moscow sky. No one would call her here. No one even knew who she was. A part of her was so scared by this realization that it made her want to stay inside the immaculate little apartment she had rented and never go out, perhaps reading her book very slowly. The other part of her was appalled at the idea. Here she was, in a country on the cusp—history being made and all that; she must get out and see it.

She dressed quickly in bluejeans, a turtleneck and sweater, her blue parka. Someone had taped a map of Moscow to the wall and drawn a star with the words "You are here." There were other English words: "Belarus Station," "Irish House—groceries for hard currency," and so on. Pauline decided she would start small, explore her neighborhood, perhaps even walk to the Irish House. If she couldn't get rid of the fear, she'd just bring it along.

In the hall outside her door a breeze was blowing, apparently from inside the building, because it was warm and carried a faint odor of garbage, not unpleasant. She found her apartment key—she'd been given a crowded ring holding eight in all, only three of them for her use—and opened the door once from the inside and twice from outside, just to make sure she could, and then turned resolutely toward the world out there.

Take the stairs, she decided firmly. There had been something odd about the elevator when she arrived. Something about the threshold not meeting the hall floors. Another oddness about the number on her vinyl-upholstered door: 52. The next door said 14. Numbered apartments, but out of sequence.

The staircase zigzagged from her floor to a landing where there was a window, and an incinerator door low in the wall. Over the incinerator, in large white letters on pale-green paint, was the word "WASP," in English letters.

At the next landing down, the words "ANGLO SAXON" had been scrawled on the wall. What was next, she wondered? "White"? "Protestant"? The game excited her, and she hurried to the next landing and then the next, but there were no more words. Just windows, incinerators, and green walls. Down and down she went, to the lobby, out to the courtyard. Cars were not exactly parked out there, more like ditched this way and that.

She walked briskly, turning left and then left again to the street. People were waiting for the bus, rushing, walking children to school. It was very bright and cold. Her eyes watered and her heart pounded. She had to remember everything exactly, so she could play it in reverse for her way back. She walked down one block and crossed the street with the light. The guidebook said to cross at the zebra stripes, but that, even so, the driver has the right of way. It made no sense. Down two more blocks, three, four. Then she saw, looming ahead, a beautiful wedding-cake white-and-green building that had to be the Belarus Station. It stood out against the monotonous gray of Moscow—the filthy sky, the muddied cars and gritty sidewalks. She went left, down Tverskaya six blocks, then right.

Traffic moved so quickly that pedestrians had to rock from foot to foot at the roadside, waiting for a break so they could sprint across. Even the elderly, the babushkas and old men, ran terrified across the roads, their parcels flopping. Pauline quickly learned to bury herself inside crowds when crossing the street.

At the Irish House, she found herself among a bunch of noticeably sullen shoppers. Guilt, she decided, at paying such high prices in such a poor country. She herself wanted melon but could not bring herself to pay ten dollars a pound for it, or even four a pound for carrots. Instead, she put canned carrot salad, a jar of jam, a package of sausages, and a loaf of bread into her cart. Her bill was enormous, even so.

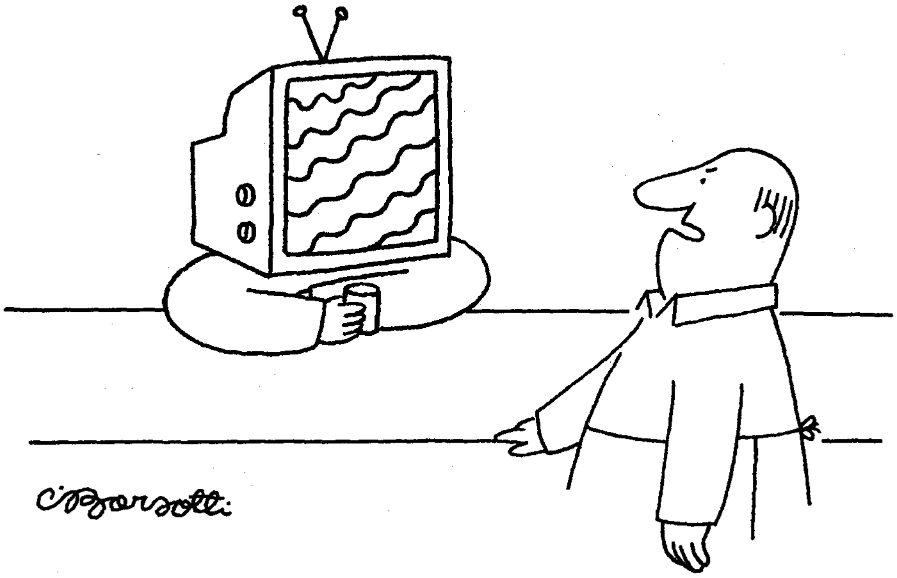
With her bag of groceries tightly in hand, she retraced her steps along Tverskaya and right at the Belarus Station. As she approached her apartment building, her relief was palpable. Next time she'd go farther, be braver. She swung into the lobby, relieved to find that the front door had been left ajar and the inside door was unlocked, sparing her the nervous fumbling for the right two keys. She dashed across the lobby, giddy at her own boldness, ran up the three steps to the elevator, pressed the button for the twelfth floor, waited forever while it creaked to the top, and got out.

But the door. The upholstered door was not No. 52, a black number on white, but another number, three handwritten digits on red. A sick feeling slid up her throat as she checked the other doors, none of them hers. Then, thank God, she had a clear thought. She was only on the wrong floor. She would look for the word "Wasp." Her floor—whatever it was, clearly not twelve—would be one up from "Wasp" and two up from "Anglo Saxon," hers the door in the farthest right corner. A simple, logical plan.

But on the landings she found garbage spilling from the incinerator doors. Surely she'd have noticed the lettuce, onions, and bits of greasy paper, the raw stink that filled the building. She climbed back up several flights, but there were no graffiti. Now in terror, crazed not only at being lost but at trespassing as well, loose and wild in a strange apartment building, a strange city, she ran down the flights of stairs. She could be anywhere, the wrong block, the wrong street. The worst of it was, she had no language to explain herself.

A few floors from the lobby, she saw a man standing at his door, key in hand. "Please help me, I'm lost," she said. "I'm in the wrong building." The man shrugged to indicate that he did not understand. "I'm an American," she said anyway. "I'm staying in an apartment, but I can't find it." He said something irritably in Russian and motioned her away.

"Oh please," she wailed. "Just look at



"That's enough for you, pal."

my keys. Tell me where I am, where I should be." She shoved the keys at the man, pointing to the strange, unpronounceable words on their paper tag. "*Pozhaluista, pozhaluista,*" she said. The man looked at her keys, then at her. He indicated his open apartment door. She should come inside.

"*Nyet,*" she said.

He shrugged as though to say, *Then the hell with you.* Pauline stuck her foot in the door before he could close it on her, fear making her bold. He looked at her in surprise, meeting her eyes for the first time. "I need you to help me," she said. "Please."

Again the man motioned her into his apartment and spoke with an urgency that frightened her even more. *Well then get inside right now for God's sake,* he seemed to be saying, as though the halls themselves were dangerous. And what else could she do? Even if she knew someone to call, she didn't know how to use the telephones, and she had only American change in her purse. This was her only hope.

It was an appalling apartment, exactly like hers but hot, and piled with furniture crammed tight, everything draped in shawls and cloths so that the effect was dark, rounded, and unclean. There were newspapers stuffed into window cracks, curtains hanging in odd places, suggesting the presence of other people. She had so many questions. Was he safe, did he work, why was he at home in the middle of the morning? She was desperate for signs, trying to look everywhere at once, take everything in. He motioned her to a table in his kitchen and lit the stove. Now she watched him closely as he went about making tea. She had always believed that people reveal themselves in the kitchen. This man had an economy that showed right away. He was careful and precise, replacing the lids on jars, screwing them tight, returning everything to its place. He would not bother her; this she understood, to her great relief.

"I got so scared," she said, as he wiped tea glasses clean with a white towel. "I don't know the name of the street where my apartment is or the number of the building. I don't know anything." Even she heard the terror in her voice.

He poured steaming water into the teapot, saying something in Russian very slowly, syllable by syllable. "I don't understand," Pauline said. "I don't know what I'm even doing here. I don't just mean here in this apartment, but here"—her gesture took in the whole city. "In Moscow, for God's sake. Maybe I really am crazy. Maybe my children are right."

The man pointed to himself. "Aleksandr Mikhailovich," he said. "Sasha."

"Aleksandr Mikhailovich Sasha," she said.

"*Da,*" he said with a smile. "Sasha."

"Pauline," she said, pointing to herself. Again she took the apartment keys from her purse and pointed to them. "What do they say?"

He examined the Russian words on the small tag, smiled, and nodded. "*Zdyes,*" he said. He poked the table with his index finger, ran it straight in one direction, turned and poked another spot several times hard. "*Zdyes,*" he said again.

She relaxed and sipped her tea. "You know where I belong," she said. "You're the only person who does."

HE walked her to her apartment building, talking and pointing, apparently giving directions. When they turned the corner, she recognized the courtyard by the strewn cars. She found the two precious downstairs keys, and they opened first the main and then the inside door. It seemed incredible to Pauline that so much had happened in only a few hours. Sasha was making signs to show that he was about to leave, hoping, she guessed, that she would give him a little money. "Come in, please," she said at her door. The children would be furious at this, their mother's inviting a stranger inside. In the apartment she took a few dollars from the little stash in her suitcase and handed them to him. Sasha at first refused, then took the money. It gave her an idea. She pointed to the map on the wall, to the circled tourist sights, to him, and to herself. "You go with me? You help me?" She took a notebook from her purse and drew a picture of the two of them, a pair of stick figures in front of a building, one of the figures pointing to it. "This is me. This is you. You are my guide."

It took some time. It was not until she took a five-dollar bill from her wallet and pointed several times to the money, to him, to herself, and to places in her guidebook that he seemed to understand and to brighten. "*Da,*" he said with a smile, tilting his head in surprise.

She opened her daybook and drew a line across the middle of the day, tapping that very afternoon with her pen. "You come back this afternoon?" she said, pointing to the one-o'clock space. Sasha nodded eagerly. Then he left, and the room was suddenly silent. She was alone among her few things again—her suitcase and flowered toilet kit. She sat down on the bed. It was only eleven-fifteen on the morning of her first day.

AT exactly one o'clock the intercom buzzed. "*Eto Sasha*," a voice said several times, slowly. Pauline rang him through, then ran to check her hair in the mirror—an unexpected act of vanity.

"I'm all at sixes and sevens today," she said, letting him into the apartment. It was fun to talk that way when she couldn't be understood.

"*Na Krasnuyu Ploshchad*," he said. He picked up her tour book and pointed to the picture of St. Basil's in Red Square.

"*Da*," she said. "*Da da da.*"

They took the Metro, and Sasha led her through St. Basil's and the cathedrals of the Kremlin. At first they tried to communicate by using sign language and drawings, but it grew tiring, and after a while they began speaking their own languages, each as naturally as though the other could understand. Pauline explained the odd, accidental way her trip had begun—something that worried her children. "I saw an ad in the back of a magazine for apartments by the week in Moscow—fifty dollars a day plus transportation from the airport," she said. She immediately regretted her words and looked to see if Sasha had picked up the cost of her apartment. She thought not. "I called the number more out of curiosity than anything else," she added. The man at the rental number had not only booked her an apartment but also arranged an invitation to a Moscow seminar on family planning. It was understood that she would not attend, but she needed it to get her entry visa. "So, before I even made up my mind to do this, I'd laid plans," she said. At the time it had seemed so clever and fey.

Walking through the long halls of GUM, she took out her wallet and showed Sasha the pictures of her children, Hillary and Gordon. "They're grown up now, married, and living in other states," she said. As soon as they had heard about the trip, they began to call her frequently, asking cautious questions, expressing a guarded sort of enthusiasm. "Way to go, Mom," Gordon had told her in one of those conversations. Pauline knew that right after they hung up he was on the telephone, hashing over what she'd said with his sister. Did the trip mean Pauline was snapping out of it? Or was it a sign that she was going deeper? "It's been touch and go with them ever since their father died," she said.

Sasha handed back the photographs, saying something appreciative about them.

"Are we near Lenin's tomb? Lenin," she said slowly.

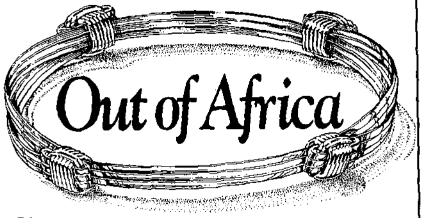
"*Lye-nin*," Sasha corrected her, and pointed across the square to a low-slung, rust-and-gray granite building. There was no line at all, and they were shown quickly into the mausoleum. Pauline had to hold Sasha's sleeve to keep herself from tripping in the dark. "Oh, look!" she whispered as they entered the innermost chamber. A yellowish glow seemed to be coming from the body itself. When they were closer, right next to the corpse, Pauline was amazed to see that Lenin was quite spread out, almost flat, and so waxy that it was hard to imagine he had ever been alive. "It makes you wonder what's left of him inside," she said. It was exciting to have a thought and then say it out loud so freely, without thinking. Sasha whispered something solemn, gesturing toward the door they should leave by. "If he's really stuffed, wouldn't you think they'd have given him a more imposing chest?" she added as they came back outside into the light.

THE next morning Sasha arrived at Pauline's apartment at nine. "*Novodevichy*?" he asked, pointing on the map.

"Whatever," Pauline said. She handed him another five-dollar bill, a bargain. He took her first to Tolstoy's house, where they were watched like thieves by women in black smocks with tight kerchiefs over their foreheads. "It gives them a sort of Neanderthal look, don't you think?" she said cheerily to Sasha, who smiled at her and nodded eagerly.

He explained everything, even though they both knew she couldn't understand a word. She came to appreciate the sound of his voice, the intonation, and his affection for what they were seeing. She had no idea what he was saying as they passed through bedroom after bedroom, but she responded happily with a string of "Is that so"s and "You don't say"s.

He bought her a handful of Metro



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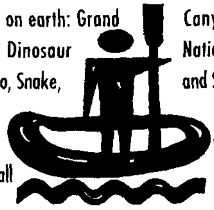

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tokens, lovely, translucent chartreuse coins made of plastic which, incredibly, seemed to cost only two cents each. He guided her through Moscow State University, along endless filthy corridors, up stairwells, some long and some short, where garbage was stacked carefully in almost every corner. He showed her the recently burned Parliament building, and navigated among the hawkers, Gypsies, and religious fanatics who waited for tourists in the underground passages. She had no idea where she was most of the time. She couldn't have done nearly so much on her own. He took excellent care of her.

On one particularly long Metro trip, Sasha took Pauline's small English-Russian dictionary from her and pointed to the word "husband."

"Oh," she said, "he died four years ago." There was a word for "dead" in the little book, but none for "suicide," so Pauline took her pad from her purse and drew a crude picture of a man lying on his back next to a car, with "X"s for eyes. It felt thrillingly disrespectful to make a cartoon of the event that had so shattered her life.

"Chet killed himself," she said, this time drawing her index finger quickly across her throat. Every so often, the children would have a suicide watch on her. Hillary would call on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, and Gordon on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. She got her Sundays off. God only knew what she did to provoke it. She wouldn't dream of seeing them so devastated twice in their lives, and she believed they should know that about her.

The train rumbled on through two more stops. Pauline searched the little book for the word "wife," and Sasha shook his head vigorously but without further explanation. She wasn't altogether sure it was the truth. In his apartment she'd had a feeling of someone else's presence, but who knew? She'd heard that Russians lived ten to a room sometimes.

"He left two letters, you know," she said, holding up two fingers. "One was the truth and one was a lie." She paused, as though to let the information sink in, as though Sasha had even a clue about what she was saying.

"*Dva,*" Sasha said. He held up one, two, three fingers. "*Odin, dva, tri,*" he said. And then he added a fourth. "*Chetyre.*"

"*Chetyre,*" Pauline repeated, laughing. It sounded like "cheery," only so much better.

"*Dva,*" Sasha said, serious again, his two fingers up, to indicate, she supposed, that she should continue her story where she had left off.

"Well, I was only going to say that I went with the lie because Chet asked me to in the letter that told the truth," she said. "That's all." The lie had been astonishingly stiff and false, and she was sure he'd copied it from a book. She had expected the children to see through it immediately; then she would have shown them the real letter. But they had believed it. Swallowed it whole. "Poor Daddy," they'd said. "If only we'd known." That sort of thing. "I decided to keep the truth to myself until they got over the shock. But one day led to the next. Then months, years. And you simply don't do it."

Night had fallen by the time they came out of the Metro at the Belarus Station. As they walked toward her apartment, Pauline was thinking about the doctor who had called her from the hospital. Pauline had refused to authorize an autopsy. There had been no point, since she knew, after all, what they'd find. The doctor had assumed there would be a post mortem, and she'd had to insist he not do it. She'd said it was a religious matter. He didn't believe it, but what could he do?

She'd been told that they saw off the top of the skull. Open it as if it were a pumpkin and remove the brains. They weigh everything. Until she heard that, she'd never even thought of organs as having a weight independent of the body.

"Coffee?" she said as they approached her apartment. Sasha nodded. Inside, he took off his coat and threw it on the bed. He was very thin, but probably, as a younger man, he had been strong. From the kitchen, where she was putting mugs of water into the microwave, she watched him move around. He picked up her things and studied them, looked into her suitcase and bureau drawers. He had no shyness about this at all, and she wondered what he must be thinking. What he must make of her belongings. They were very ordinary, even drab by American standards, but perhaps not to him. He checked under her pillow, drew out her nightie, refolded it and tucked it back. Then he came to the kitchen and watched from the doorway.

"The children had questions," she said as she lowered spoons heaped with Nescafé into their mugs of boiling water. "Had Daddy been depressed? Yes, he had. Had there been any signs? Yes, there had. He was moody. He was gone a lot. But wasn't there anything I could do?" She turned to Sasha and threw up her hands. "They asked as if it were my fault for having let him die."

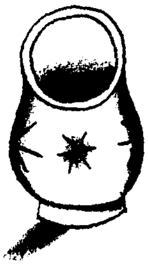
Sasha pulled out a chair for her and indicated that she should sit. As she did, he touched her lightly, reassuringly, on the shoulder.

"Thank you," she said. "*Spasibo.*" He sat down opposite her. "That idea was certainly in the air all along," she said, recalling her children's looks. "How is it possible for someone to head into suicide right under someone else's nose?"

She took the little pad of paper from her purse and drew a picture of a man and a woman in bed, their backs to one another, their eyebrows pointing down in angry frowns.

Sasha made almost the same face when he sipped the coffee. Not accustomed to it, she thought. She got up to look out the window. Across the courtyard, people in an office were preparing to leave. People in apartments were in their kitchens. Lights were coming on. Down below, cars were moving about, eerie shapes in the darkened streets.

"How do you tell your children you've stopped making love?" she said. "How do you tell them what it feels like to be the butt of criticism—that your ideas are foolish, your clothes as common as pig tracks. You don't, that's the answer."



At work, no one was prepared for a woman whose husband had just killed himself, so they left her alone, and it was Pauline who eventually crossed the gulf with her artificial cheer and business-as-usual take on the day. Just sweep it all under the rug, behave as though it hadn't even happened, and pretty soon she was coming and going just as she always had. "No wonder I'm in Moscow," she said, "as far as I can get from the people who love my silence."

She felt Sasha's hand on her arm, his body behind hers at the window, making her heart drop and beat so hard that she could feel it pulse in her arms and thighs, behind her eyes. But she had misunderstood. He only wanted to slip the mug of coffee into her hand, turn her from the window, and have her join him again at the table. He had the guidebook open and was pointing to photographs, planning for the next day as he reached for his coat.

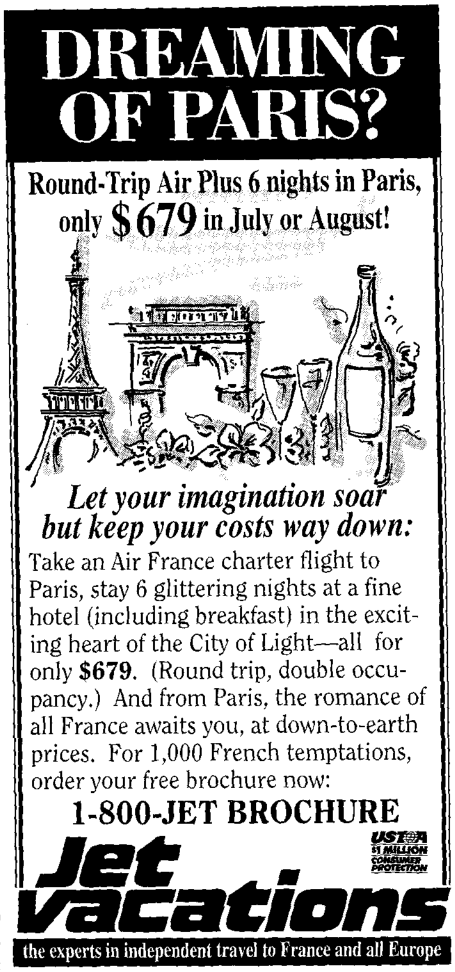
Tonight, though, Pauline wanted more. She wanted not to be left alone in the apartment with just her book and her belongings. She flipped through the guidebook to the section on nightlife. "Casino?" she said, putting on her coat to show that she meant right now, tonight.

"O.K.," Sasha said.

They took the Metro, and it seemed to her that Sasha sat closer, that his leg rested against hers, that he touched her often at the elbow and the shoulder. When they surfaced, she found herself rushing through a crowd of people hawking sausages, oranges, and newspapers at her. Running the gantlet, Pauline thought, laughing at the craziness of it at such a late hour. Sasha took her hand to cross the street, a wild dash, with cars coming at them from all directions, most of them without headlights. Nothing in this country made any sense.

But the casino! It was splendid, like walking into paradise, full of light that glittered from chandeliers onto shiny brass fixtures and polished parquet floors. There was texture, a thick velvet rope slung across the entrance. And there was noise, a light tinkling of ice in glasses being carried past on trays, low voices. Pauline sat at a blackjack table. When the children were small, she had played this game with them. She pulled out some of her twenties, not minding that Sasha saw them. The dealer changed her money and dealt her hand after hand without once meeting her eyes. Every fifteen minutes, a new team of dealers—beautiful women, all of them younger than Pauline's own children, in black slacks and airy white blouses—entered single file from a back room, erect and serious as soldiers, to replace the current dealers. Pauline was mostly winning and getting ahead. She was drinking free champagne, lots of it.

"I hated them all," she said, astonished at herself for saying it out loud. Sasha was standing behind her like Lord Luck, holding on to the money she had given him. "Chet for killing himself and



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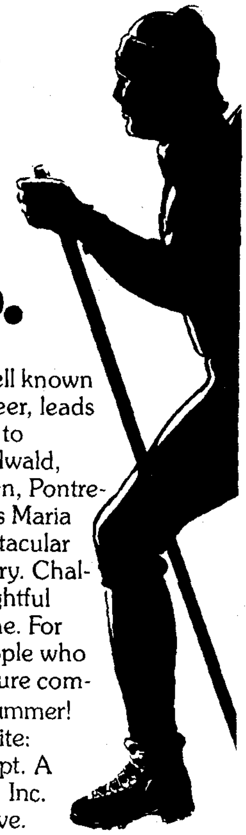

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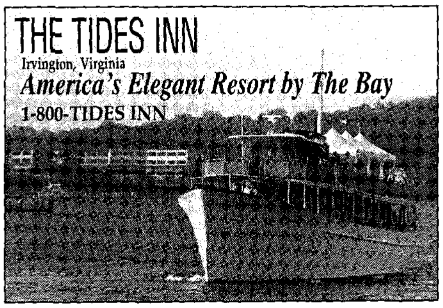

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the children for making me keep that awful secret. I willed them to figure it out. I dropped clues." The dealer began to win hand after hand. Pauline became aware of a gap in the information she had given Sasha. She took the pad from her purse and drew two stick figures kissing, then added men's fedoras to both of them. Sasha looked at the pad. The dealer said something sharp, and Pauline realized she had to take a hit or stay. She took the hit and went over.

"I have his letter right here in my purse. In case the plane crashes," she said between deals. "You want to see it?" She drew the letter from the zipper compartment. It was soft with wear, worn through at the creases. When she smoothed it out, the green felt of the blackjack table showed through. The dealer got annoyed and snapped at her. She stuffed the letter back into her purse without folding it. She'd never been so careless with it. Her concentration was gone.

"It explains that he is ill, that he learned the results four months earlier. He is sick about what the revelation will do to the children, to his parents and brothers. He would not have told even me, it says, except that I must be tested. Everything at once. Death, homosexuality, disease, infidelity. I never even bothered with the test, you know. I was fairly certain I was O.K., given our life together. I would have had to explain to the doctor why I was being tested. Why should anyone else know, when the children didn't?"

A man and woman at a nearby table looked at her sharply. English speakers, Americans. She winked at them, sending their eyes back to their cards. The tray came around with more champagne, and she took another glass, then dug into her purse for some more twenties. Sasha said something to the dealer, who refused Pauline's money. "But you have to accept it," she said irritably. The Americans looked at her again. She was making a scene. Sasha took her by the elbow and led her from the casino. People turned to watch her leave.

"*Taksi*?" Sasha said to her outside the hotel.

"*Da*," she said. She waited as he hailed cab after cab, most of them plain cars, so far as she could see. When one of them finally slowed down, he waved it away, swearing at the driver. The next two stopped, and Sasha leaned into the passenger-side window, carrying on a rapid, excited dialogue. The cars pulled away. It was taking so long. She had no idea why they weren't getting into any of the cabs that stopped. Finally, after a heated exchange, Sasha motioned her into the fifth car that stopped. They sped off, running stoplights and intersections like a high-speed chase. She gripped Sasha's gloved hand.

On one especially wide boulevard, dimly lit, she saw flashing lights ahead and cars drawn to the side. Traffic slowed, and Pauline had to lean across Sasha to see what had happened. There was a black shoe on the road and, a few yards farther up, another, as though they had been tossed from a moving car. A man was lying face up between the cars, his shoeless feet pointing to either side. Two police officers were standing apart from the body and from each other. Sasha abruptly drew Pauline closer to cover her face with his coat. It was warm from his body and smelled of smoke. She felt the cab pick up speed as they left the scene. He was talking to her, saying something to soothe her.

It was a lovely, protective gesture, and not until they were back in her apartment and she remembered the second drawing in her notebook did she understand what he'd thought—that her husband had been hit by a car. "If only," she said. She opened the notebook and drew a box around the man and the car to indicate the garage. She added a tailpipe and puffs of smoke that blew toward the man's face. She took the letter from her purse again. "Don't you see?" she said. "He wrote this." She slammed the letter several times with her open palm. "And then he did this." She stabbed at the drawing with her finger.

Sasha picked up the letter between his thumb and forefinger, as though it were something unclean. The rips had opened wider, and now it looked like lace. He rose and cranked open the window with his free hand. A sudden rush of blistering cold air filled the room. Pauline followed him, making no effort to get the letter back. It fluttered like a used napkin as he held it out the window. She made no move to stop him, not even when he opened his fingers. The letter hesitated for a second before beginning its fall. Sasha stepped aside and gave Pauline the room she needed to watch it slice the air, first to the right and then the left. ◆

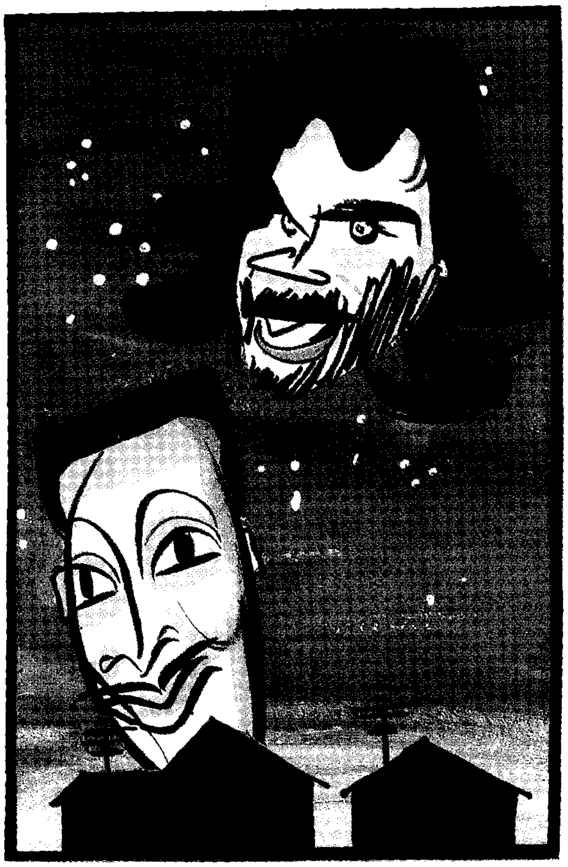
THE CRITICS

ON TELEVISION

THE DENNIS MENACE

BY JAMES WOLCOTT

ONCE, it was considered poor form for a comic to lose his temper, as Jackie Mason found after he was accused of flipping Ed Sullivan the finger on the air, as Shelley Berman learned after he was caught tearing a backstage telephone off the wall in a cinéma-vérité documentary shown on NBC. Being a pro meant keeping a cool head at the controls, and they had let their frustrations flare. They paid the price by being shunned in show business and having their careers thrown into limbo—a premature twilight that left Mason bitter, Berman punchy. "Poor form" has become a thing of the past—nowadays standup comics can be as petulant as rock stars. Only last month, the actor and comedian Bob (Bobcat) Goldthwait went berserk in the studio of "The Arsenio Hall Show," flinging couch cushions into the crowd, tipping over monitors, and spray-painting "Paramount Sucks" on the back of the set. It was a protest tantrum: Paramount, the producer of "Arsenio," had chosen to let the show expire after five seasons, because of dipping ratings, and Goldthwait was expressing outrage on behalf of his brother-man. The crowd cheered as Bobcat looked for more stuff to break, while Arsenio tried to restrain him with a bear hug. It wasn't really angry roughhousing, because Arsenio's sympathies were with Goldthwait. As Arsenio admitted when he collapsed in a chair, the silly thing was that he'd had to pretend to be upset. Some part of him had wanted to foul the nest.



Backlash?: Arsenio Hall wanes, Dennis Miller rises.

When the comedian Dennis Miller's talk show was cancelled two years ago after a short run in syndication, he also adopted a "This sucks" posture. The former anchorman of the "Saturday Night Live" Weekend Update segment, Miller is a sidelines heckler of the political and cultural scene who spikes his aspersions with synthetic TV-cop-show street hormones, sneering "babe" and "man" as often as Don Johnson in "Miami Vice." (As in "Saddam, babe, don't make us bomb you again.") More cerebral than physical (he's all dramatic head, like the bust of Beethoven on Schroeder's piano), Miller didn't go as gonzo as Goldthwait, although I do remember once seeing him fling a bottle of Evian water at the back wall. Instead, he went into a prolonged pout, doing his remaining shows as if he were in detention. Prowling the set in rumpled clothes and raking his fingers through his shaggy hair, he might have been a Method actor playing an intense talk-show host whose series has just been cancelled. He was bummed, babe. What's the point of getting duded-up like the cover of *G.Q.*, man, when they've slam-dunked your show deeper into the hamper than a ball of Junior Samples' dirty laundry? He resorted to obscenities, the bleeping picking up tempo as the show neared the end. His guests sat there in attitudes of self-protection, as if they had an invisible guardrail around them. After his last broadcast, Miller slunk into self-exile, surfacing to act as the host on cable awards shows and do guest spots, but mostly keeping himself under a cloud. It was as if he were shunning himself.

This April, just as "Arsenio" was winding down, Dennis Miller returned to late-night television as the host of a weekly, limited-run live talk show on HBO. The reviews have been such raves that the show is certain to be extended. It's the perfect springboard for his ego. Although Miller began the first night by alluding to his status drop ("Nice to be back from the federal talk-show-host-relocation program"), he no longer looks as if he moped around all day in pajamas and ate out of cartons. After wandering in the wilderness, he has returned as a righteous prophet, a bearded scourge: "We want this show to be a cute little hand puppet that can punch you in the temple so hard your brain won't know whether to call the police or have an orgasm." He's trying to be both populist and hipper-than-thou, addressing messy social issues with a mocking inside edge. Each show begins with a commentary that takes kung-fu chops at the week in review. Of the Fox movie about the Menendez brothers he said that it "was shot in ten days, then they stopped, reloaded the camera, and shot it again." Talking sports, he tosses off references to Mark Belanger throwing from deep in the hole and then launches into a parody of "Casey at the Bat" that conjures up the spectre of Darryl Strawberry standing at the plate in Dodger Stadium: "From skyboxes stuffed with Armani suits, there went up a muffled roar / Like the whacking off of perverts in that park on the Santa Monica shore."

The language may sound free-form, but the format isn't. Each half-hour show has a guest and a theme topic—Senator Bill Bradley on violence, Bob Costas on sports, "Ace Ventura" 's Jim Carrey on celebrity culture, the writer Wendy Kaminer on the sloppy abuses of pop therapy—plus viewer phone calls. It's a format modelled on Larry King's cable program, and it keeps Miller strapped in tight—his attention has no room to wander. There are technical problems. Since the guests aren't in the studio with him but appear as talking heads on a video monitor, the give-and-take suffers from a slight lag, like the delay from a satellite bounce. But Miller has improved as an interviewer—his face no longer blanks as he formulates his next sound bite. Following the interview session, Miller sidles up to another TV set to comment on clips from the week's news—a throwback to his old Weekend Update spots. "Carl Lewis still claims to be baffled as to how rumors that he is gay keep circulating," Miller says as the screen shows a photograph of Lewis crouched at the starting line in high heels. "If I'm not mistaken, I think that's the new Reebok fuck-me pump."

Although Miller is still tagged a Hot Young Comic, there's a distinct difference between him and hosts who are a few years younger, such as Conan O'Brien and MTV's Jon Stewart, who is rumored to be Arsenio's replacement. For one thing, he can talk. (O'Brien and Stewart are verbal dyslexics.) For another, he can think. (O'Brien and Stewart have to use their hands to attach two ideas together.) Impressed as I am by Miller's accuracy of fire, his word-agility, his reborn confidence, I don't find myself laughing much. In part it's because Miller himself laughs so much at his own material that our laughter seems secondary. His in-your-face attitude also preëmpts our responses. It's instructional, intended to direct us down the road to enlightenment and to lay bare the flabby hypocrisies of our age. "The ghost of Lenny Bruce hovers, no doubt approvingly," John J. O'Connor intoned in the *Times*. But, as Seymour Krim observed, Bruce—"Lenny, the jazz-circuit Hegel," he called *him*—was often just a purveyor of "pontifical minor blasphemies." He dwelled in such a netherworld that he saw only the dark. "It's as if someone with night-club pallor tried to pretend that sunshine was either square or didn't exist."

Dennis Miller isn't so much pushing the dark side as pushing against it. And I don't think it's a fluke that he's enjoying a rebound at the precise moment Arsenio Hall is receding from the airwaves. Miller isn't a racist—he and Arsenio are said to be friendly—but the culture is bigger than both of them. The appeal of Arsenio was primarily urban and black. (The "white flight" to David Letterman's CBS is what killed his ratings numbers.) Despite his ill-advised decision to lob softballs to Louis Farrakhan, Arsenio was a progressive force on TV, showcasing performers of color seen nowhere else, and trying to play peacemaker during the L.A. riots. At his best, he was a superb party host; he kept things loose and cooking. But to much of the white audience the black audi-

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ence in his studio and the large black audience at home probably denote a cluster of negatives—noise, crime, illegitimacy, disorder.

Along comes Dennis Miller, pounding the nightstick and sounding as if he had got a Pat Buchanan beef injection. He's comedy's new law-and-order candidate: "But also isn't the real problem here that somewhere along the line society took the wrong fork in the blame road and decided to give criminals the benefit of the doubt? How did they become the victims? C'mon, everybody knows that's a buncha shit, and that's why 'Dirty Harry' made Clint a big star." Noting that the mass murderer John Wayne Gacy was about to be executed, he commented, "Good. I say we fry the bastard in his clown suit, O.K.?" He then sang a snatch of "Send In the Clowns." A long report on how America has reverted to the jungle ("We live in a zoo where it's turned into free-crack night in the ferret hut") concluded with the dire warning "It's the non-punks versus the punks in a Texas cage match for the unified belt, and we must not go gentle into that bad night."

Married and the father of two boys, Dennis Miller embodies that baby-boomer splice of cultural liberalism and social conservatism which took hold when some boomers realized that the hedonism of the sixties, the narcissism of the seventies, and the excess of the eighties had bequeathed to their children a tabloid freak zone of free condoms and metal detectors at school, used needles in the park, nightly horrors on the news, serial killers on trading cards, foul-mouthed Madonna as a role model, rap music as an incitement to rape. Bourgeois values don't seem so bad after the breakdown we've seen. Miller's rants are a kind of white-guy performance art, rhetorical spleen attacks like Denis Leary's or Eric Bogosian's monologues, a demand for a return to individual responsibility and an end to whining. They're also a reaction to the stifling effects of political correctness, which has become a codified form of whining. Right now, the hip hellfire of a Dennis Miller plays better than more temporizing voices. It hits at our gut sense of how bad things are. That's why Rudy Giuliani is mayor and David Dinkins isn't, why Miller's back and Arsenio's gone. ♦

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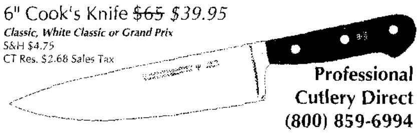

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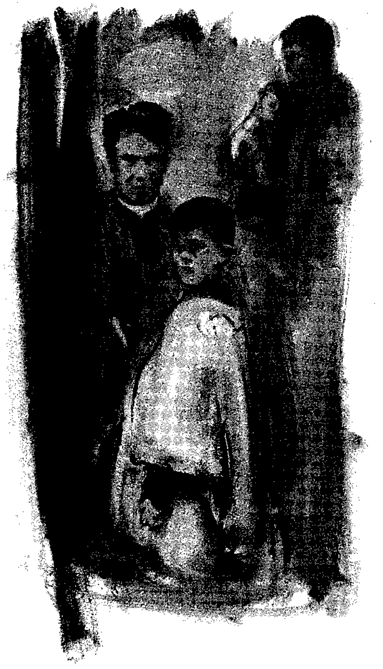
THE CURRENT CINEMA

DEAD SOULS

BY TERRENCE RAFFERTY

PETER LAVIN (Henry Czerny), the main character in John N. Smith's "The Boys of St. Vincent," is a monster: a man who, while wearing the habit of a Roman Catholic religious order, forces his sexual attentions on a ten-year-old boy entrusted to his care. The movie—a two-part film, made for Canadian television, which is being given a theatrical release by Film Forum here in New York—is muckraking social drama that transforms itself, in the course of its three hours, into something far more disturbing than a straightforward exposé. Smith (who also wrote the screenplay, in collaboration with Des Walsh and Sam Grana) does full justice to the obscenity of child abuse, but he isn't satisfied with simply provoking moral indignation; like a pathologist focussing his microscope on diseased cells, he tries to zoom in on the damaged souls of both the abused and the abuser, and he ends up with a startlingly detailed picture of spiritual chaos.



Unholy acts: "The Boys of St. Vincent."

In Part I, which is set in St. John's, Newfoundland, in 1975, we see Lavin mostly through the misery-clouded eyes of his primary victim, Kevin Reevey (Johnny Morina), an angelic-looking resident—inmate would be more like it—of the St. Vincent Orphanage. Brother Lavin runs the home and supervises its teaching staff, which consists entirely of members of his order. The orphanage (which is fictional, although the filmmakers appear to have drawn inspiration from a real-life sex-abuse scandal at the Mount Cashel orphanage in St. John's) is a venerable local institution; its alumni include community leaders who tend to wax nostalgic about the rigorous training they received there. From the outside, St. Vincent is Boys Town; on the inside, it's a Dickensian hell, in which trapped boys burn for their elders' sins. Poor Kevin is Lavin's special favorite: almost every day, the Brother summons the boy to his office and forces him to endure his caresses and his puzzlingly intense declarations of love. Lavin is the worst kind of authority figure: stern and inflexible in enforcing discipline among the boys but utterly lax in controlling his own behavior and that of his colleagues. There are other pedophiles on the staff; the most repulsive is a pale, pudgy, sluglike creature called Brother Glackin (Greg Thomey). And Lavin orders brutal punishments—to be administered by Brother Glynn (Alain Goulem), an accomplished sadist—for boys who won't just shut up and accept the oppressive conditions.

Catholicism teaches that despair is the worst of all sins, and perhaps the grimmest irony of "The Boys of St. Vincent" is that the pious Brothers, leading their students in catechism drills, are actually instilling in them an abject, no-exit hopelessness. When, one night, Kevin tries to run away—tromping bravely into the bleak, snowy Newfoundland darkness, with no place to go—the cops quickly return him to St. Vincent, deliver him back into the arms of his tormentor. Lavin welcomes the prodigal home with kisses and then a savage beating. The orphans seem to have no one to turn to. Even when the truth begins to leak out, the boys' fate is in the hands of institutions whose most compelling interest proves to be self-preservation: both the government and the Church hierarchy appear to be more concerned with avoiding scandal than with protecting the kids.

The orphanage that Smith shows in the first part of "The Boys of St. Vincent" is a house of horrors—a Gothic castle, whose torture chambers are presided over by cunning, virtuous-seeming sadists, and whose walls are so thick that the victims' cries go unheard. Part I is a considerable achievement in itself: it's an unusual and superbly effective mixture of documentary naturalism and stylized horror-movie suspense techniques. The scenes that take place outside St. Vincent are distinguished by lucid, pitiless observation of social realities: the evidence of official hypocrisy keeps mounting, detail by detail, and the movie registers all of it with the deceptive plainness of journalistic prose. The orphanage scenes make a more direct appeal to the audience's emotions; Smith means to evoke, as powerfully as he can, the magnitude of the orphans' sense of dread, to see the oppressors as the boys might see them. The imagery in these passages is nightmarish and claustrophobic: black-cassocked figures lurk in long, dim corridors, or bend slowly over the curled bodies of children asleep in dormitory beds. The cool indignation and the visceral fairy-tale terror are a potent combination. We see the baffled agony on the boys' faces; we hold our breath for fear of another assault; we root for the authorities to open their eyes to what's going on and to rescue the victims from their vampirelike keepers; we recoil from the actions of Lavin, who, as a police investigation gathers steam, appears to grow more and more dangerously unhinged, lashing out at his enemies (i.e., the boys themselves) with Nixonian frenzy; we're infuriated by the attempts of the government and the Church to hush up the crimes—and, finally, we're appalled at their success. Part I of "The Boys of St. Vincent" is nearly as haunting an evocation of children's helplessness as "The Night of the Hunter," and, in a way, it's actually scarier; there seems to be no power, worldly or spiritual, strong enough to deliver Kevin and his fellow-orphans from evil.

Part II, which is set fifteen years later, when the investigation of the Brothers' abuse has been reopened, extends the story into riskier, less emotionally accessible territory. It's about the helplessness of adults, who are all, perpetrators and victims alike, still suffering from what happened at St. Vincent. In these final ninety-three minutes, Smith shows us the monster, Lavin, not just through a frightened child's eyes but through everyone's—including, most devastatingly, Lavin's own. In 1990, Lavin is no longer a Brother: he lives in Montreal with a wife, Chantal (Lise Roy), and two sons. The police come to the door of his comfortable house to arrest him on the long-dormant abuse charges and to take him back to St. John's for trial; he denies everything, to the authorities and to his worried family. The movie follows the complex course of the state's belated attempt to resolve the injustice of St. Vincent: a panel is convened to investigate the coverup; Glackin and Glynn are arrested, to be tried for their offenses; the orphans are tracked down and encouraged to testify. But the events taking place in the courtrooms and in the public hearings seem eerily irrelevant to the real story, which is happening inside the minds and the hearts of the original participants in this sad story—in places, that is, where there's no such thing as justice. Kevin (now played by Sebastian Spence) has no desire to take the stand against Lavin: even the prospect of seeing his tormentor finally punished doesn't seem worth the pain—he still sees Lavin raping him in his dreams. His old friend Steven (David Hewlett)—an amiable, funny tough guy now leading the pathetic life of a petty crook and a drug addict—naïvely believes that there's a great kick to be had in helping to put the hated Brothers away. He testifies, nervously, and the cross-examination swiftly erases his hope for satisfaction; the court appearance destroys him. What the boys lost at the hands of the Brothers can't be restored by the legal system, and the movie doesn't place much faith, either, in the therapeutic value of dredging up and broadcasting painful memories. For the grownup boys, reliving their traumas can provide only the most lim-

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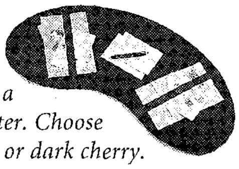

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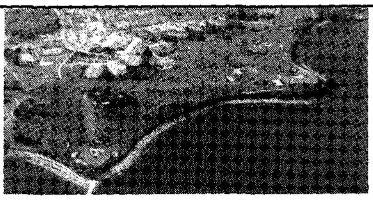

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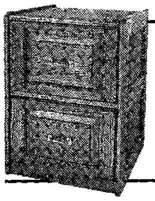

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ited, provisional remission of their suffering.

The movie keeps returning—obsessively, as Kevin's memory does—to Lavin, the prime mover of the catastrophe. He's a mystery even to himself. For much of Part II, Smith tantalizes us with the possibility that Lavin will, at some point, *explain* himself. His wife watches him, anxiously, in the hope that he'll reveal to her something of what's going on behind his chilly, correct façade; a psychiatrist (whom he agrees to see for the purposes of his defense) gently prods him into talking about his childhood. At times, we sense that Lavin yearns for the emotional release of confession. During his final psychiatric session, he breaks down in tears, then clams up. And on the night before the trial his wife, desperate for an answer, makes him an extraordinary offer: she tells him that she thinks she can forgive him for whatever he's done as long as he tells her the truth. In response to this gesture—the most profoundly Christian act in the whole story—Lavin retreats into himself and throws up the shield of religious ritual that has always been his last line of defense: he recites the Hail Mary over and over, until the prayer becomes an impenetrable wall of meaningless sounds.

By the end of the movie, we realize that everything we've seen has been, in some sense, a reflection of the harsh, lunar landscape of Lavin's soul. Czerny's performance—especially in the subtler, more daring Part II—is miraculous. When Lavin is moaning to his shrink about the hardships of his own childhood (at St. Vincent, it turns out) and boasting about the toughness that deprivation instilled in him, Czerny captures with stunning precision the self-regarding sentimentality that evil men are prone to. Lavin is never more odious than when he's trying to be sincere, "human." It's when the character goes silent and cold—when he pulls back from the consolation offered him, near the end, by his psychiatrist and by his wife—that Czerny brings us closest to some kind of sympathy for Lavin: his face is a map of despair, testimony to the monster's certainty that he cannot be redeemed or forgiven. This sort of internalized, occluded emotion is almost impossible to portray, but Czerny more than meets the challenge. He plays this deadened spirit with such passionate clarity that in the final scenes of "The Boys of St. Vincent" he seems to shed an unexpected light on the other characters, too. He makes us understand why Lavin has lingered so tenaciously in Kevin's nightmares: night after night, when he was ten years old, this boy felt the intimate touch of the damned.

◆

RICHARD DONNER'S "Maverick," a big-screen version of the popular TV Western series of the fifties and sixties, couldn't be called a travesty of a classic, but that's only because the original show was itself resolutely un-classic—a genial revisionist take on the genre. The series' hero, Bret Maverick (then played by James Garner), wasn't a paragon of rugged integrity or two-fisted masculinity but a slick, suspiciously well-dressed gambler, whose pained reluctance to do what a man's gotta do was the show's richest source of humor. The new Bret Maverick (Mel Gibson) is a different kind of charmer: an antsy, wild-eyed, motormouthed one, who, not surprisingly, bears a more than passing resemblance to the deranged daredevil cop that Gibson plays in the mega-grossing "Lethal Weapon" pictures.

The whole movie (which was written by William Goldman) has a frantic quality that seems a poor substitute for the sly, relaxed wit of the original. There are a few laughs, but the new "Maverick" feels awfully long, because almost all the performers are trying too hard. Jodie Foster—playing a wily card shark who is, at various times, Maverick's lover and his nemesis—makes a game attempt to keep up with Gibson's gonzo pace, but this comic style doesn't suit her very well; she isn't running her own race, and she tires. The actors who come off best are the few who know how to take it easy onscreen. James Coburn turns up in time for the movie's climax, a high-stakes poker game, and his huge, alarming grin is a welcome sight. And Garner himself, as a marshal, is along for most of the ride. Much of the time, he simply plays straight man to the star, but he does have his moments. At a couple of points, Garner dryly scolds Gibson for "babbling," and each time the old pro gets his laugh so effortlessly that it's impossible not to take his side. ♦

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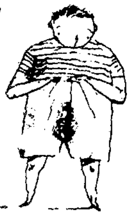

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THE THEATRE

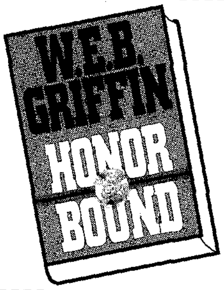
CHILDHOOD'S END

BY NANCY FRANKLIN

ALONGSIDE the books that document what the Holocaust destroyed, there has grown up a literature that is a never-ending, haunting echo of that destruction—the literature of survival. Diane Samuels' "Kindertransport," a drama about the complications and the ineradicable sadnesses in the life of a woman who was among the ten thousand children evacuated from Europe and brought to England between Kristallnacht and the start of the war, is a powerful contribution to that literature, and creates echoes of its own. The play, which was originally produced in London last year and is now at the Manhattan Theatre Club, moves back and forth between the present and the past—the past that Evelyn (Dana Ivey, in a fine performance) has worked hard to put behind her, abandoning her Jewishness and even her given name, Eva. In pushing her past away, she has also denied herself fulfillment in the present, by keeping her college-age daughter, Faith (Mary Mara), at an emotional distance. As Faith, rummaging through a trunk in the attic of their house, in a London suburb, comes across evidence of her mother's past—documents, photographs, a children's book in German—we see scenes of Eva's early life, which she has kept from her daughter: Eva's mother, Helga (Jane Kaczmarek), preparing her daughter to leave Germany; Eva living with a woman named Lil (Patricia Kilgarriff), a Manchester housewife who took her in and eventually replaced her real mother. Without being formulaic, the play shows how an unresolved past can resonate hideously in the present. Helga, teaching Eva (played with gravity and understanding by the eighteen-year-old Alanna Ubach) how to sew a button on her coat, says, "See? You don't need me. That's good." Eva, who hadn't wanted to leave her parents, learned too well how to hide her pain, and fastidiously strangles all her riskier emotions. Instead of telling Faith that she doesn't want her to move out, Evelyn, grimly shutting the door on the possibility of closeness, says flatly and finally, "I think that if you say you're going, you should go."

Ms. Samuels and her director, Abigail Morris, who also staged the London production, have presented the predicaments of all the characters with emotional clarity and intense sympathy, though in the end relief is denied them. Ms. Samuels has written plays for children (this is her first play for adults), and here she has depicted evil in a primal, terrifying way—in the form of the Ratcatcher (Michael Gaston), a legendary storybook figure who lures children to their doom. He appears as a Nazi officer on the train that takes Eva to safety and as an English postman who taunts her by imitating Hitler, and his shadowy silhouette keeps appearing on the back wall of the attic like a recurring nightmare. Don Holder has deepened the atmosphere by lighting John Lee Beatty's set, a physically tidy but emotionally brimming repository of the past, with slanted, late-afternoon light—the light of memory.

It is the outsider, Lil, who is best able to live both with the past and in the present. Ms. Kilgarriff, who is English, plays this brisk, practical Northerner with great warmth, providing reassurance to the young, frightened Eva and tough-minded but kind counsel to Faith and to the grownup Evelyn. When Evelyn, in tears, shouts at her, "I want it never to have happened!," Lil is strong enough to state the horribly simple truth that must be faced: "Well, it did." Ms. Samuels interviewed several *Kinder* as part of her research, but there's nothing compositelike about any of her characters; she has told a story that brings history to life for those to whom the subject of Jewish refugees conjures up distant, newsreelish group portraits of dark-eyed children in front of English country houses, and makes you see what it means to be a survivor—that luck and loss become one and the same. ♦



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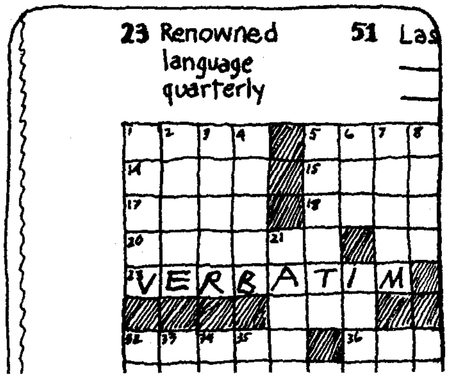

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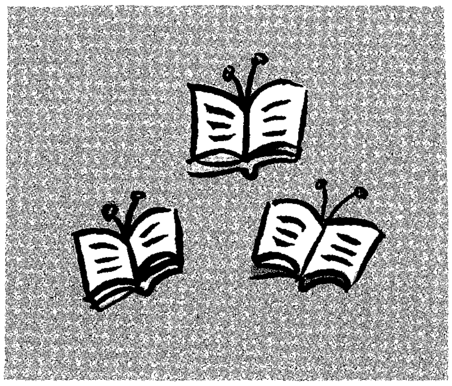
BOOKS

THE BROTHER'S SONG

BY DAPHNE MERKIN

Shot in the Heart
by Mikal Gilmore
(Doubleday; $24.95)

SOMEWHERE across a desolate American landscape out of Edward Hopper, a child—born in 1940, in a tiny Texas oil town off Route 67—is being beaten. On the fringes of down-and-out neighborhoods in Portland, Oregon, and Salt Lake City, his family is taking violent shape: a father, a mother, four good-looking sons, and a "legacy of negation." The second son has wide, light eyes, which, on the evidence of photographs, go with the passage of time from a gaze of receptivity to one of chilly wariness. At the age of fourteen, after several years of delinquent behavior, he will be manacled to another errant youth by the state police and driven to reform school. Among other corrective brutalities, he will take part in "cum fights" (in which the object is to ejaculate first, onto a nearby opponent's face) and be subjected to a punishment known as "spats," whereby the offender's naked buttocks are pounded with a Ping-Pong paddle "that had holes drilled in—to lessen the wind resistance."



The boy is Gary Gilmore. Twenty-two years later, in January of 1977, he gripped the public imagination when he was executed—after adamantly rejecting all intercession on his behalf—by a firing squad in Draper, Utah, for killing two young Mormon men on consecutive nights, in July of 1976. Gilmore's death restored capital punishment to the American scene after an absence of a decade, and became the focus of intense legal interest. His execution also became the center of a media circus the like of which had not been seen before: the stirring and surprisingly articulate (surprising given that Gilmore never finished high school) mash notes that the celebrity outlaw wrote to his honey-haired "elf"—the virginal-looking Nicole, who by nineteen was thrice divorced and the mother of two—became the stuff of daily newspaper reading; Johnny Cash sent Gilmore a copy of his autobiography, "The Man in Black"; the rights to Gilmore's story were expertly negotiated by the convict himself, acting as impresario through his Uncle Vern; and an eight-year-old boy wrote to Gilmore that he had no right to die, signing his letter, "With all the malice in my heart." Within several years of Gilmore's death came "The Executioner's Song," Norman Mailer's "true life novel," which ran to more than a thousand melancholy pages. The culmination of exhaustive research (taped interviews, recollected conversations, legal papers, scores of letters), the book transformed the grubby facts of the matter into an existential whodunit that tried to solve the mystery of a killer who wanted to be put to death. Later came the made-for-TV movie, with Tommy Lee Jones and Rosanna Arquette, but, whereas Mailer's impassive prose had captured the psychic destitution of Gilmore and the people who surrounded him, the film's flatness reduced the story to a minor tragedy, a skirmish among deadbeats.

I WAS in my early twenties in 1976, when Gary Gilmore sauntered into notoriety, dressed in raffish prison whites, his muscular arms decorated with tattoos. Like many other people, I followed the case with rapt attention, partly because of Gilmore's sex appeal, and partly because it was the first time I had encountered the phenomenon of the killer as superstar. Gilmore had a quality, a sort of negative charisma, which suggested that we on the other side of the prison walls were moral idiots and he was the visionary from Hell. This perception was reinforced by his determination to bid adieu to the world—to the world of incarceration, that is, which was almost all he had known since the age of fourteen. He wanted no more of us, no more of our belated offers to lend a hand, no more of our judgments or our morbid curiosity. That curiosity was, of course, an intrinsic part of Gilmore's steely allure: the wish to die—to reach "the darkness beyond," as Gilmore jocularly referred to it—in someone as young and physically healthy as he was, even though he surely would have been fated to live out his years in prison, is still jarring enough to give pause.

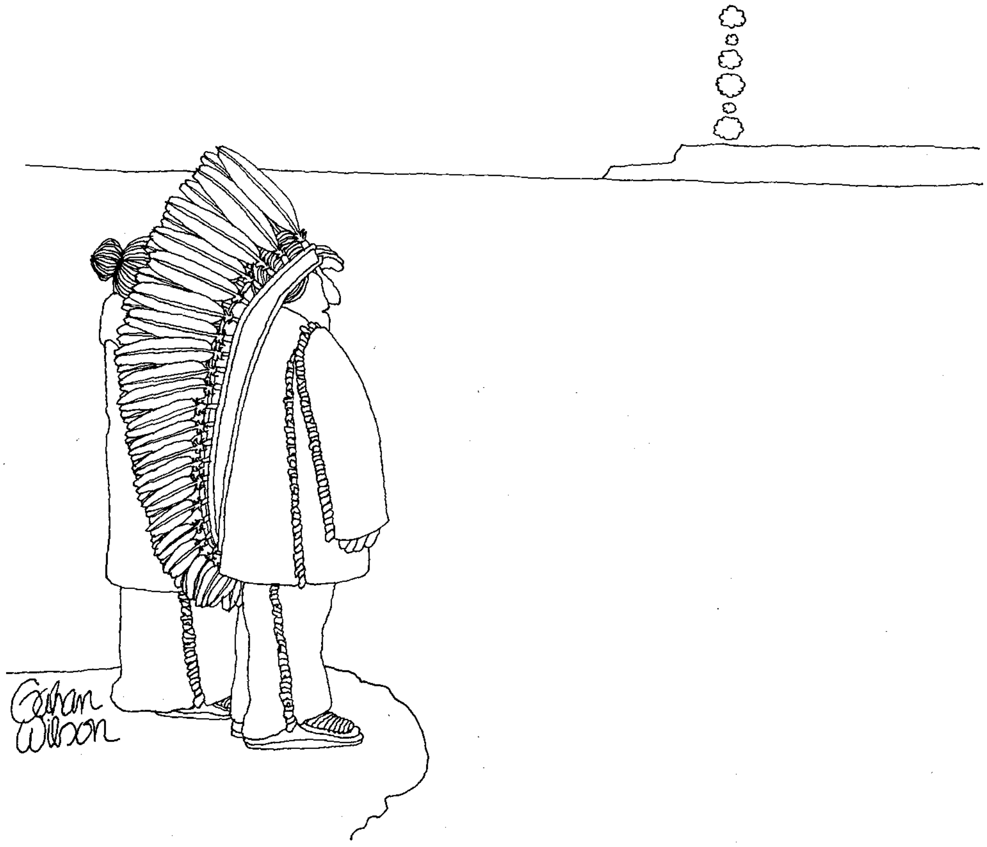
Then, too, there was Gilmore's personal style, his infinite hipster bravado. He had mastered the art of cool, which A. Alvarez once described as "the art of controlled and detached delinquency." Undoubtedly, it was this aspect of Gilmore which attracted Mailer, who has declared his admiration for deviance time and time again, and, in an early essay called "The White Negro," noted in the magisterial third person that "the decision is to encourage the psychopath in oneself." If we had to have a psychopath, Gilmore—with his mordant wit and no-holds-barred romantic passion—made a fine one. In the nearly two decades that have passed since he was executed, the need to penetrate the mind of killers has become something of a national preoccupation, but few of them speak to the imagination quite in the way that Gilmore did—with his talent for drawing (his subjects were ballet dancers, boxers, and children) and his predilection for Shelley and J. P. Donleavy. More than for most of his ilk, the downward trajectory of his life suggested that somewhere, somehow, something human and precious had been irretrievably mangled.

Years after I read "The Executioner's Song," I was still carrying around in my head the echo of Gilmore's reported last words: "Let's do it"—a terse directive that seemed to me the ultimate in poise and dignity, a final assay at self-regard. But, according to Mikal Gilmore's riveting and immensely moving memoir, those were not Gary's last words. Rather, they took the form of the more opaque and haunting sentence "There will always be a father." The reader learns this near the book's end, when the significance of the remark both is—and isn't—clear. It is a tribute to Mikal Gilmore's scrupulous honesty in recounting the story of the ill-fated Gilmore clan that clear-cut explanations come to strike the reader as insufficient and, finally, beside the point. "There will always be a father" could mean that Gary was pointing back to the rage he felt at his abusive father. It could mean that there will always be fathers who cause damage or fathers who incite a love they fail to respond to. Or it could mean none of these things.

"Shot in the Heart" is, in the starkest sense, about the ties of flesh and blood, and how ties of flesh can turn, literally, to blood. Gary was not the only Gilmore to come to an untimely end: Gaylen, the third brother, "died young of old wounds"—from stomach perforations that were probably the result of a stabbing by a cuckolded husband, who left him for dead. Mikal, the youngest of the four Gilmore boys, and Frank, Jr., the oldest, are the sole surviving members of a family whose saga reads like a cautionary tale. The author seems to be coming to terms with the full extent of the wreckage in his own mind even as he is describing it. "Sitting there that night, I realized I had grown up in a family that would not continue," he writes. "There were four sons and none of us went on to have our own families. . . . It's as if what had happened in our family was so awful that it had to end with us, it had to stop, and that to have children was to risk the perpetuation of that ruin." Although the observation that damage breeds damage is not in itself a new one, the specifics usually make for mesmerizing reading. Part of the fascination of reading about destructive families is that there is a way in which any such history points up our own relative good luck, our sense of "There, but for the grace . . ." For, certainly, whether we are loved or not, the world begins at home for each of us, and even houses of horror have their tranquil moments, their shafts of sunlight. There is, for instance, a photograph from Gary Gilmore's childhood which shows him as a little boy sitting on a swing: he is carefully dressed, and his hair is neatly parted. It might be stretching things a bit for the average reader to say, "Gary Gilmore, *c'est moi*," but it's not hard to recognize in his childhood the shadowy traces of what we might consider a normal upbringing.

LONG before "dysfunctional" became the operative word in every discussion of parents and children, Bessie Brown, a young woman from a large farming family in Provo, Utah, attempted to escape the long arm of her impoverished and authoritarian Mormon past by marrying the dashing—and, as it turned out, impoverished and authoritarian—Frank Gilmore. The ceremony was conducted by Frank's eccentric mother, Fay, who dabbled in spirits (card reading and fortune-telling as well as "the serious stuff: séances, summonings, materializations") for fun and profit. Frank rapidly proved to be not only a boozer but a petty criminal who conducted various scams under assumed names until his luck ran out in a particular city, at which point he would take to the road with his wife and growing brood. "The day the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor," Mikal Gilmore recalls grimly, "my father was sitting in a dirt-water jail on a bad check charge." Frank's past was littered with a slew of different identities: he was much married, with scattered and intermittently acknowledged offspring from these unions, and the details of his own birth were obscure. (One theory had it that he was the illegitimate son of Harry Houdini—a theory promoted by Fay, and one that Frank himself believed, but whose veracity the author doubts.)

During Frank's disappearances and prison stays—shortly after he was married, he was sentenced to five years for running a confidence game—Bessie would move back in with her parents, who disapproved of her choice of spouse and of her non-Mormon ways, and made her stay in a shack out back. Gary Gilmore was born into the middle of this turmoil. From the very first, he aroused his father's ire. ("Like *hell* we're going to call him Gary," Frank announced. "No son of mine is ever going to have that name.") Gary's father beat



"They're offering special premiums if we use their service."

his mother, leaving "her face knotted with ugly, black lumps and bruises." She, in turn, hit her two young children—so much that her own mother threatened to take them away from her. And when his father wasn't pounding Bessie he was beating Gary and his older brother. He administered spankings when they were very young, and then moved on to belts, razor strops, and fists, sometimes not stopping until they bled through their jeans: "On an at least weekly basis, my father would whip either Frank Jr. or Gary, or more likely both of them at the same time, until my mother would insist that the beating stop. Usually the punishments were the result of small matters—for example, one of the boys forgetting to mow the lawn behind the backyard tree—but just as often they seemed to occur as the result of my father's bad whims."

There is in this story—narrated in prose that is almost translucent, and only rarely breaks out of its restraint to take on a tone of self-conscious melodrama—a sense of the inexorable. Through the accretion of detail, Mikal suggests that Gary Gilmore was an accident waiting to happen—a deeply wounded creature biding his time until he could wound back. Here is the author's description of a photograph of Gary and his father alone together:

> In the picture, Gary is wearing a sailor's cap. He has his arms wrapped tight around my father's neck, his cheek pressed close against my father's, a look of broken need on his face. It is heartbreaking to look at this picture—not just for the look on Gary's face, the look that would become the visage of his future, but also for my father's expression. In that moment, my father is pulling away from Gary's cheek, and he is wearing a look of barely disguised distaste.

But there is also a sense that Gary Gilmore's fate—and the fate of his brother Gaylen as well—was propelled by circumstances that went beyond the chaos of the Gilmore home. Much of the pain of "Shot in the Heart" seems to emerge from the unbearable sadness of being white trash, of being disenfranchised outsiders—"outcasts," Mikal calls them—looking in on a fifties culture of Norman Rockwellian smugness. This sadness is a reminder that on the other side of the panorama of endless choice which constitutes the American dream lies a dreary vista of choicelessness; our belief in boundless self-transformation doesn't leave room for the possibility that people may be psychically wedded to the constricted conditions of their past even as the future opens up before them.

The Gilmores were, at least for the first half of their life as a family, poor and on the move. More than that, they were out of step with the cheerful, upwardly mobile world beyond their own devastated one, and wary of any ethos that hinted at a more benign order of things. Although the general tone of the house was strictly do-as-I-say-or-else, there was little effort made by the parents to instill in their natively intelligent offspring any sense of purposefulness, of the rewards of achievement. One of the author's few memories from his early childhood involves being sent by his mother to wake up his then adolescent brother. While other teen-agers were safely in school, Gary was holding sexual court in his room:

> Gary was sitting up in bed. On his right side was a girl with black hair, naked. She was bent over him, her head over his lap, bobbing up and down. On his left was another girl, with long brown hair. She was on her knees and she had one of her breasts in his mouth. Gary looked up and saw me, then tapped the girl with black hair on her head. She stopped sucking my brother and then settled down on the pillow next to him. "This is my little brother Mike," Gary said.

But even after Frank Gilmore does an amazing turnaround and becomes an honest and fairly substantial provider—he moves his family to a house on top of a hill, bordered by "elaborately-patterned flower gardens" and filled with "fine furniture imported from Europe and Japan"—the family's metaphorical setting remains essentially unchanged.

It is a landscape half tumescent, half stoned out of its mind, as though "Lolita" had walked into "Naked Lunch": there seems always to be a TV going in the background, and a carport where girls in tight cutoffs are being nuzzled. Their parents may have moved into the nicest house in the best neighborhood—"old money, old ways, no disorder or disruption"—but clearly it's too late for these Dead End Kids to buy into the promise of Pledge. Gary, for one, is already committed to the underside of life. "He was twenty-one years old," Mikal says, "but he dressed like a man at the end of middle age, in a shabby black raincoat and curl-brim porkpie hat—junkie wear." In the brief interludes when he is out of jail, he uses drugs—"uppers, grass, cough syrup, some heroin, plus plenty of alcohol"—and sits around in his car with ominous-looking thugs. Frank, Jr., drinks a lot, and so does the seventeen-year-old Gaylen, while their mother is subject to crazed fits about linoleum patterns. "A few days before, when she had picked this tile, she declared it one of the most handsome domestic designs she had ever seen," Mikal recounts. "But now, viewing the new floor under her feet, she decided the pattern was actually a product of somebody's hellish vision." Seven years after her husband's death, Bessie Gilmore lost the fancy house that had meant so much to her and moved into an unair-conditioned trailer in a courtyard park in Oak Grove, down the highway from their old neighborhood of Milwaukie, Portland.

Pulled by too many demons from below to maintain a foothold on the ladder to well-being, the family would briefly cohere into tableaux of ordinary domesticity, only to drift apart once again into mayhem and disorder. During Christmas of 1961, after Gary has returned home from the Oregon State Correctional Institution (and before his youngest brother got to shake the hand of John Glenn, who was touring the Seattle World's Fair), we see the clan come together around a tree decorated with blue lights and ornaments. Bessie Gilmore, who is an excellent cook, has prepared a holiday dinner, and Mikal recalls that she and Frank distributed generous presents: "Both Gary and Gaylen, I believe, received cars." Lest the reader get carried away by the vision of a family gathered around the upright singing carol after carol, the author remarks that this was the first and last such celebration.

Two-thirds of the way through his memoir, Mikal erupts into an unmodulated—and uncharacteristic—denunciation: "God, I hate families. I see them walking in their clean clusters in a shopping mall, or I hear friends talking about family get-togethers and family problems, or I visit families in their homes, and I inevitably resent them. I resent them for whatever real happiness they may have achieved, and because I didn't have such a family in my life." In this moment of truth—a self-pitying moment, to be sure, but also a self-revealing one—the writer suggests that the greater damage has been inflicted not on those who are gone but on those who have been left behind. "Gary and all those others who had joined the dead—the members of my family, the men Gary murdered—they were the only ones in this story who had any claims to closure, the only ones who had completed their parts, who had finished paying for or escaping the legacy. The rest of us were still living the lives that had to go beyond final pages."

ONE of the singular achievements of "Shot in the Heart" is the way it subtly deglamorizes the nature of criminal rage—the way it cuts down to size the "little boy outlaws" who grow up into clever, cool felons of the type admired by Norman Mailer (and me). In a society that increasingly dances attendance upon its deadliest members—as though we saw in their psychopathology a grim clue to who we really are—probably only those who have lived alongside the twisted and deadly know the full price such people exact, and how little they offer in return. Here's how Frank, Jr., recalls Gary's temper, some fifteen years before his brother let off steam once and for all, pointing a gun at a twenty-six-year-old gas-station attendant and then pulling the trigger, once "for" Nicole and once "for" himself: "He was brutal. . . . He got mad at you, and his terms were that he could kill you or hurt you or injure and ruin you. You could not reason with him and he could not punish you enough. It was like being around Mussolini." And, in an anecdote designed to show the extent to which Gary was both gifted and destructive, Mikal describes a conversation they once had in which he tried "cracking Gary's indifference, telling him I thought he could be a notable and suc-

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cessful artist if he wanted to." Gary's answer to this plea for his redemption is startling in its wanton, blithe nihilism. " 'You want to learn how to be an artist?' he said. 'Then learn how to eat pussy. That's the only art you'll ever need to learn.' "

There are two heroes in this gruesome tale, and neither of them is Gary Gilmore. One is the author, who admits that he experienced a different father from the one his older brothers knew—a father who whipped him only once, and cocooned him for most of his childhood in an aura of paternal care: "Nowhere else in life have I known such safekeeping and such love." The reasons for Mikal's being singled out for affection remain murky, though the explanation may lie partly in the fact that he was the baby of the family, a late as well as a last child; his father was sixty-one when he was born, and his mother thirty-eight. Then, too, Bessie Gilmore suffered from what today would surely be diagnosed as a postpartum depression after Mikal was born, and her active hostility toward this new baby—at one point, she was found standing over his crib with a pillow, getting ready to smother him—permanently engaged Frank's protective feelings for his youngest son. As the youngest, he was in a position to bear witness to "the ideal of ruin" that "was a family covenant"—or, as he puts it in a less elegant moment, "the whole fucking tragedy"—and he does so with piercing dignity. Only occasionally does he give way to the sort of grandiloquent statement ("When I look at this photograph . . . I see the face of a broken angel") that he elsewhere goes to such pains to avoid. The other hero is the writer's oldest brother, Frank, Jr., to whom the book is dedicated; he seems to have survived the same battering treatment as Gary with his humanity bruised but intact.

"Shot in the Heart" is a gesture of sustained courage that just happens to be a page-turner. The memoir has several haunting subtexts, one of which revolves around the question of what Gary Gilmore—with his "long and lively conversations about literature and art . . . his fine mind and his impressive vocabulary"—might have become had he not been derailed, beaten into a permanent state of deflected parricidal fury. "My father was the first person I ever wanted to murder," he told his Uncle Vern shortly before the end. "If I could have killed him and got away with it, I would have." But truth is always many-angled. It must be noted that the complex man who savagely pummelled his son also hired the best lawyer available whenever his son got into trouble. And that a counsellor who evaluated Gilmore when he was at the Oregon State Correctional Institution thought that one of the reasons for the twenty-year-old prisoner's poor adjustment was his parents' *over-indulgent attitude*: "Outside relationships and contact were solely limited to subject's mother and father who continued to excuse, condone, and indulge their son without end." Proponents on either side of the nature-nurture debate could use this inside scoop on the evolution of Gary Gilmore to buttress their cause. Take your pick: he was genetically doomed, the product of two tainted bloodlines; or he was emotionally flung askew, the product of a devastating home life.

Early on, Mikal Gilmore managed to put distance between himself and his woefully tangled roots. Undoubtedly because of his father's emotional backing, he was alone among his brothers in being able to withstand his mother's "formidable madness and unpredictability." Whereas the three other boys were caught between Bessie's dark outlook and Frank's darker discipline, Mikal was groomed to cross over into fresh, unhaunted territory. After his father died, his mother decided to induct him into the Mormon heritage that she had formerly eschewed, and shortly before his thirteenth birthday he was baptized into the church; he embraced its teachings for several years. He came of age in the sixties, idolized the Beatles (whom his brothers despised), and won a scholarship to Portland State University. "For a long time," he writes, "I did not look back." During this period, he saw Gary—who was serving fifteen years for armed robbery—very little, and when his brother Gaylen was dying in the hospital he didn't visit him at all. "It would have been like visiting Gary: I could not go see people in places that were built to carry them to death."

Eventually, though, Mikal's history caught up with him. Gary was paroled from the federal penitentiary in Marion, Illinois—as a result of his pleas that he wanted to help take care of his sick mother, and the urging of his cousin Brenda, who offered herself and her family as custodians—and within four months on the outside had committed the murders, at about the same time that Mikal, who wanted to be a writer, had his first piece of music journalism accepted by *Rolling Stone*. When Mikal realized that his brother was serious about wanting to go through with a "state-sanctioned suicide," he reluctantly got involved in trying to obtain a stay of execution—until he confronted his brother face to face and accepted that for Gary death was the "final scenario of redemption, his final release from the law." The last time Mikal saw Gary, they conversed by phone, on either side of a glass divider, and then, because it was their final visit, the warden agreed to Mikal's request that the two brothers be allowed a moment of physical contact. After they shook hands, the older leaned over and kissed the younger on the cheek. As Mikal left, Gary yelled after him, "Give my love to Mom. . . . And put on some weight. You're still too skinny."

THE making of art is supposed to be cathartic, but often the catharsis does more for the audience than for the creator. Mikal Gilmore writes, "There are memories of rage and loss and longing that are so ruinous and transforming, you can carry them to your grave before they will leave you alone." One wonders if the fashioning of "Shot in the Heart" has brought its author any peace—a partial exorcism of the clamorous ghosts within. Shortly after Gary Gilmore was arrested, Mikal visited his sixty-three-year-old mother in her trailer. "If I had been there, he never would have killed those two boys," Bessie Gilmore said to Mikal. "I know I could have stopped him, I could have calmed his heart." It would be nice to think that this memoir has, in some small way, calmed Gary Gilmore's youngest brother's heart. ♦

Still, the "information superhighway" rolls on. The American Dialect Society voted the phrase Word of the Year for 1993.—*Wall Street Journal.*

The society speaks a dialect all its own.

BOOKS BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

The End of the Hunt
by Thomas Flanagan
(Dutton; $24.95)

THIS rich account of the events leading to the establishment of the Irish Free State is as much keen historiography as it is popular novel, which is not to say that Flanagan is stingy when it comes to romance, intrigue, and bloodshed. It begins in the months following the Armistice, looks over its shoulder to the Easter Rising of 1916, when Sinn Fein gunmen held Dublin's General Post Office for a week and proclaimed an Irish Republic, and moves through the guerrilla war waged by the I.R.A.'s "flying columns" against the despised Black and Tans, climaxing with the Treaty of 1922, which granted the Free State and led to the vicious Civil War. Flanagan does not streamline the jagged narrative of Ireland's struggle for nationhood, choosing, rather, to put flesh on its mysteries. Bombers, barristers, and bystanders—some real, some fictional—are skillfully deployed as witnesses to history, but Flanagan's most compelling character thrives in the shadows of their stories. He is Michael Collins, the Big Fellow—the I.R.A. intelligence chief, whose hand stirs the pot of revolution. Paper-pusher and murderer, pragmatist and visionary, faceless clerk and Scarlet Pimpernel, Collins is the center that does not hold, the embodiment of the story's abundant and unresolved contradictions. Flanagan orchestrates this cacophonous chapter of history with something close to perfection.

Beyond the Aegean
by Elia Kazan
(Knopf; $25)

FROM the moment we meet the hero of this historical novel, we know that his hopes are doomed. The year is 1919, and Stavros Topouzoglou, a Smyrna-born Greek, returns from the United States in the firm belief that the victorious Allies will honor their promise to hand over Anatolia to Greece, and that he will become a power in the restored Greek empire. Since the reader is aware that Mustafa Kemal rallied the Turks and drove out the Greeks, whereupon the Allies deserted their defeated protégés, Kazan achieves suspense by engaging the reader in the question of how—or if—Stavros will survive. He provides his hero with a remarkably single-minded heroine, endows their vicissitudes with all the hideous unpredictability of life during an era of genocidal conflict, and surrounds them with a cast whose intense drives recall the Group Theatre in its heyday.

POLITICAL BIOGRAPHY

Living a Political Life
by Madeleine Kunin
(Knopf; $25)

KUNIN, who served as governor of Vermont from 1985 to 1991, has written a lovely memoir that wins us by its candor, humor, and intelligence. She was only the fourth woman to be elected governor of an American state, but, far from presenting herself as a superwoman, she recounts the stresses and ambivalences that afflicted her during her twenty years of seeking (and holding) office, starting with an unsuccessful campaign for a seat on Burlington's Board of Aldermen. Nonetheless, Kunin wants to encourage other women to run for office, and she maintains that women who, like her, interrupt their professional careers to raise a family, and work in part-time or volunteer jobs, learn so much from those experiences that they become more valuable when they return to full-time work. Her discussions of the stamina that a political life demands evoke sympathy for all politicians; although she found most of her colleagues well meaning and entertaining, and she loves her state, she was emotionally exhausted after three terms as governor, and decided not to run for a fourth.

The Insatiable Earl
by N. A. M. Rodger
(Norton; $30)

THIS stunning biography of John Montagu, Fourth Earl of Sandwich, portrays the eponymous inventor of fast food as "the first modern First Lord of the Admiralty." In the seventeen-forties, Sandwich set out to make the Royal Navy cost-effective, and the difficulties he encountered were those of a modern man among pre-modern personalities—political leaders who were used to patronage, rewarding followers with government jobs, and admirals who sulked whenever they didn't get what they wanted in the way of loot or promotion. Rodger's book is absorbing and persuasive, because he makes us insiders, engaging us in period realities, such as buying elections, and also in period points of view; for example, Sandwich, like many other Englishmen, regarded the War of American Independence as just another episode in England's millennial conflict with France. He died in 1792, and did not live to see his Navy's triumphs in the next round of that struggle, but Rodger argues that the reforms Sandwich set in motion were crucial to the victories that were about to make Britain the ruler of the seas.

George Wallace: American Populist
by Stephan Lesher
(Addison-Wesley; $29.95)

THE author's familiarity with the times, places, and personalities enriches this account of a small-town populist who played the politics of resentment with both shrewdness and charisma, and persuaded Northern workers as well as Southern racists that "liberals" and "government"—especially the federal government—were their enemies. Lesher, who covered the sometime racist Alabama governor for the Montgomery *Advertiser* and for *Newsweek*, and has had his coöperation, argues that Wallace wanted to improve the lot of the working and lower-middle classes and was a genuinely constructive governor. Crippled by an assassin's bullet in 1972, Wallace faded from the national scene, but his hostilities triumphed in other men's victories. ♦

SHOUTS AND MURMURS

THIS OLD BOD

BY ROGER ANGELL

(*In this rerun of the familiar series, our host,* Doc, *and his pert nurse,* Doris, *have begun the checkup by walking around the exterior of a ramshackle, two-story frame structure, with sagging shoulders, silvered brows, and a heavy, old-fashioned front porch. Some attempts at renovation seem to be in progress, but even our indomitably cheerful experts, in their hard hats and snowy medical coats, don't look very upbeat today.*)

Doc: Watch your step, Doris. There's a lot of old siding and underwear piled up back here. (*As he speaks, there is a warning cry from above and a load of debris comes crashing down.*)

Doris (*she is wearing a handy carpenter's apron, in the pocket of which we can glimpse a stethoscope, a rubber hammer, surgical shears, and the like*): Yowee! Is that Bob and his Hair Club Boys up there, taking a preliminary look-see?

Doc: Sure is, Dor, and they can do a bang-up job, as we know, with that new styrene shingling, *absolutely indistinguishable* from the real thing. (*He calls up to* Bob) How's it look up there, big guy?

Bob (*from the roof*): Not so hot, Doc. It's your standard horror show—advanced alopecia, spotty pate, and what looks like unsightly spreading lichen. Most places, we're right down to the original dermis.

Doc: But you guys can fix all that up good as new, can't you, Bob? Better than new!

Bob: Not this time—you know what these original owners are like. I've told this one what seventy years of hot showers, plus our New England winters, have done, but if I know him he'll shrug and just say leave it be. If he could see it from up above, the way we do, he'd sing a different tune!

Doc: Great to see you, Bob, but now we've got a date down cellar with Ace Axhelm and his Kardiac Krew, from over in Attleboro. (*He hurries around to the front door.*) Watch your footing coming in here, Doris. It's kind of slippery. Hang on to the molding there.

Doris: Ee-yew, what *is* this we're walking on?

Doc: Hard to believe, but I think that's original tongue. But look, there's some picturesque dental filigree, here along the wall. Could even be gold, if you can imagine that.

(*We cut to the basement, where our hosts join several colleagues who are standing around a bulky, looming old-style oil furnace, which seems to heave and sigh as it goes on with its work.*)

Doc: Hey, look at this quaint prewar mitral valve, Ace! And down here's the good old right ventricle—right? Listen to her knock!

Ace Axhelm (*icily*): That's the lower vena cava, guy. The tatty old asbestos-foil wrapping fooled you.

Doris: But Dr. Axhelm, your people can rip all this out in a minute, can't they, and put in brand-new tubing? Why don't you do it for us right now?

Ace Axhelm: All in good time, Doris. All in good time. (*He puts one hand on the side of the furnace and smiles quietly.*)

Doc: Well, Doris, it's on to the subbasement for us! Got your flashlight? Here we go!

Doris (*to herself*): I always hate this part.

(*We are in a damp, poorly lit space crammed with interlocked pipes and twisted wiring.*)

Doc: Golly, Dor, it's always a wonder to me why the original architects arranged things this way—so many different, well, *functions*, in so little room. You'd think they'd have learned something from Mies.

Doris: *Ow!* I hit my head.

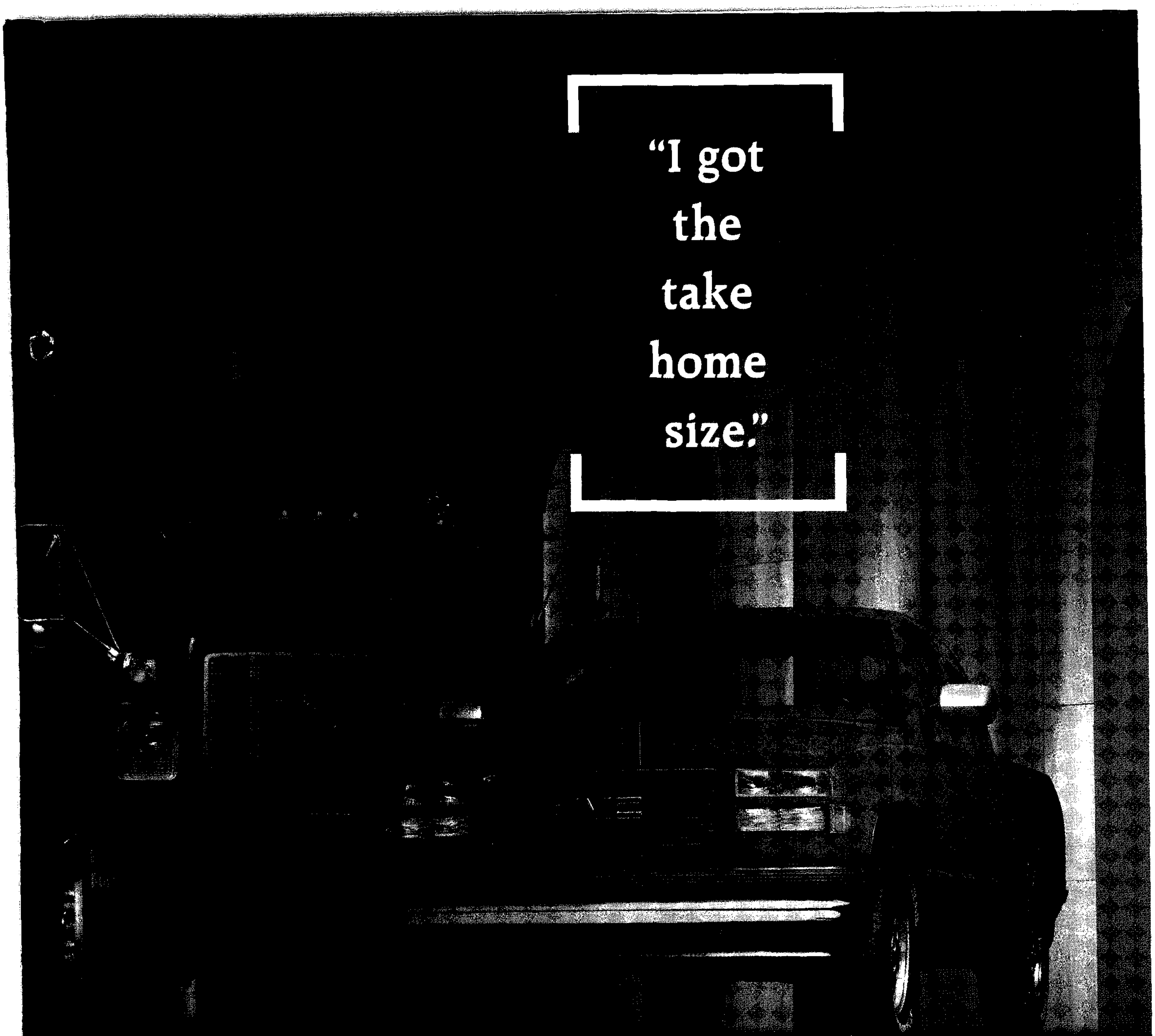
Doc: This is pretty claustrophobic, I gotta say. Cripes, what's that yucko bulging overhead object? I can't even recognize it. You know, this is all just semi-functional wreckage down here, Doris. Let's get back up to the sunshine.

(*As we say goodbye, our hosts are out on the front walk, looking back at the gallant, gawky structure.*)

Doris: Next week, Doc, we're going to visit some great new deltoids, over at the Twenty-first Century Gym. I look forward to that!

Doc: Me, too, Doris. But let's hand it to some of these stylish, pre-Depression bods, like this one, before we go. They still sort of get you, don't they?

Doris (*she's off camera, heading for her car*): Right, Doc. Anything you say. ♦



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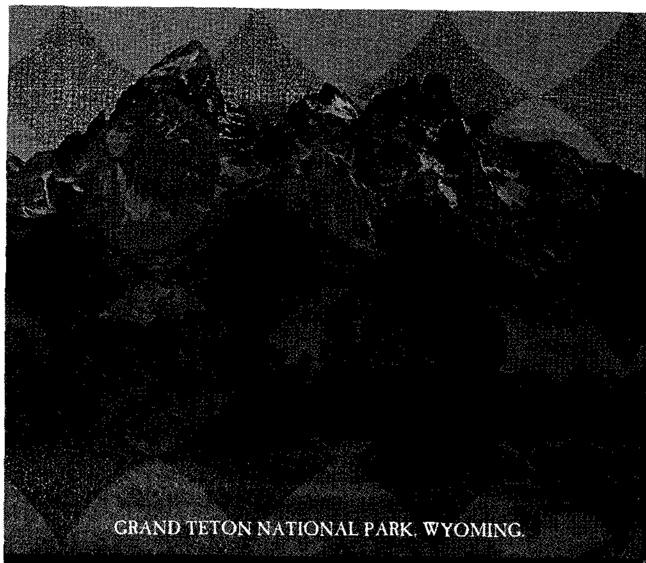

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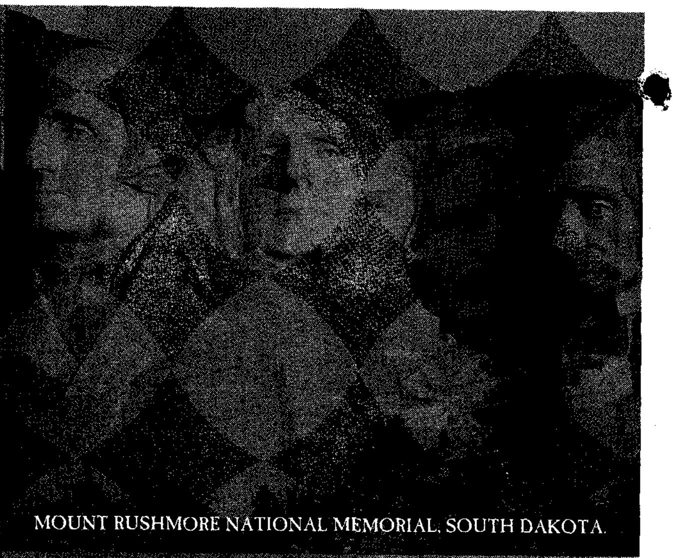
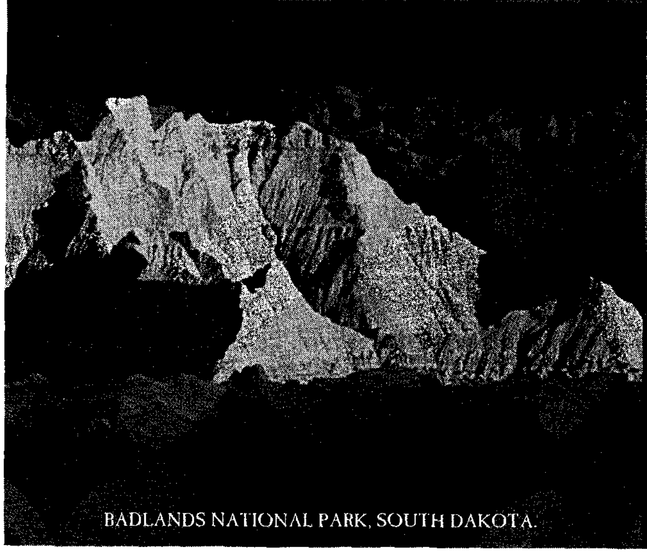
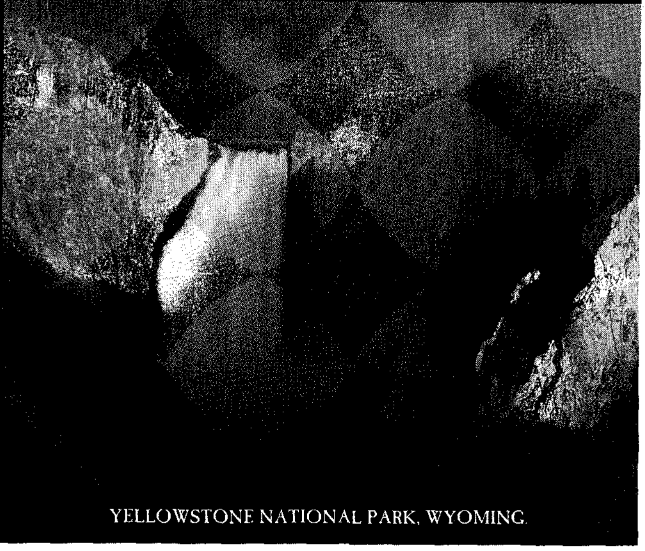


MOUNT RUSHMORE NATIONAL MEMORIAL, SOUTH DAKOTA.

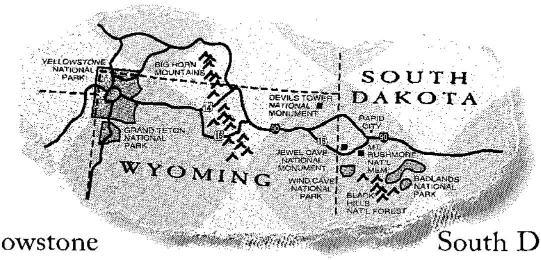


BADLANDS NATIONAL PARK, SOUTH DAKOTA.



YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK, WYOMING.

An autumn trip across South Dakota and Wyoming is a journey through some of America's most beautiful and well-known sights. Whether it's the pristine waterfalls of Yellowstone National Park, the spectacle of towering Mount Rushmore National Memorial, or the vivid fall colors in between, this will be a vacation your family will remember forever. If you'd like more information on everything to see and do in South Dakota and Wyoming this fall, please call us toll free at 1-800-225-5996, dept. 462. It's family viewing at its finest.


YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK
BIG HORN MOUNTAINS
DEVILS TOWER NATIONAL MONUMENT
SOUTH DAKOTA
RAPID CITY
GRAND TETON NATIONAL PARK
WYOMING
JEWEL CAVE NATIONAL MONUMENT
MT. RUSHMORE NAT'L MEM.
WIND CAVE NATIONAL PARK
BADLANDS NATIONAL PARK
BLACK HILLS NAT'L FOREST

SOUTH DAKOTA AND WYOMING